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A FASHIONABLE WEDDING (MARRIAGE OF COUNT ALEXANDER MUNSTER AND LADY MURIEL HAY) AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WELLS-STREET.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We are told by the *New York Herald* that an offer has come from Egypt to sell the tomb and remains of Cleopatra to the proprietors of the World's Fair. There is something appropriate in their appearance at such an exhibition, but also a good deal that is the reverse. Nothing that has been said of Caesar's dust in connection with a bung-hole suggests a greater mutability of fortune. In accordance with commercial custom, a sample of the article has already been forwarded; "a teaspoonful" of the lovely Queen sent as evidence of good faith (and also for publication). How it can be a proof of identification one does not clearly see, but so it is stated. One Alexander Tagliaferro of Alexandria makes the offer, and demands for the entire "lot" twelve thousand pounds "spot cash." The term is strange to me: it may either mean ready money (i.e. cash paid on the spot) or refer to the spotty character of the transaction. The dollars will not smell, of course—*non olet*—but it is not a very delicate bargain. Think of our selling Nelson's dust, or Wellington's, for exhibition abroad, with teaspoon specimens! Vice-President Bryan, we are informed, has deposited "the sample in question" in the vault. Let us hope not a wine vault. Never since body-snatching became a trade has such a price been asked for anybody's remains; but that Cleopatra's dust should be gold dust has a certain fitness about it. What right Mr. Alexander Tagliaferro has thus to dispose of the Egyptian Queen it is difficult to imagine; but I suppose he has bought her from his Government, which is understood to have already carried on a brisk trade in Royal mummies.

If this remarkable transaction is carried out, there will probably be a run upon Cleopatra literature in the United States, which can be obtained there even without theft, its international copyright having expired some time ago. Most people derive their knowledge of the dusky Queen from Shakespeare, who tells us that she played billiards. The American Press will doubtless inform us whether the game was fifty or a hundred up, and how many points she gave to Charmian. A very much better account of her, however, than even Shakespeare gave is to be found elsewhere. I have not looked at it since I was a boy, but the scene between her and Antony's wife is one of the finest things in dramatic literature: a fragment of it—doubtless incorrect, but that will please so many people—lingers in my memory. "You have been his ruin," cries the passionate Octavia:—

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?
At Actium who betrayed him? Cleopatra.
Who made his children orphans, and poor me
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra!

To which the dusky Queen, "in noble verse but erring thought," replies:—

Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.
You bear the specious title of a wife
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it: the world condemns poor me;
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And smirched the glory of my Royal house;
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

This should be repeated at intervals at the World's Fair, by the gentleman or lady in charge of "the remains." Could we not ourselves do a good stroke of business by loaning the Needle to the exhibition? It is quite possible, however, that "the Committee" may be already in treaty for one of the Pyramids, which would literally throw that comparatively scanty memorial into the shade.

Matt Morgan, the once-popular artist of the *Tomahawk*, is dead. Entire numbers of that periodical are very rare—rarer even than those of the *Queen's Messenger*, which resembled it as much as the productions of the pen can resemble those of the pencil. There was genius—however misguided—in both of them; but neither Matt Morgan nor Grenville Murray, with all their cleverness, could discern the difference between the satire and the lampoon. Even now, in the minds of a good many people, the sole difference seems to lie in what does or does not admit of an action for libel. How some of Morgan's weird and fanciful cartoons haunt the memory!—"The Return from the Derby," for instance, a far more terrible denunciation of gambling and its results than was ever heard from pulpit or read in a tract. When one dips into the *Queen's Messenger*, too—that Fury "slinging flame"—how powerful are some of the passages! of which the respectable mind (very properly) observes "How personal!" If they had only time to recommend them, there would be as much fuss about them as about that very overrated production "The Letters of Junius."

Visitors to St. Kilda last summer discovered among its other wonders that, though there were eighteen families on the island, there was only one marriageable man—a state of things so contrary to that which prevails elsewhere that it is no wonder it impressed their imaginations. They also found that at least one maiden, known as the Queen of St. Kilda, was very willing to marry him, but for an obstinate father—a character that is indigenous everywhere. The visitors' view, of course, was that "money was at the bottom of it," and, in a fervour of philanthropy, they subscribed "to make two lovers happy." The excursion agent organised a trip this month to see it done, and carried with him a Presbyterian minister to do it, as well as a whole shipload of wedding presents. They weighed seven hundredweight, and comprised, besides a wedding-dress and veil, and a wedding-cake, "a silver teapot suitably inscribed," "three dozen pairs of spectacles" (the object of which is unknown to the present writer), "and a dozen feeding-bottles"—which last seems not only in excess of the probable demand, but also what the Americans call a little "previous." Upon landing, however, they found the Queen more bent upon selling her knitted

stockings than upon matrimony, and her papa more decidedly opposed to it than ever. He wished to know what business persons "from the neighbouring island" (Great Britain) had to come over to St. Kilda to marry people. The "crestfallen excursionists," we are told, had to go back without their promised excitement to Glasgow, where there is very little of it. By application at the office of the steamship company, the wedding-dress and veil, the cake, and the dozen feeding-bottles may doubtless be had cheap.

It is generally supposed that no nation has anything to teach us as regards horse-racing, save with respect to the weather. A wet Derby, such as our last one, is unknown in Italy or Persia; but in both those countries there are arrangements which, if introduced here, would, at least, have novelty to recommend them. A dead-heat may, of course, happen, but what sometimes looks like it is in the Roman races impossible, nor can the decision of the umpire ever be questioned, from the simple device of a thread, dipped in red lead, stretched across the course at the winning-post, which leaves its mark upon the victor only. In Persia, where horse-racing is very popular, it is not the "fleeting amusement" that it is with us. The distance run is according to the age of the horses, but "it is seldom less," a traveller informs us, "than seven miles, or more than twenty-one." Fancy a Derby of twenty-one miles! There would be some meaning then in the phrase, "I am going down to see the race," for there would be little time for more than one.

The number of "proprietary clubs" has increased enormously of late years. The ease of getting into them, if you are "an old man in a hurry," or even a young one, is extreme. A tale is told of a man who asked a friend to dine with him at his club that evening in the presence of a third party, who, after the invitation had been accepted, observed confidentially to the host, "But you don't belong to the club, my dear fellow." "I know that; but I shall belong to it before the day is over." The story (for it must be a story, and a wicked one) goes on to say that the applicant went to the club, interviewed the secretary, paid his money, and was going out, when the latter gentleman called him back, and said, "It's only a form, of course, but you haven't given your name and address." Yet, at the beginning of the century, if there were not so many palatial residences in stucco of this nature, there were almost as many clubs, and much queerer ones. As any lass was "an excuse for a glass," so any kind of association sufficed as a reason for bringing men together for convivial purposes. There are all descriptions of clubs to-day—for example, for our cavalry and infantry—but there is no "Horse and Foot Club." The only but indispensable qualification for this was that the candidate's name should bear some reference to equestrian or pedestrian exercises. Dr. Hoof was the president; Foote (the comedian), Legge, Ambler, Rider (the historian), Walker, Galloper, Pace, Trot, were among the members. A difficulty arose over a Mr. Sans-terre, but he was carried, by a dead lift and a whip of his friends, as Mr. Saunter. Even a Mr. Crouch got in, by one vote, by swearing that the proper pronunciation of his name was Crutch. So the proprietors of some clubs must have been rather "enterprising" even in those days.

If it be true that a certain well-known landscape-painter has been pestered by a botanist who wants to know where he found the ferns in his last picture, the artist must not consider his misfortune to be unprecedented. When one draws one's ferns out of one's own head, or even from a "job lot" one picks from a barrow, it is hard, no doubt, to be asked by a specialist for the exact spot where they grew, but this sort of thing happens to authors continually. Everyone knows how poor Browning was importuned as to what was the good news brought from Ghent to Aix, and when. And if this happens to poets, how much more to novelists! To some people, indeed, it seems that things have only to appear in fiction to be at once taken for fact; and, what is much worse than asking when and where it happened (which it didn't), they take all that for granted, and wish to know what the author means by being so "inferentially personal" to them, or even their grandmothers. Mr. Besant has been taken to task of late for calling one of his characters "Dives," a name which it seems is shared with the person in the parable by an American gentleman, who, strange to say, is not also a millionaire. He is quite indignant with the novelist for taking his name in vain. This is realism with a vengeance, and, if persisted in, will compel the poor story-teller to call even his "good characters" by names nobody would think of claiming, such as Lucifer or Apollyon.

If a writer is tolerably prolific, coincidences of name are certain to happen, and he is asked, often in anything but courteous tones, where he got his ferns from. The injured (?) persons are so transported with rage at being "put in a book" that they sometimes do not even verify the offence, but trust to hearsay. A curious case of this happened the other day to a living author—but, since the wrath of the wronged is still warm, we will suppose, *mutatis mutandis*, that the incident happened to Dickens. A person called on him to complain bitterly that his interests had been seriously interfered with by his having been portrayed in "David Copperfield" as a disreputable character. "My name, Sir, is Latimer; I am a valet out of place, and likely to remain so, because you have described me in that very character, by my real name. You have even taken my personal peculiarities, and dwelt upon them to my disadvantage." This really might have seemed so, for the man was smug and specious-looking, with an air of such extreme respectability as would have put any employer on his guard. "All you say," replied the novelist with a quiet smile, "may be perfectly true, except in one particular, which invalidates all the rest. I did not call the valet in question Latimer, but Littimer. I am sorry you don't read my works."

It has been said that "a lawyer should know everything," and this more especially applies to the Judge of a County Court. It has, again and again, happened that he has to decide upon the most delicate questions of the misfit of a lady's garments. "She retires into his private room," and after, of course, she has put them on (though the reports of these cases are fragmentary), he judges for himself. Many men do not pay their tailors, but rarely on the ground of a misfit. A butler, however, has lately declined to do so for this reason. Of the trousers he affirmed that he could "live in one of the legs, sleep in the other, and make a bicycling suit of what was left." The coat, on the contrary, was so tight in the arms that "he couldn't carry his tray," while his vest was of that limited character that "his shirt came out on either side of it when he waited at table." The tailor's statement was that the butler, in ordering the clothes, said, "I don't want to appear like a butler, but as much like a gentleman as I can." One may gather from this how to dress in the fashion, and though his Honour observed, when he saw it "on," that he did not "quite like the cut" of the suit, he (so to speak) non-suited the butler.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

One of those nuptial ceremonies which are celebrated in such a manner as to be notable events of the London season took place at St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, at the marriage of Count Alexander Münster, son of Count Münster, German Ambassador in Paris, with Lady Muriel Henrietta Constance Hay, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kinnoull. The church was filled with a congregation of persons invited by the families, including the German, Russian, and Austrian Ambassadors, and many of the English and foreign nobility. The rood screen was hidden with white flowers, and palms were ranged about the chancel. The bridegroom wore the white-and-gold uniform of the German Emperor's Bodyguard; his best man, Prince Hans Heinrich Pless, wore the scarlet-and-gold uniform of the Guards Hussars. The six bridesmaids were Lady Mildred Denison, Lady Dorothea Stewart-Murray, Hon. Marie Hay (niece of the bride and daughter of the late Lord Dupplin), Hon. Marjory Murray, Miss Rosalind Lovell, and Miss Gladys Hadow (niece of the bride). They wore dresses of pale-blue satin, veiled with white chiffon, the skirts edged with a fringe, and the bodices finished with quaint fichus of the white chiffon, fastened in front with a bunch of forget-me-nots; also drawn hats, white, covered with forget-me-nots; and their posies were of the same flowers, intermixed with pink roses, and tied with narrow pink ribbons. The bride's dress was of ivory satin, with a very long train; the front was fringed round the hem with orange-blossoms, and veiled with old Brussels lace; the bodice entirely covered with beautiful old lace, and finished at the neck on one side with a cluster of orange-blossoms. She wore a small wreath of orange-blossoms and myrtle, arranged in the hair at the back, and a tulle veil falling almost to the end of the train, and held by diamond stars. Her train was held by her two little nephews, Masters Roland and Patrick Hadow, wearing the Highland dress with the Hay tartan, with lace ruffles. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by the Rev. Provost Rorison, of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, assisted by the Rev. W. T. Houldsworth, Rector of St. Andrew's. The Earl and Countess of Kinnoull afterwards entertained the bridal party at the residence of the Earl of Lonsborough, uncle of the bride, in Grosvenor-square.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The result of the race for the Derby Stakes at the Epsom Spring Meeting on Wednesday, June 4, was announced in our last publication. The winning horse was Sir James Miller's Sainfoin, whose sire was Springfield, his dam being Sanda. He was ridden by Watts. Sir James Miller, who is to be congratulated on having won the Derby at his first attempt, is the more fortunate, because he purchased Sainfoin a month or so ago from his joint owners, Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. John Porter, the Kingsclere trainer, who bought him for 550 guineas at the sale of her Majesty's yearlings bred in the Bushey Paddocks. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that although the Royal stud at Hampton Court has been in existence for many years, no winner of the Derby has ever been bred there before.

FATAL DISASTER IN ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

The death of the late Mr. Frank Tinsly James, who was killed on April 21, by an elephant which had been shot at and wounded in the dense jungle, at a place called Beneto, about a hundred miles north of the Gaboon River, on the West Coast of Africa, is much lamented. It appears that his friend Mr. Lort Phillips was the only person with him at the time; and it is believed that Mr. Frank James must have been in the act of firing when he was transfixed by the elephant's tusk in the chest, death resulting in about an hour. Mr. Lort Phillips himself had a narrow escape, having been twice charged by the same elephant, after his rifle had been rendered useless by his being unable to withdraw the empty cartridges from the barrels, as they had become swollen and sticky in consequence of the soaking they had received from heavy rain. The body of Mr. Frank James was brought home to England and interred in Kensal-green Cemetery.

This gentleman, who was born at Liverpool on April 21, 1851, had won some distinction as a traveller and author of two interesting books of exploration and sport; one, "The Wild Tribes of the Soudan," giving an account of a winter passed in that region, principally in the little-known country of the Bari; the other, "The Unknown Horn of Africa," narrating a very daring but happily successful expedition into the Somali country, the result of which was a valuable addition to the geographical knowledge of that portion of the Dark Continent.

Mr. Frank James only began yachting four years ago, but became passionately devoted to it, and during that short time had visited the Mediterranean, India, the Persian Gulf, South America, Mexico, the West Indies, North America, Norway, Spitzbergen, and Novaya Zemlya, besides several short cruises: in fact, "The Lancashire Witch," which he owned, had probably traversed more miles than any other yacht afloat, until his last cruise, on the West Coast of Africa, had such an unfortunate termination. He was undoubtedly gifted with remarkable courage and perseverance, and with powers of managing and overcoming difficulties which would have qualified him to achieve great deeds as an African explorer.

The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Edwards, of Parkside, Hyde Park-corner.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Non-compensation" is on many members' lips; but there is one congenial form of compensation for the worries and fatigues of public life that must ever be solacing to Ministers who strenuously labour to do their duty, and sometimes over-tax their strength in so doing. This is the warm regard and hearty esteem of the House of Commons. Recovered from the recent attack of eczema from which he suffered during the Whitsuntide vacation, but still rather thinner in face than his friends would wish to see, Mr. W. H. Smith took his seat, for the first time since his indisposition, on the Ninth of June; and the First Lord of the Treasury was welcomed back with cordial cheers from all parts of the House. Mr. Smith richly merited this spontaneous tribute. As Leader of the House, the right hon. gentleman has thoroughly justified the confidence which Lord Beaconsfield reposed in him in the first place, also the firm belief which Lord Salisbury entertains as to his unsurpassed capacity as a diligent and trustworthy Parliamentary manager, at once courteous and firm, business-like and terse of speech—a signal virtue in these days of extravagant and wasteful prolixity and discursiveness. It should be placed to the credit of Mr. Smith that since he has led the House he has materially conducted to dispatch in the conduct of business, and has prepared the way for those other common-sense reforms which cannot be delayed much longer.

There was an unusually large attendance on the same date in the House of Lords. May it be attributed to the chivalric feeling of sympathy entertained by noble Lords towards the fairer half of creation? Clearly so—to judge from the eloquent pleading of Earl Cowper, who besought the House not to inflict upon women the duty of sitting upon County Councils, and argued with considerable earnestness that in the heated discussions with men and amid the acerbities of public life their gentle natures would suffer. In fine, this handsome Liberal Peer, who was intently listened to by Lords Granville and Herschell, and cheered by Ministerialists, urged that "home, sweet home" was the proper sphere of womankind. The discussion arose on the Earl of Meath's resonant appeal, as a full-bearded Alderman of the London County Council, on behalf of the ladies in a distinctly opposite direction. This earnest social reformer, who, as Lord Brabazon, has done much to preserve open spaces as public gardens for Londoners, and has in a variety of ways worked with benevolent zeal for the public welfare, moved the second reading of his Bill to sanction the election of women as County Councillors. It would be curious if this reform should be much longer postponed in a country which loyally pays homage to a Queen as Sovereign lady of the realm. But their Lordships deemed the time not yet ripe, albeit Earl Granville (in buoyant good health, one was glad to note), the Marquis of Ripon, and the Earl of Derby advanced cogent reasons in favour of the measure, which the Earl of Jersey gently opposed on behalf of the Government; the result being that the Earl of Meath's Bill was lost by a majority of 74.

Much, indeed, is expected of Parliament. As the Nasmyth steam-hammer cracks anything from a cobnut to a thick bar of iron, so beneath the beneficent breath of legislators all social difficulties may be removed—according to the cheery optimists of St. Stephen's. Time, however, will be the great ameliorator in the majority of the cases which perturb philanthropists of the House of Lords. Still, the Earl of Dunraven meant well, when the County Council question was disposed of, in moving, "That legislation with a view to the amelioration of the condition of the people suffering under the Sweating system is urgently needed." In his usual Anglo-American accents did Lord Dunraven (Lord Kenry in the "Orders of the Day") adversely criticise the report of his fellow-members of the Sweating Committee, which disclosed the unhappy conditions of labour in the East-End. Lord Derby brought his cold common-sense to bear upon the report of the Committee, which he defended. The interesting discussion was carried on to the following day, when the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Thring, Lord Monkswell, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord De Ramsey, and the Bishop of Ripon each made valuable suggestions for the mitigation of an undoubted evil of modern civilisation, yet an evil which can scarcely be remedied by legislation.

The Government still set their faces against the English Channel Tunnel scheme, which has, on the other hand, found a strong advocate in Mr. Gladstone. Even with this influential support, however, Sir Edward Watkin could not prevail upon the majority of the Commons on the Fifth of June to countenance this great engineering project. There was a majority of 81 against the Channel Tunnel Bill—153 votes for, but 234 against it.

The Speaker on the Ninth of June lightened the task of the Ministry by ruling against Mr. John Morley's proposed "instruction" on going into Committee on the Irish Land Bill—a ruling which Mr. Peel steadfastly adhered to when Mr. Gladstone interposed a query as to precedents. Mr. John Dillon (whose health seems completely restored by his voyage to Australia) then inveighed against the alleged violent action of the Irish Constabulary in Cashes and Tipperary; but the police were stoutly defended by Mr. Balfour, who was supported by a majority of sixty-one. Thus is much of the time consumed that ought to be devoted to Imperial matters.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The programme for the Leeds meeting of the British Association has been issued. It commences on Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1890. The president-elect is Sir Frederick Augustus Abel, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S.; and the vice-presidents are the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Ripon, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, Sir Lyon Playfair, the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, M.P., the Mayor of Leeds, Sir James Kitson, and Sir Andrew Fairbairn. The local secretaries for the meeting at Leeds are Mr. J. Rawlinson Ford, Mr. Sydney Lupton, M.A., F.C.S., Professor L. C. Miall, F.L.S., F.G.S., and Professor A. Smithells, B.Sc., F.C.S., and the local treasurer, Mr. E. Beckett Faber.

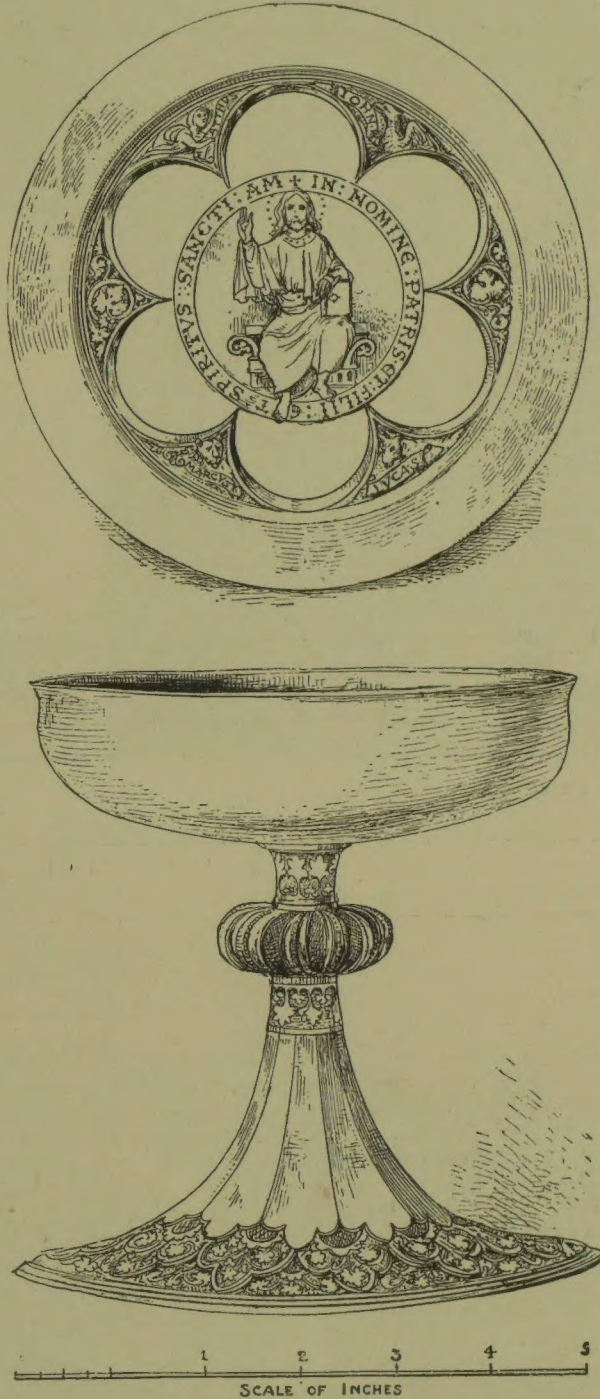
The presidents of the various sections are as follows: A.—Mathematical and physical science, Mr. J. W. L. Glaisher, Sc.D., F.R.S., V.P.R.A.S. B.—Chemical Science, Professor T. E. Thorpe, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.S. C.—Geology, Professor A. H. Green, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. D.—Biology, Professor A. Milnes Marshall, M.A., M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. E.—Geography, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Lambert Playfair, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S. F.—Economic science and statistics, Professor Alfred Marshall, M.A., F.E.S. G.—Mechanical science, Captain A. Noble, C.B., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.C.S., M.Inst. C.E. H.—Anthropology, Mr. John Evans, D.C.L., LL.D., V.P.R.S., Pres. S.A., F.L.S., F.G.S.

The first general meeting will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8 p.m., when Professor W. H. Flower will resign the chair, and Sir Frederick Abel, president-elect, will assume the presidency and deliver an address. On Thursday evening,

Sept. 4, at 8 p.m., there will be a soirée; on Friday evening, Sept. 5, at 8.30 p.m., a discourse on "Mimicry," by Mr. E. B. Poulton, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S.; on Monday evening, Sept. 8, at 8.30 p.m., a discourse on "Quartz fibres and their applications," by Professor C. Vernon Boys, F.R.S.; on Tuesday evening, Sept. 9, at 8 p.m., a soirée; and on Wednesday, Sept. 10, the concluding general meeting will be held at 2.30 p.m.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY IN NORTH WALES.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Pritchard Morgan's residence and gold-mine, on the banks of the Mawddach, between Dolgelly and Barmouth, Merionethshire, an interesting discovery has been made. When some men were returning from their work along an unfrequented track, one of them perceived what appeared to be a plate embedded in the rock. After some trouble they loosened it from its resting-place and carried it home, where it was found by washing and scraping to be of gold. With the expectation that this was not the only article to be found, they made further search, till a vase-shaped vessel was brought to light. Both these articles were handed to Mr. Morgan, who had them examined by London



SACRAMENTAL GOLD DISH AND CUP FOUND BURIED NEAR DOLGELLY, NORTH WALES.

experts. The two pieces seem to belong to each other, and it is affirmed that they are a sacramental wafer dish and wine cup, composed of a low class of gold, weighing altogether forty-six ounces. Both are very beautifully chased and hammered, and bear inscriptions. The metal was encrusted, when found, with nearly two inches of vegetable matter. Near the spot is the ancient monastery of Llanelltyd, and it is supposed that the vessels now found must at one time have belonged to the monks, who, during the reign of Henry VIII., buried them in the place where they have just been uncovered. We are told that the land on which they were found belongs to the Crown, which will, therefore, claim the treasure.

A charming volume has just been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, bearing the title "Notes from the 'News,'" being a selection from the "Notes" on current events, by Mr. James Payn, which are given in the *Illustrated London News* from week to week. Comment on the work would be superfluous in these pages, where the Notes appeared, and the merits of which must have been fully gauged by our readers. Suffice it, then, to say that they read as fresh and as sparkling as ever, and many persons will doubtless be glad to have the volume at hand, to dip into at moments of leisure.

The Princess Christian, accompanied by her daughters Princesses Victoria Louise and Louise August, on June 10 opened the annual sale of articles worked at the Royal School of Art Needlework, and, in spite of the inclement weather, there was a large attendance of ladies. The Princess herself presided at a stall upon which a variety of pieces of exquisite needlework was displayed. The members of committees, most, if not all, of whom presided over stalls in one or other of the rooms, are the Duchess of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Countesses of Dartmouth, Erne, and Morley, Countess Spencer, Countess Cowper, the Dowager Countess of Sefton, Viscountess Downe, Lady Mary Loyd, Lady Sarah Spencer, and others.

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

It was late on Christmas Eve when, having travelled from Naples, we arrived at the little station of Pompeii. A boy with a lantern held above his head triumphantly led us, through a black and narrow lane, straight to our hotel. At last we had reached the buried city, concerning which we had thought much and spoken frequently for weeks past. To stay within was impossible, though the hour was advanced, the night dark, and not even the outlines of the silent city could be seen. Yet an air of mystery, a sense of strangeness, a feeling of awe, drew us out of doors: we were soon upon the highway, deep with dust, into which the feet sank noiselessly.

There was no moon, but the stars shone in a cloudless sky; the air was sweet and warm, and the stillness unbroken. In silence we sauntered, conscious that somewhere behind the line of poplar-trees, standing in the pervading gloom like spectral sentinels guarding the city of the dead, lay the roofless homes, deserted streets, crumbling theatres, and god-deserted temples that, until seventy-nine years after the coming of Him whose nativity the Christian world would celebrate, on the morrow, had been crowded by a pleasure-loving people. There it stood, sepulchral, desolate—the dust of eighteen centuries lying thick upon the unexcavated portion, the darkness of night spread, pall-like, over its decay; while beyond and above, stretching high into the sky, rose the volcano whence destruction had come. Even now, rising as a star among stars, the red reflection of the fierce flames burning in the crater of Vesuvius was seen against the purple darkness of the night: now dwindling almost to a spark, anon flashing out in lurid brilliancy.

Christmas Day was gloriously bright; not a cloud flecked the sky, not a breath stirred the branches of the tall poplars, thick with wayside dust. From an early hour in the morning the air was musical with the ringing of bells in the church tower of the little village beyond, with the sound of crackers and rockets let off in celebration of the festival, and with the strains of the weirdly melodious pipes of the *pifferari* playing their plaintive Christmas hymn. The buried city was open free to the public, and one could stray therein at pleasure without being pestered by the loquacious guide, or watched by the numerous custodians; so that we resolved to loiter about it all day and obtain a general impression, seeking the services of a cicerone on the morrow. Save for the officers stationed at the principal entrance, and an occasionally encountered guardian in blue uniform seated in the sun, the place was deserted.

Our footsteps echoed noisily as we traversed the straight streets, generally about twenty-four feet in breadth, paved with big blocks of lava, and bordered by high side-paths, from which passengers could in wet weather cross from side to side by means of large stepping-stones placed at the corners. Ruts made by waggon-wheels yet remain in the stones, the marks of horses' hoofs were still seen. The houses, hastily erected after a terrible earthquake that preceded the destruction of Pompeii by sixteen years, are built of concrete and brick, and have but one storey left, the upper portions, supposed to have been constructed of wood, having been burned by the red-hot lava which covered the town to a depth of eight feet. Here are shops wherein have been discovered marble tables over which business was conducted: jars of earthenware that have held oil and wine; ovens in which bread was found; vats that contained the fuller's dyes. Likewise we pass dwelling-houses with floors of rich mosaic, and frescoed walls scarcely dimmed by time, and made glorious by the reflection of Greek genius, their gardens having the sacrificial tripods, their colonnaded courts, round which the private apartments were built, grass-grown. In these courts, removed from the noises of the streets, cool from the splashing of central fountains, families met and worked, ate, drank, and made merry. In such a spot, "between the garden and the sea," may the younger Pliny have sat on the ominous morning preceding the destruction of the city, philosophically diverting himself by turning over the pages of Livy, while the earth trembled, the sea rolled back upon itself, and the distraught inhabitants paled from fright.

An air of wonder, a sense of mystery, is in the atmosphere as we wander over the disinterred city, this link between the present and the past, the only source of knowledge remaining to us of the domestic life of ancient times. On the dead walls are painted notices of political events, the colour yet fresh as when it left the brush; in the barbers' shops are seats where customers discussed the gossip and scandal of the day. Here is a marble-paved bath, with frieze supported by figures of Atlas in terra cotta, its niches for hanging clothes and articles of the toilet, its marble basins, its double-walled chambers in which steam diffused itself, its rooms where bathers were anointed with sweet-smelling oils.

There is the prison in which were discovered ghastly skeletons with their shrunken bones bound in iron stocks, eighteen hundred years after death had released them; and, not far removed, the great theatre, built to accommodate one thousand spectators. We examined with interest its long and narrow stage, the wide space used by the orchestra, its dressing-rooms and its reservoir, where water was kept for sprinkling and refreshing the audience. More attractive yet is the amphitheatre, its yellow open space, that often ran red with blood, surrounded by tiers of seats, from which spectators looked down, with cruel light in their eyes and fierce pleasure in their hearts, upon deadly combats fought by men and beasts under the peaceful blue of this southern sky.

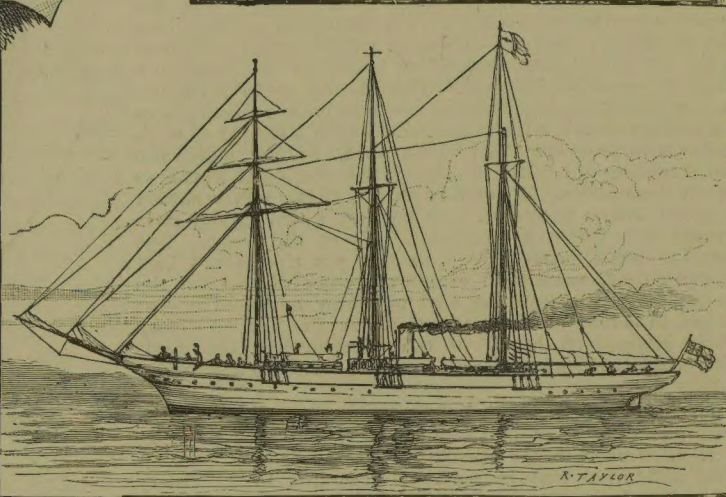
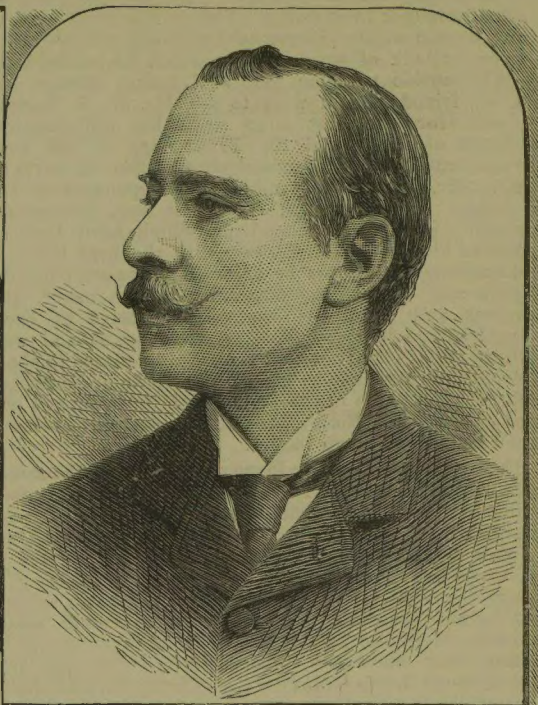
And so we wander without aim along silent streets, and down narrow ways, pausing now and then to glance from the scorched walls and red-brown earth to the glittering plane of the azure sea stretching into infinite space; or see, framed by a crumbling arch, the purple-hued and once vine-clad Vesuvius rising in isolated majesty from the fair Campanian Valley. Little wonder that Pompeii was, as Cicero narrates, a favourite resort of the wealthy Romans, for here, amid laughter and song, surrounded by luxury and crowned by love, men drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and Nature smiled for long upon a city which she eventually destroyed in wrathfulness, and buried in oblivion.

At last we came to the Street of Tombs, with its rows of graves and its solitary cypress rising black against the blue. Here my companion remained to sketch, while I entered the once-beautiful villa of Diomedes, with its wide gardens and fountains, its terraces and colonnades, and its deep cellar, where were found seventeen bodies of women and children, who had provided themselves with wine and food, and sought protection against the eruption. But fate overtook them, as it did, likewise, the proprietor—discovered near the garden gate, a key in his hand, beside him a slave bearing money and jewels. So forcibly does the past grow upon one, while in this city, that one could readily fancy crowds flocking from theatre or temple, their voices raised in gladness as they dwelt on the struggle of the combat or the grandeur of the sacrifice, their senses excited by scenes of bloodshed, or their spirits awed by mysterious ceremonies, their sandalled feet echoing down the paved streets, their eyes flashing with fervour, their braceleted arms gesticulating, their garments of purple, saffron, or vermilion flowing in graceful folds and flaming in the sun.—J. F. M.

BENITO, WHERE MR. JAMES AND PARTY LANDED.



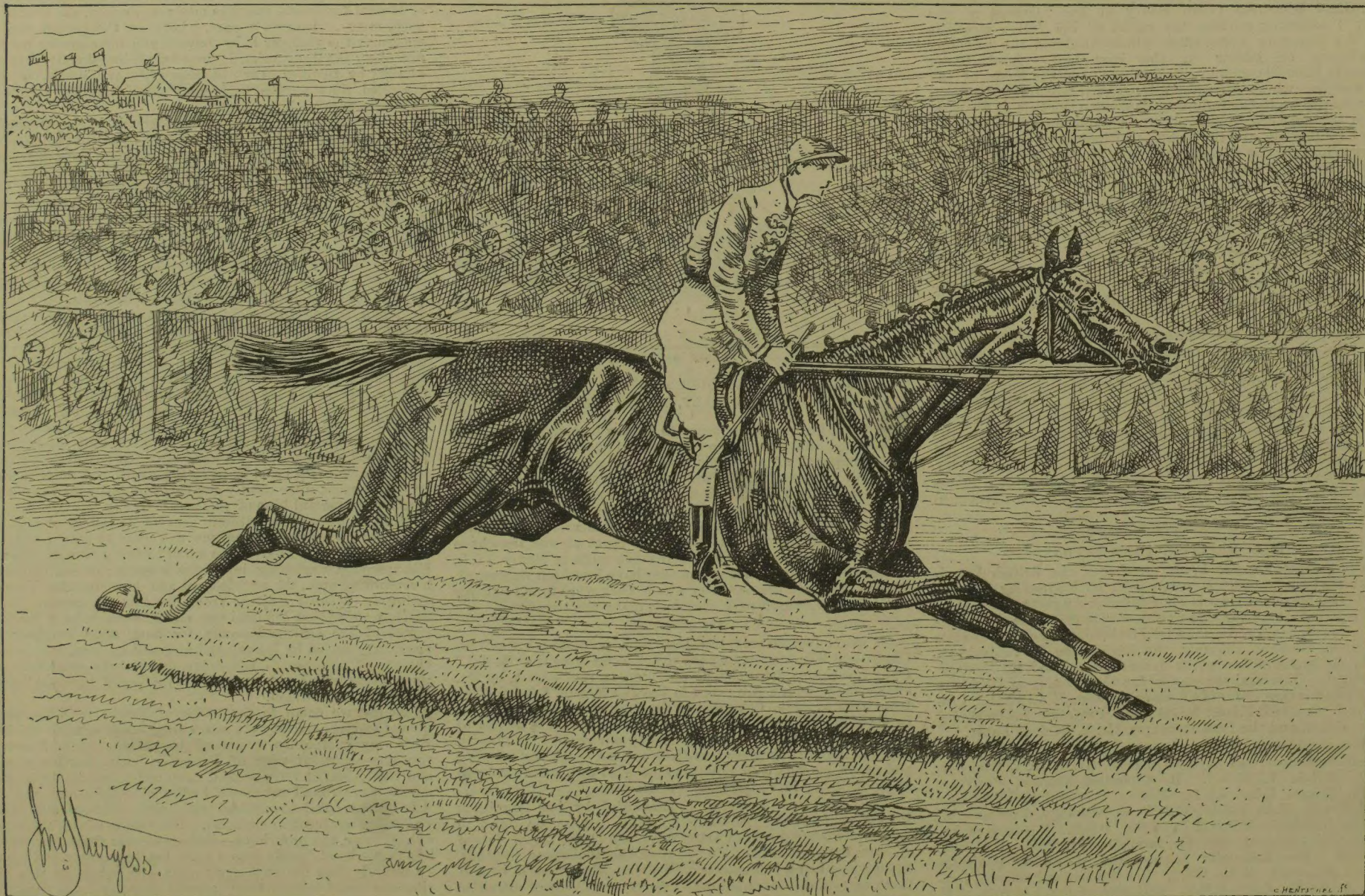
THE LATE MR. FRANK JAMES.



TRACKING ELEPHANTS IN THE JUNGLE.

THE YACHT LANCASTHIRE WITCH.

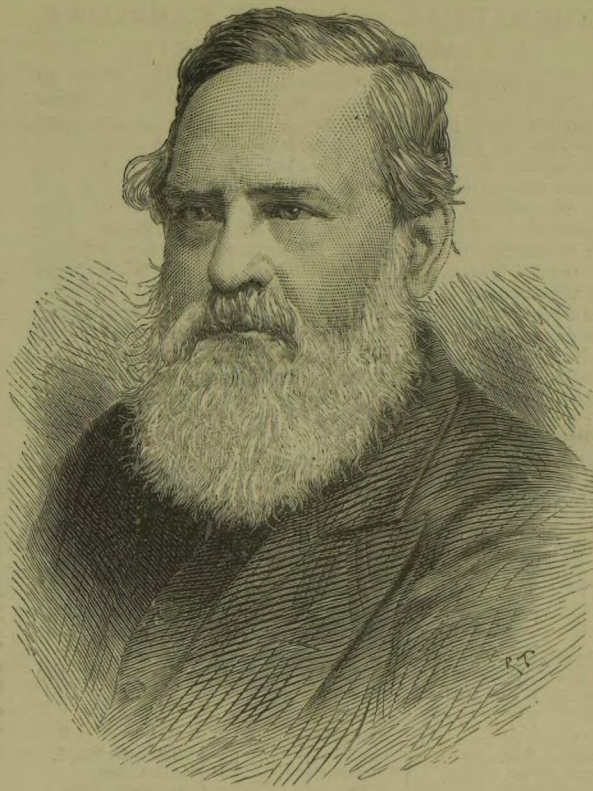
DEATH OF MR. FRANK JAMES, KILLED BY A WOUNDED ELEPHANT IN WEST AFRICA.



SAINFOIN, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY: THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.



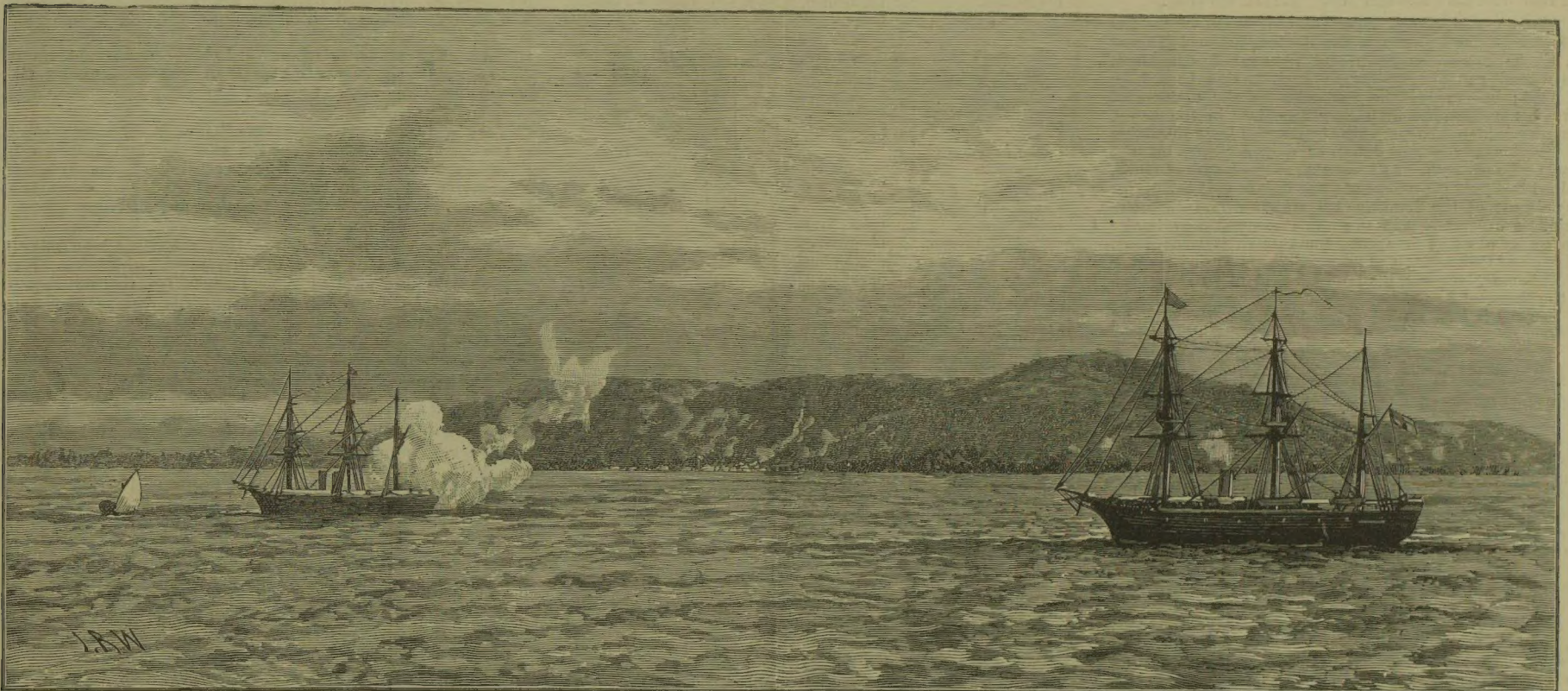
THE LATE GENERAL FREDERICK BRINE, R.E.



THE LATE MR. JOSIAH GOODWIN.



THE LATE EARL OF MILLTOWN, K.P.



THE CORVETTE CAROLA SHELLING KILWA KIVINJE, MAY 1.



THE CAROLA AND SCHWALBE BOMBARDING KILWA, MAY 3.

THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.—SKETCHES BY MR. E. H. EDWARDS, R.N., MIDSHIPMAN H.M.S. TURQUOISE.

THE LATE GENERAL F. BRINE, R.E.

This distinguished officer, who died in London on May 30, was the son of Major Brine, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, and was born in June 1829. He served as a Volunteer in the Crimean campaign, at the siege of Sebastopol and the battle of the Tchernaya. He was also present in the flag-ship *Euryalus* at the naval engagement, under Vice-Admiral Kuper, off Japan, including the attacks on the shore batteries, in August 1863. For his services in the Chinese engagements he was thanked in despatches, breveted Major, and created a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. General Brine was one of the pioneers of the Volunteer movement in the British settlements in China. In 1867 he went to India, and was posted to the Public Works Department in the Punjab. While in India he did much to improve the condition of the poorer class of Europeans, and introduced some useful measures in the postal service. After his retirement from the Army, with the honorary rank of Major-General, in 1884, he identified himself with ballooning. One of his adventures in attempting to cross over to France, when he was picked up in the Channel, will not have been forgotten.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Young, Piccadilly.

THE LATE MR. JOSIAH GOODWIN.

The special department of journalism which deals with agricultural affairs has lost an old and experienced literary hand in Mr. Josiah Goodwin, who died at Bath on May 3, over seventy years of age. In early life he was a journalist in Devonshire; but in 1859 he was appointed editor of the "Journal of the Bath and West of England Society," to which society he was also appointed secretary in 1866. In 1863, when the Royal Agricultural Society lost its editor and secretary, Mr. Frere, Mr. Goodwin took temporary charge of the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society," bringing out two numbers, and also gave much assistance to the late Mr. H. M. Jenkins when that gentleman was appointed to the editorship. Mr. Goodwin resigned the secretaryship of the Bath and West of England Society a few years ago.

THE LATE EARL OF MILLTOWN.

This nobleman, one of the representative Peers of Ireland in the House of Lords, was the Right Hon. Edward Nugent Leeson, sixth Earl of Milltown, and Viscount Russborough. He was second son of the fourth Earl, having been born Oct. 9, 1835; but in 1871 he succeeded to the earldom of Milltown, his brother, the fifth Peer, an officer in the Army, dying unmarried. In the same year he married Lady Geraldine Evelyn Stanhope, younger daughter and coheir of the fifth Earl of Harrington. As a member of the House of Lords, he obtained last year the assent of that House to his Bill for the amendment of the Larceny Act, which would empower her Majesty's Judges to add the punishment of flogging to burglars guilty of using firearms. But though it went down to the House of Commons, it never reached its second-reading stage. This year, however, his Lordship had reintroduced the Bill to the House of Lords.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.

It will be remembered that, shortly after the German annexation of large territory on the East Coast of Africa, a place called Kilwa Kivinje, inhabited by an extremely lawless independent native tribe, was the scene of the murder of two representatives of the German Imperial East Africa Company, whose dead bodies were barbarously dragged round the town. Some Arabs sent down there by the German authorities at a later date were likewise put to death. The chastisement for this offence was long deferred; but on May 1, this year, the German corvette *Carola*, commanded by Captain Valette, anchored about a mile and a half off the town, while H.M.S. *Turquoise*, Captain J. W. Brackenbury, C.B., commanding, had come down from Zanzibar to afford means of refuge to Indian traders, and took up her position outside the *Carola*. At sunset, on the same day, the *Carola* began shelling the town, and continued at intervals during the night, the purpose being to disturb and harass the natives rather than to destroy the town, as they were then keeping the Ramadan, in which Mussulmans are allowed to eat no food during the day, and consequently look forward to a good meal at night.

The next day the *Schwalbe*, Captain Hirschberg, arrived, conveying Major Wissmann's troops, who landed in a small harbour ten miles to the southward, called Kilwa Kisiwani. The *Schwalbe* then returned to Kilwa Kivinje, and both ships commenced pouring their shell into the town with wonderful accuracy. In a very short time, the *Carola* pitching two shells into the same house, they set it on fire: this quickly spread, and the town was soon enveloped in flames. The next morning, at daylight, Major Wissmann's troops (about 1200, mostly Soudanese) advanced on the town, taking its right flank. The seafront was very well stockaded, and had four howitzer guns placed at intervals along it. It was then discovered that the natives, amazed by their enemy advancing on their undefended flank, had quitted the town, and escaped to the hills behind. Major Wissmann's loss was only three men, two of whom were stabbed on outpost duty. The population of Kilwa Kivinje amounted to about 3000, a large number armed with rifles. It was formerly considered the principal port on this coast for the exportation of slaves from Central Africa. As soon as Major Wissmann had got possession of the town, H.M.S. *Turquoise* embarked 150 Indians, and arrived with them on May 7 at Zanzibar. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. E. H. Edwards, midshipman on board the *Turquoise*.

On June 10 the Duke of Cambridge presented the awards to the successful students of Oxford Military College, and, after responding to the toast of "The Army," proposed "Prosperity to the Institution." His Royal Highness subsequently addressed the students, counselling them as to the qualities which are essential to success in military life.

The Registrar-General's return shows that the death-rate per thousand in London for the week ending June 7 was 16.4, a still further decline from the low rates in recent weeks. For the first time since the epidemic arose last winter, no death was attributed to influenza. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 229, being eighteen below the average.

On June 9 a young leopard escaped from a circus at Taunton, just as the procession had returned from a tour. Hundreds of people were about, and the excitement was great, some people climbing trees and swimming the river, while many took refuge on the roofs of the caravans. The leopard made for a garden, where it was surrounded. It bit a man in the arm, and then dashed off into the backyard of a house in Canal-road. After springing through a window into the kitchen, it was shot.

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS AT CAMBRIDGE.

A LADY SENIOR WRANGLER.

There was the largest congregation in the Senate House on June 7 that has ever been known on the occasion of the official publication of the names of those who have so acquitted themselves in the Tripos examination as to be entitled to mathematical honours. The floor of the building and the galleries were allotted to ladies, and these were present in full force to welcome the announcement of the name of Miss Fawcett, their talented representative on this occasion. Precisely at nine o'clock the Senior Moderator commenced reading the "men's" list, and the members of the several colleges were vehemently cheered by their partisans; but a literal storm arose when, on the list of "women" being commenced, the name of P. G. Fawcett, of Newnham, a daughter of the late Professor Fawcett, was announced as above the Senior Wrangler. The cheering from the floor was uproarious, while in the galleries the ladies loudly asserted themselves, and when it was understood that Miss Fawcett was present with the Vice-Chancellor's party in the Examiners' Gallery, the cheering became more boisterous than before.

In 1887 Miss Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, wife of the present Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Butler, was the head of the Classical Tripos, distancing all her male competitors, as Miss Fawcett has done in the Mathematical Tripos on the present occasion. Miss Ramsay was of Girton, and Miss Fawcett is of Newnham, so the "women's colleges" are at present pretty well balanced in a University sense, each having headed a faculty, while both have beaten the men on what was taken hitherto to be their own ground.

The following are the lists. In all cases of equality the names are bracketed:—

MEN.		
WRANGLERS.		
1 Bennett, Joh.	11 Flinn, Joh.	21 Mackenzie, Magd.
2 Segar, Trin.	12 Hume-Rothery, Trin.	22 Muller, Jesus.
3 (Brand, Pemb.	13 Owen, O. W., Joh.	23 Sanderson, Trin.
4 Vaughan, Trin.	14 Ward, Queens.	24 Cayley, H. Trin.
5 Crawford, King's.	15 Turnbull, Trin. H.	25 Denmead, Emman.
6 Reeves, Joh.	16 Hudson, Sidney.	26 Mackenzie, H. Selw.
7 Troup, Pemb.	17 Sheppard, H. N., Trin.	27 Schmitz, Joh.
8 Alexander, Joh.	18 Hutchings, H. Selw.	28 Greenhalgh, Clare.
9 (Dobbs, Joh.	19 Tripp, Calus.	29 Robinson, Magd.
10 Wills, Joh.		30 Lewis, W., Queens.
11 Grange, Jesus.		31 Boyd, Clare.
SENIOR OPTIMES.		
32 Swainson, Trin.	44 Middlemas, Christ's.	57 Gorham, Pet.
33 Sprague, Trin.	45 Haygarth, Queens.	58 McIntosh, Cath.
34 Thomson, Pemb.	46 Fullagar, Calus.	59 Bosman, Trin.
35 Bennett, Queens.	47 (Arlis, King's.	60 Roe, Corpus.
36 Compton, Emman.	48 Giles, Pet.	61 White, Queens.
37 (Clarke, T. B. A., Trin.	49 Mitchell, Sidney.	62 Hitchins, Corpus.
38 (Rowland, Emman.	50 Pearce, Joh.	63 Dana, Pemb.
39 Crothwaite, R., Pemb.	51 Warrington, Pet.	64 Edwards, Pemb.
40 Marzials, Pemb.	52 Gardner, C. L., Christ's.	65 Soper, Jesus.
41 (Penwick, H. Cav.	53 Cuthbertson, Joh.	66 Burgess, Jesus.
42 Rand, Christ's.	54 Phillips, Emman.	67 Orrey, Cath.
43 Longfield, Corpus.	55 (Clark, G. M., Pet.	68 Cassell, Joh.
	56 Langdon, Corpus.	69 Tweed, Cath.
JUNIOR OPTIMES.		
70 Street, Trin.	83 Fremantle, Trin.	96 Langton, Trin.
71 Harkishen Lal, Trin.	84 (Dennis, Sidney.	97 Leakey, R. H., Corp.
72 Colvill, H. Selw.	85 Spence, Pemb.	98 Ellis, F. H. B., Trin.
73 House, Joh.	86 (Dodgson, Trin.	99 Fison, Clare.
74 Pullan, Joh.	87 Gosling, L. F., Trin.	100 Lockyer, Trin.
75 Chapman, Joh.	88 (Stedman, King's.	101 Verey, Trin. H.
76 Colman, Trin.	89 (Leveson, H. Cav.	102 Watson, Trin.
77 Johnson, Pemb.	90 (Oxley, Calus.	103 Rankin, H. Selw.
78 Kitson, Corpus.	91 (Briggs, Jesus.	104 Francis, Christ's.
79 Garner-Richards, Jn	92 (King-Hall, Pemb.	105 Hurst, Trin.
80 Jones, E. M., Down.	93 (Pim, Calus.	106 Laidlay, Trin. H.
81 Goodchild, Calus.	94 (Schönberg, Christ's.	Phillipotts, Clare.
82 Micklethwait, Trin.	95 Wynne, Clare.	
	Agrotat—Dewey, Pembroke.	
WOMEN.		
WRANGLERS.		
P. G. Fawcett, Newnham (above the Senior Wrangler).	F. A. Field, Girton (equal to 21).	M. Lea, Girton (between 27 and 28).
SENIOR OPTIMES.		
F. V. Vinter, Girton (between 40 and 41).	A. Deckers, Newnham (between 53 and 54).	
M. M. Aulay, Newnham (equal to 41).	E. M. Lloyd, Newnham (equal to 55).	
J. B. Webster, Girton (equal to 45).	M. B. Atherton, Newnham (equal to 57).	
E. Appleyard, Newnham (equal to 46).	L. J. Gant, Girton (equal to 57).	
M. M. Afee, Girton (equal to 47).	E. M. Parsons, Girton (equal to 62).	
JUNIOR OPTIMES.		
M. E. Tabor, Newnham (between the brackets 72 and 75).	C. J. Gullan, Girton (equal to 83).	
M. A. Hodge, Girton (equal to 77).	F. L. Crook, Newnham (equal to 91).	

THE LADY SENIOR WRANGLER.

Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, who is the first woman that has taken higher honours in the Tripos than a man, was born in Cambridge twenty-two years ago. She was at the High School, Clapham, and three years back entered Newnham, having won a scholarship. Miss Fawcett's father, the late Henry Fawcett, who was the first Professor of Political Economy in the University, was seventh Wrangler in 1856. It was prophesied three years back, when Miss Ramsay (the wife of the Master of Trinity) was senior classic, that as women had distinguished themselves in that year in classics, so it would be in mathematics when the Newnham student threw down the gauntlet.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

Mr. Geoffrey Thomas Bennett was born on June 30, 1868, in London, and is the son of Mr. Thomas Bennett, who for some time has made Cambridge his residence. Previous to going to the University College School in 1883, he was at the Tollyington Park College, London, N. Four years ago he won a scholarship at St. John's, and in the October term of 1887 he matriculated, and is now a Foundation scholar of his college.

The Duchess of Albany attended a garden-party on June 10 in the pleasant grounds of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, Walton-on-Thames. The fifty years' experience of this charity, the first of its kind, has demonstrated the enormous advantage of a brief stay in country air to patients discharged from the hospitals. Last year the three homes received upwards of 5000 such patients.

A new clock has just been made and fixed for the parish church at Alton, Hants, by Mr. J. W. Benson (church turret clock-maker to the Queen), of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, London. It is made with all the latest improvements, and shows the time upon a copper dial 8 ft. in diameter. The clock chimes the celebrated St. Mary's, Cambridge, quarters upon the second, third, fourth, and seventh bells of a peal of eight, and the hours upon the tenor, which weighs 20 cwt.

The Duchess of Teck opened a bazaar, on June 10, in aid of the funds of Kingston Vale Church, at Warren House, Coombe Wood, the residence of Lady Wolverton. The Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck presided over the flower-stalls, and the other stall-holders included Princess Mary of Teck, Lady Dunraven, Mrs. De Grey Vyner, Mrs. C. M. Laughlin, Mrs. C. Poyntz Sanderson, Miss A. Lehmann, Mrs. E. G. Saunders, and the Misses Sparks. The Duke of Teck was among the visitors to the bazaar.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on June 10, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Ernest Frederick Lowthorpe, 3rd Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, son of Mr. J. W. F. Lowthorpe, with Edith Gertrude, third daughter of the Right Hon. H. Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General. The bridesmaids were Miss Raikes and Miss Lucy Raikes, sisters of the bride; Miss Lowthorpe, sister, and Miss Nan Haldane, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Georgina Pennant, Miss Agnes Bowen, and Miss Clark. Mr. Herbert Barclay was best man. Mr. Raikes gave his daughter away.

Mr. Arthur C. Stewart Cleland, son of Mr. John Cleland of Stormont Castle, county Down, and Miss Mabel D'Aguilar, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel D'Aguilar, late Grenadier Guards, were married in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on the 10th. The bride was led to the communion rails by her uncle, Lord Congleton, in the absence of her father through indisposition.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting held on Thursday, June 12, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, London, Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was awarded to two lads named Frank Perry and Frederick Carter for gallantly saving one of two men from a boat which had been capsized in Weymouth Bay in a strong east breeze and a heavy surf, on May 26. The two boys (who are aged respectively sixteen and eleven) were in another boat outside the breakers. On observing the casualty they immediately rowed to the rescue, incurring imminent risk of their boat being either swamped or capsized in the broken water. Rewards amounting to £72 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during May; and pecuniary grants were made to the crews of shore-boats and others, for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £5320 were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments. Among the contributions lately received were £9 17s., proceeds of the *Drift-Net Magazine*, per Miss Holdsworth; £1 10s. from little children at St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, Sunday School, per Rev. A. Styleman Herring; and £2 collected on board R.M.S. *Medway*, per H. B. Whitmarsh, Esq. New life-boats had recently been formed at Thurso, Scotland, and Wexford, Ireland. Reports having been read from the chief inspectors of life-boats to the institution on their visits to the coast, the proceedings terminated.

Lord Wolseley and General Sir Evelyn Wood were present at the operations, on June 10, of the Aldershot and Portsmouth forces in Woolmer Forest in connection with the Summer Manœuvres. After an engagement which lasted about two hours, with varying fortune, the advantage seemed to rest with the Southern Army.

A musical matinée was given by Mr. H. Schallehn at the Savoy Hotel recently, when an instrument (which has been developed by him) called the "Perfect Transposing Piano-forte" was introduced. Vocalists frequently require the piano-forte accompaniment to be played in a higher or lower key than that in which it is written; and this, to many pianists, is a severe, sometimes an impracticable task, especially, as is generally the case, if suddenly required. Many years ago piano-fortes were constructed so that the keyboard could be shifted, so that the hammers should strike strings above or below the notes actually indicated by the keys. Transposing harpsichords are said to have been constructed more than two centuries and a half ago. These, by means of a shifting keyboard, could be set two notes higher or lower; and a "universal clavicymbal" is mentioned as capable of transposing, by semitones, to the extent of a fifth. Transposing piano-fortes were constructed in England, at the beginning of this century, by Messrs. Broadwood, who upwards of forty years ago produced transposing boudoir cottage pianos, in which the interior portion of the instrument moved, one way or the other, while the keyboard and action remained stationary. The instruments of the earlier period just mentioned were chiefly intended to facilitate the pianist's execution of pieces written in unfamiliar keys, the executant always playing apparently in the simple key of C, while the transposing agency produced sounds of a different range, thus avoiding the complexities of the fingering appropriate to extreme keys. The pianoforte recently exhibited claims some special advantages, among which are: speedy action and easy adjustment; fixturing of the keyboard—the frame to which the strings are fastened moving laterally on rollers, and being easily governed by a pedal underneath the keyboard, at the right hand of the performer; simplicity and an extensive range of the transposing power; and its adaptability to any pianoforte. The instrument now referred to was used in the matinée at the Savoy Hotel, in a selection of music comprising pianoforte and vocal solos contributed by more or less well-known artists.

Mr. H. M. Stanley was, on June 6, the guest at Aldershot of General Sir Baker Russell and the officers of the Cavalry Brigade, after which he delivered an address on his recent travels in Africa, before some thousands of soldiers, in the music-hall of the Cavalry Brigade canteen.—Mr. Stanley, having been made an honorary life-member of the Savage Club, was entertained by that body at a dinner at the Criterion on June 7. Mr. G. A. Henty presided, and the company present numbered over 300 persons, including many members of Parliament, authors, journalists, artists, actors, and others. The chairman having proposed the health of the guest of the evening, Mr. Stanley replied, referring to his relations with Emin Pasha and some of his more piquant adventures. There were but few other speeches.—On the 9th Mr. Stanley was entertained at dinner, at Edinburgh, by the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. He said he confessed he was friendly to the East Africa Company, because, more than all the other companies combined, it represented the future of British influence in Africa. On the 11th Mr. Stanley opened new chambers for the Society in the National Portrait Gallery buildings. Principal Sir William Muir presided, and an invited company of enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen was present. Mr. Stanley, in declaring the rooms open, said it was nearly six years since he was in Edinburgh, when he opened chambers for their society at its start. Had it not been for the efforts of this Scottish society, Emin Pasha would still have been in Central Africa, if not in Khartoum. Mr. Stanley then proceeded to the University, in the Senate Hall of which he had the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred on him. The hall not being of great size, there was but a small company; but a considerable gathering of students collected outside, who cheered the explorer as he passed into the University quadrangle.—The Lord Mayor has received, through Mr. H. M. Stanley, £500 from Mr. C. H. Crompton-Roberts, and one of £50 from Mr. Stanley himself, towards the fund being raised, in connection with the Stanley and African Exhibition in Regent-street, for placing a steamer on the Lake Victoria Nyanza, in the interests of British exploration in that part of Africa.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty enjoys good health, and takes outdoor exercise. On June 6, in the afternoon, she drove out, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. The Duke of Edinburgh left the castle, a guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Captain B. C. Urquhart, being mounted at Ballater on his departure. Viscount Cross and Major the Hon. H. C. Legge left, and Colonel Lord Edward Pelham Clinton arrived at the castle. In the afternoon of the 7th her Majesty drove out, attended by the Dowager Duchess of Athole and Miss McNeill. The Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice also drove out. The Rev. James McGregor, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, one of her Majesty's chaplains, arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 8th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household, by the Rev. James McGregor. The Queen went out in the morning with the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice. On the 9th the Queen drove to Braemar in an open carriage drawn by four greys. At the Fife Arms Hotel the horses were changed, and the journey was continued up Glencunie to Glencallater shooting-lodge. Numbers of visitors at various parts of the route greeted her Majesty, who repeatedly bowed. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been leading their customary active life. On June 5 the Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor (Duke of Clarence and Avondale) and Princesses Victoria and Maud, was present at the *matinée* at the Criterion, in aid of the parish of Holy Cross, St. Pancras. The gross receipts were over £350. As Colonel of the regiment, the Prince of Wales dined with the past and present officers of the 10th Prince of Wales' Own Royal Hussars, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at a ball given by Lord Alington, at Alington House, South Audley-street. On the 6th the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and Prince Christian were among the distinguished spectators at Epsom. The Prince, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Horse Guards, dined with the Royal Horse Guards Blue Club, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, Lord Fitzhardinge presiding. On the 7th the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale left Marlborough House for York. In the evening the Prince and Princess and Princess Victoria witnessed the performance of "Die Meistersinger" at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, was present at Divine service on Sunday morning, the 8th. The Prince presided on the 9th at a meeting of the committee of the Burnham Thorpe Restoration Fund, of which parish the father of Admiral Nelson had been Rector for forty-six years. His Royal Highness said that it seemed to him, and to other Norfolk men, as well as to many holding high rank in the Navy, that something should be done in memory of Nelson to restore the church creditably. A committee was appointed, and the family of the Rev. J. Lister Knight, Rector of the parish, guaranteed £1000, £750 more being subscribed at once. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, and attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, General Sir Dighton Probyn, and Colonel Clarke, visited the Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall in the afternoon. With their Royal Highnesses was the Duc d'Orléans, accompanied by the Duc de Luynes, and attended by the Vicomte de Larochehoucauld. The Royal party were received by Mr. Walter Gilbey, deputy chairman, and Mr. Charles Dorman, managing director of the Agricultural Hall Company; and by Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Sir Charles Pigott, on behalf of the English Horse Show Society. Among the visitors present were the Russian Ambassador, the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale, the Countess of Yarborough, the Earl and Countess of Kilmorey, Lady Norreys, Lady Churchill, Lady Hindlip, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, Viscountess Curzon, the Hon. Arthur Cole, Sir Jacob Wilson, Baron Hirsch, and the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. The Prince left Marlborough House on the 10th on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke, at Easton-lodge, Dunmow, for the purpose of opening the Show of the Essex Agricultural Society, of which Lord Brooke is president, next day, at Chelmsford. The Princess, with the Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited the Royal School of Arts and Needlework, at South Kensington, in the afternoon.

It is pointed out by the Court newsman that Prince Albert Victor was created a Peer with the double title to be used conjointly, and that the Prince's correct designation is "Duke of Clarence and Avondale."

The Duke of Connaught received a most enthusiastic greeting at Ottawa on June 4. His Royal Highness was presented with addresses from the municipal authorities, the Senate, and the Chamber. In his reply he said that he was amazed at the progress that had been made in Canada. He considered that the country had a bright future before it. The Viceroyal party afterwards lunched with Sir John Macdonald, and then drove to several points of interest in the city. The Duke and Duchess left Montreal on the 5th, for Metapedia, where they were the guests of Sir George Stephen at his fishing-lodge. Lord and Lady Stanley accompanied their Royal Highnesses. The Duke

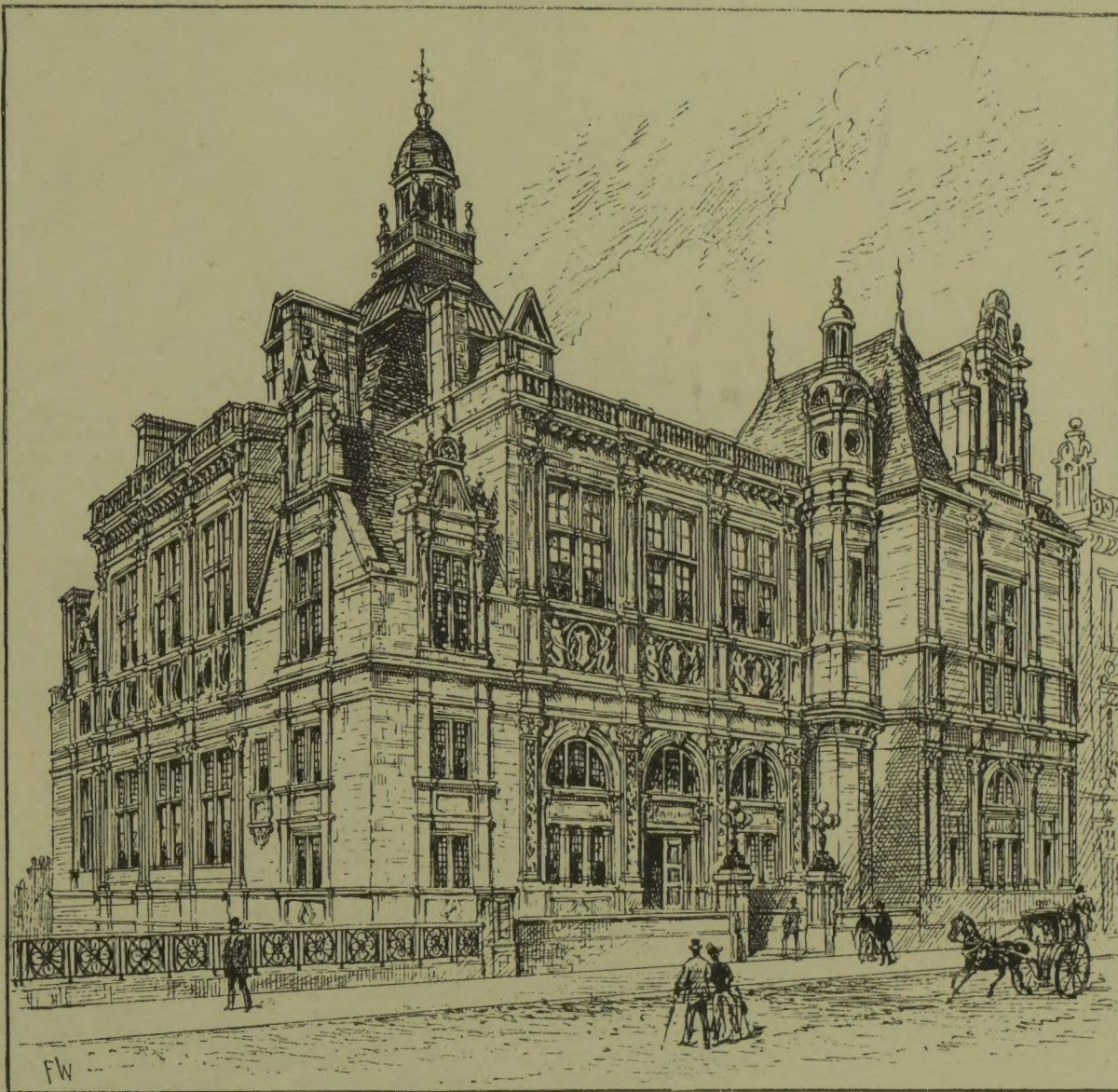
and Duchess arrived at Quebec on the evening of the 10th, and were received by the Lieutenant-Governor, the Mayor, and a great crowd of people, who gave their Royal Highnesses a hearty welcome. The Duke and Duchess drove from the station to the Citadel, where they are the guests of Lord Stanley of Preston. Next day their Royal Highnesses received an address from the civic body, presented by the Mayor and the municipal council.

Princess Christian, on June 7, laid the foundation-stone of the new Eton Mission Church, in the Gainsborough-road, near Victoria Park, one of the most populous districts in the north-eastern suburbs of the Metropolis.

The Duc d'Orléans arrived in London on the 6th from the Continent. He was accompanied from Dover by his father and mother, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and Princesse Hélène d'Orléans, his sister.

THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

This fine building, erected at a cost of £30,000, the munificent gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, United States of America, to the citizens of Edinburgh, was opened on June 9 by Lord Rosebery, when the Lord Provost, Sir Thomas Clarke, Mr. Wallace Bruce, the American Consul, and Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh University, took part in the proceedings. Our illustration shows the exterior design of the building, which stands close to George IV. Bridge, in the Old Town. The architect is Mr. G. Washington Browne, of Edinburgh. The reference library has shelves for 72,651 volumes, and the adjoining book-store will contain 35,253 volumes, giving a total for the reference department of 107,904 volumes. It will be capable of accommodating 160 male readers and thirty-six female readers. The newspaper



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

and general reading-room occupies the first floor. This room is of the same size and shape as the reference-room, and has in connection with it a separate room for juveniles and one for the higher-class magazines.

The bazaar for the New Hospital for Women, in the Euston-road, which took place in May, has proved a great financial success, £1600 having been cleared after paying all expenses.

Lord Kinnaird presided at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the supporters of the Field-lane Refuge and Ragged School, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly. The receipts for the past year were £8916, and the expenditure £8595. The secretary explained that the principal object of the institution is the cautious administration of charitable help, and appeals were made for fresh help.

Some three hundred London clergy attended at St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, on June 9, to hear a "primary charge" from the Archdeacon of London. It dealt with the great social problems of the day, and sketched in outline a number of practical reforms which the present condition of the people imperatively demanded. London's "portentous and even horrible dimensions" he would cope with by "breaking up this unmanageable and abnormal province into separate cities." Overcrowding should be met by schemes of colonisation and increased facilities for emigration. The "parasite" and "superfluous" population of London is its great danger. Instead of endowing Polytechnics in the East-End, Archdeacon Sinclair thinks the State might do worse than erect a Westminster Abbey there, "where for many hundreds of years the ashes of the illustrious dead would be committed to their stately repose, each a lesson to the million toilers of the East." The Archdeacon would also simplify the temperance question by invoking Parliament to adopt the German prohibitive tax on spirits, and the Norwegian doctor's order for their sale: while our high-minded brewers might resolve to brew a beer so light that "it would require more than a man could conveniently swallow to make him drunk."

MEISSONIER'S "CAMPAGNE DE FRANCE"; OR, "1814."

The best-known, and in some ways the most successful, of three pictures, painted by M. Meissonier to illustrate the "Napoleonic Cycle," has just changed owners, at a fabulous price. The artist, in 1864, had already achieved a high position in the art-world, and obtained high prices for his work. Nevertheless, the sum paid by M. Delahante—70,000 francs (£2800)—was considered enormous for a work which scarcely measured 30 in. by 20 in. Since then the work has been so frequently engraved and otherwise reproduced, that the far-sighted purchaser must long since have recouped himself his original outlay. The re-sale, therefore, of the picture to M. Chauchard for the sum of 850,000 francs (£34,000) is the more noteworthy, especially as M. Meissonier is still living, and, although upwards of seventy-five years of age, his hand and eye seem, by his latest works, to have lost but little of their original power.

The picture now known as "1814" was originally exhibited in 1865, under the title of "Campagne de France," and is supposed to depict one of the last scenes of that grand drama which brought the First Empire to a close, on the stubbornly contested fields of Champagne. History has told the events of that final stand on the eastern frontier of France, in which Napoleon is said to have shown higher qualities as a General than in his most brilliant campaigns; and it has told, also, how fruitless were the efforts to stem the advance of the "Prussians and the Cossacks." In this picture we see the Emperor slowly retiring from some hard-fought and unnamed field, retracing the road which, as the deep ruts in the snow bear witness, his troops had traversed, perhaps, only a few hours before, with hopes of victory.

The Emperor rides alone, on his famous white charger Marengo, silent and despondent, realising, perhaps for the first time, the uselessness of further resistance. Immediately behind him is "le plus brave des braves," Marshal Ney, who alone seems to bear stoically the reverses of war. Farther in the rear is Marshal Berthier, who from sheer exhaustion has fallen asleep in his saddle; and beside him it is easy to recognise, from the admirable likeness, Generals Drouot and Gourgaud and M. de Flahaut; while behind these come the other members of the brilliant staff by which Napoleon loved to see himself surrounded, each member of it having been selected in consequence of some special aptitude or quality. Across the snow-covered plain the serried ranks of the infantry Napoleon and his Marshals had so often led to victory are now slowly but steadily retreating—their spirits, perhaps, maintained by the belief that their leader will still retrieve his desperate fortunes. The subdued and sad tone of the scene is in strong contrast with the other two pictures of the Napoleonic story which were painted at a later date—the "Cuirassiers," or "1805"—which was exhibited in 1871, and was subsequently burnt in a fire at New York, having been purchased for 400,000 f. (£16,000)—and "Friedland," or "1807," painted in 1878, which was purchased by Mr. Stewart for 300,000 f. (£12,000). In these, Meissonier represented the Empire in its most brilliant guise—in the full flush of victory, and supported by the enthusiasm of the soldiery—but it is doubtful if either of them can be compared for dignity and pathos to the "Campagne de France." It is unnecessary here to dwell upon Meissonier's marvellous power of conveying in such a minute form the sense of space and movement. Apart from his love of historical exactness, carried almost to excess, every figure in the picture is solidly worked out, and will bear the closest inspection through the magnifying glass. Whatever else may be said of Meissonier's work, it must be admitted that it bears witness to conscientious labour, to a sincere desire to attain perfection, and to be satisfied with nothing short of his own ideal.

The Oxford City Council have decided to open the public library on Sunday evenings for five months in the year, commencing in November.

The twenty-fourth anniversary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which now contain nearly 3500 orphan and destitute children, was celebrated, on June 11, in the Albert Hall. The Marquis of Lorne presided. Mrs. Mary Davies sang a solo, the prizes to old boys and old girls were presented by Lady Kinnaird, and the remainder of the programme was provided by the children from the Homes.

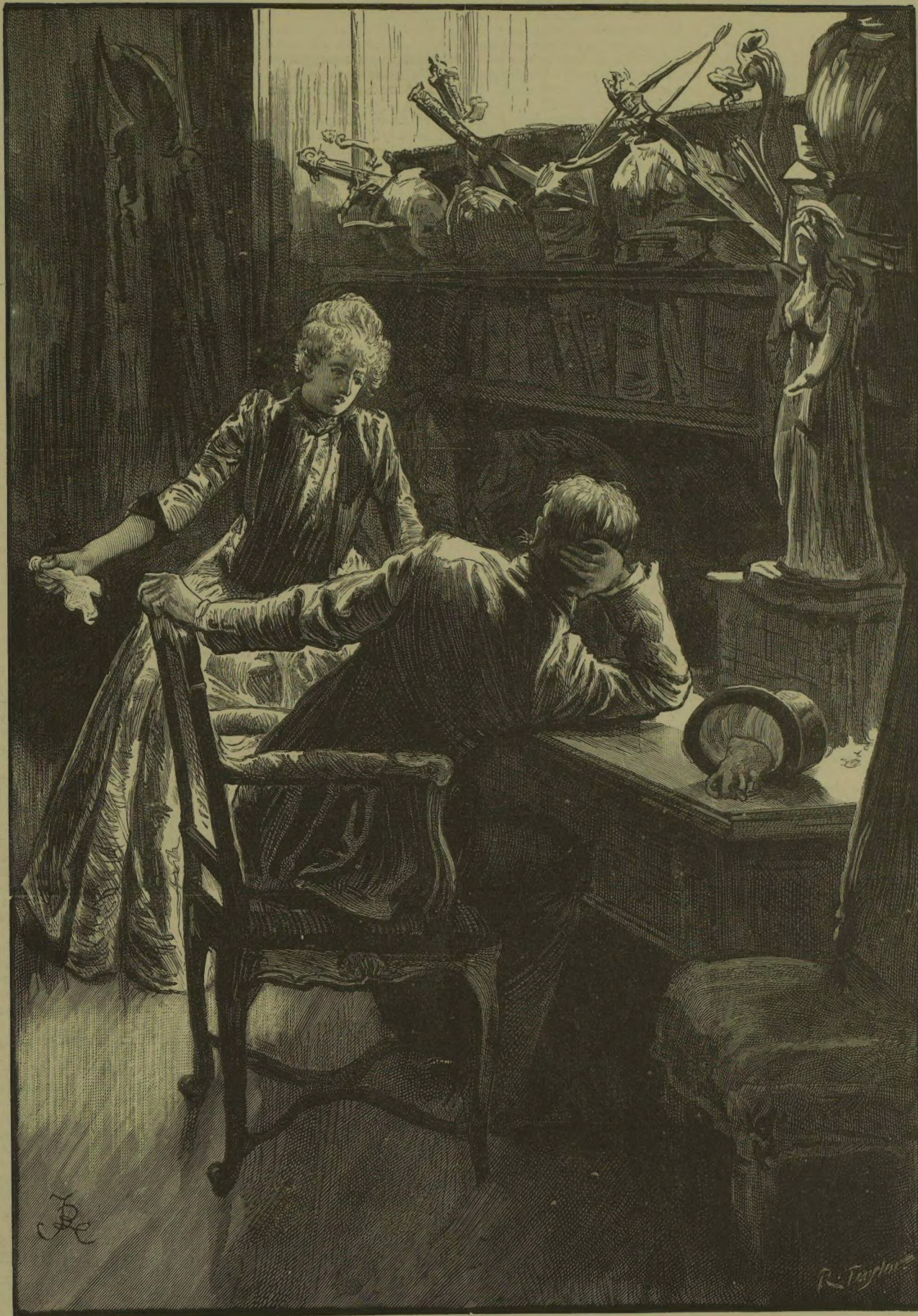
Dr. H. B. Swete, of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, has been elected Regius Professor of Divinity, in the place of Dr. Westcott, appointed Bishop of Durham. Dr. Swete came out as First-class Classic in 1858. He was formerly tutor, and is now an honorary Fellow of Caius College. He was the editor of "The Latin Version with the Greek Fragments," and of "Theodori Episcopi Mopsuesteni." Dr. Swete is Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, London, and holds the college living of Ashdon, Essex.

At the meeting of the London County Council held on June 10, it was resolved, on the recommendation of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, that a special Parks and Open Spaces Sub-Department should be formed, and that at its head should be a professional landscape gardener. It was reported that the growing increase in the number of parks rendered this step necessary. During the last twenty years the area of parks and open spaces of London under municipal control had increased from 178 acres to more than 3000 acres.



"CAMPAGNE DE FRANCE," OR "1814," PICTURE BY MEISSONIER, RECENTLY SOLD FOR £34,000.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY LECADRE, OF PARIS.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Is it not time," she asked, "that this should cease?"

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXV.

TO FORGET IT ALL.

WHEN Philippa read the announcement in the *Times*, she held her breath for a space. It was at breakfast. Her father was reading the news; she was looking through that column which interests us all more than any other. Her eye fell upon her cousin's name. She read, she changed colour, she read again. Her self-control returned. She laid down the paper. "Here," she said, "is a very astonishing announcement!" A very astonishing announcement indeed!

An hour later she called upon Armorel at her rooms.

"You are left quite alone in consequence of this—this amazing revelation?"

"Quite. Not that I mind being alone. And Effie Wilmot is coming."

"Nothing in the world," said Philippa, "could have astonished me more. It is not so much the fact of the marriage—indeed, my cousin's name was mentioned at one time a good deal in connection with hers—but the dreadful duplicity. He sent her to you—she came to us—as a widow. And for three years they have been married! Is it possible?"

"Indeed," said Armorel, "I know nothing. She left me without a cause, and now I hear of her marriage. That is all."

"My dear, the thing reflects upon us. It is my cousin who has brought this trouble upon you."

"Oh! no, Philippa! As if you could be held responsible for his actions! And, indeed, you must not speak of trouble. I have had none. My companion was never my friend in any sense: we had nothing in common: we must have parted company very soon: she irritated me in many ways, especially in her blind praise of the man who now turns out to be her husband. I really feel much happier now that she has gone."

"But you have no companion—no chaperon."

"I don't want any chaperon, I assure you."

"But you cannot go into society alone."

"I never do go into society. You know that nobody ever called upon Mrs. Elstree—or Mrs. Feilding, as we must now call her. There are only two houses in the whole of this great London into which I have found an entrance—yours and Mr. Jagenal's."

"Yes; I know now. And most disgraceful it is that you should have been so sacrificed. That also is my cousin's doing. He represented his wife—it seems difficult to believe that he has got a wife—as a person belonging to a wide and very desirable circle of friends. Not a soul called upon her! The world cannot continue to know a woman who has disappeared bodily for three long years, during which she was reported to have been seen on the stage of a country theatre. What has she been doing? Why has she been in hiding? It was

culpable negligence in Mr. Jagenal not to make inquiries. What it must be called in my cousin others may determine. As for you, Armorel, you have been most disgracefully and shamefully treated."

"I suppose I ought to have had a companion who was recognised by society. But it seems to matter very little. I have made one or two new friends, and I have found an old friend."

"It is not too late, of course, even for this season. Now, my dear Armorel, I am charged with a mission. It is to bring you back with me—to get you to stay with us for the season and, at least, until the summer holidays. That is, if you would be satisfied with our friends."

"Thank you, Philippa, a thousand times. I do not think I can accept your kindness, however, because I feel as if I must go away somewhere. I have had a great deal of anxiety and worry. It has been wretched to feel—as I have been made to feel—that I was in the midst of intrigues and designs, the nature of which I hardly understood. I must go away out of the atmosphere. I will return to London when I have forgotten this time. I cannot tell you all that has been going on, except that I have discovered one deception after another."

"She is an abominable woman," said Philippa.

"On the island of Samson, at least, there will be no wives who call themselves widows and no men who call themselves"—painters and poets, she was going to say, but she

checked herself—"call themselves," she substituted, "single men, when they are already married."

"But, surely you will not go away now—just at the very beginning of the season?"

"The season is nothing at all to me."

"Oh! But, Armored—think. You ought to belong to society. You are wealthy: you are a most beautiful girl: you are quite young: and you have so many gifts and accomplishments. My dear cousin, you might do so well, so very well. There is no position to which you could not aspire."

Armored laughed. "Not in that way," she said. "I have already told you, dear Philippa, that I am not able to think of things in that way."

"Always that dream of girlhood, dear? Well, then, come and show yourself, if only to make the men go mad with love and the women with envy. Stay with us. Or, if you prefer it, I will find you a companion who really does belong to the world."

"No, no; for the present I have had enough of companions. I want nothing more than to go home and rest. I feel just a little battered. My first experience of London has not been, you see, quite what I expected. Let me go away, and come back when I feel more charitable towards my fellow-creatures."

"You have had a most horrid experience," said Philippa. "I trembled for you when I learned who your companion was. I was at school with her, and—well, I do not love her. But what could I do? Mr. Jagenal said she had been most strongly recommended—I could not interfere: it was too late: and besides, after what had happened, years before, it would have looked vindictive. And then she has been rich and is now poor, and perhaps, I thought, she wanted money: and when one has quarrelled it is best to say nothing against your enemy. Besides, I knew nothing definite against her. She said she was a widow—my cousin Alec said that he had been an old friend of her husband: he spoke of having helped him. Oh! he made up quite a long and touching story about his dead friend. So, you see, I refrained, and if I could say nothing good, I would say nothing bad."

"I am sure that no one can possibly blame you in the matter, Philippa."

"Yet I blame myself. For if I had caused a few questions to be asked at first, all the lies about the widowhood might have been avoided."

"Others would have been invented."

"Perhaps. Well—she is married, and I don't suppose her stay here will have done you any real harm. As for her, to go masquerading as a widow and to tell a thousand lies daily can hardly do any woman much good. Have you made up your mind how you will treat her if you should meet?"

"She has settled that question. She wrote me a letter saying that she has behaved so badly that she wishes never to see me again. And if we should meet she begs that it will be as perfect strangers."

"Really—after all that has been done—that is the very least."

"So we are to meet as strangers. I suppose that will be best. It would be impossible to ask for explanations. Poor Zoe! One does not know all her history. She told me once that she had been very unhappy. I have heard her crying in her room at night. Perhaps, she is to be more pitied than blamed. It is her husband whom I find it difficult to forgive and to forget. He is like a nightmare: he cannot be put so easily out of my mind."

"Unfortunately, no. I, who have thought of him all my life, must continue to think of him."

"You will forgive him, Philippa. You must. Besides, you have less to forgive. He has never offered his hand and heart to you."

Philippa blushed a rosy red, and confusion gathered to her eyes, because there had, in fact, been many occasions when things were said which—Armored was sorry that she had said this.

"You mean, Armored, that he actually—did this—to you?"

"Yes. It was only the other day—the morning after we read the play. He came to the National Gallery, where I often go in the morning, and, in one of the rooms, he told me how much he loved me—words, however, for nothing in such things—and kindly said that marriage with me would complete his happiness."

"Oh! He is a villain—a villain indeed!" Her voice rose and her cheek flushed. "Forgive him, Armored? Never!"

"Considering that it was only a day or two before he was going to announce in the paper the fact that he had been married for three years, it does seem pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"And you, Armored?"

"Fortunately, I was able to dismiss him unmistakably."

"Oh!" Philippa cried in exasperation. "My cousin has been guilty of many treacherous and base actions; but this is quite the worst thing that I have heard of him—worse even than sending you his own wife, under a false name and disguised with a lying story on her lips. No, Armored; I will never forgive him. Never!" Her eyes gleamed and her lips trembled. She meant what she said. "Never! It is the worst, the most wicked thing he has ever done—because he might have succeeded."

"I suppose he meant to get something by the pretence."

"He wanted, I suppose, to have it reported that he was going to marry a rich girl. I had heard that he was continually seen with you. And I had also heard that he had confessed to an engagement which was not to be announced. My father has found out that his affairs are in great confusion."

"But what good would an engagement of twenty-four hours do for him?"

"Indeed, I do not understand. Perhaps, after all, he had allowed himself to fall in love—but I do not know. Men sometimes seem to behave like mad creatures, with no reason or rule of self-control—as if there was no such thing as consequence and no such thing as the morrow. I do not understand anything about him. Why are his affairs in confusion? He had, to begin with, a fortune of more than twelve thousand pounds from his mother; his pictures latterly commanded a good price. And his paper is supposed to be doing well. To be sure he keeps horses and goes a great deal into society. And, perhaps, his wife has been a source of expense to him. But it is no use trying to explain or to find out things. Meantime, to you, his conduct has been simply outrageous. A man who sends his own wife as companion to a girl, and then makes love to her, is—my dear, there is no other word—he is a Wretch! I will never forgive him." Armored felt that she would keep her word. This pale, calm, self-contained Philippa could be moved to anger. And again she heard her companion's soft voice murmuring, "My dear, the woman shows that she loves him still."

"Fortunately for me," said Armored, "my heart has remained untouched. I was never attracted by him; and latterly, when I had learned certain things, it became impossible for me to regard him with common kindness. And, besides, his pretence and affectation of love were too transparent to deceive anybody. He was like the worst actor you

ever saw on any stage—wooden, unreal—incapable of impressing anyone with the idea that he meant what he said."

"I wonder how far Zoe—his wife—knew of this?"

"I would rather not consider the question, Philippa. But, indeed, one cannot help, just at first, thinking about it, and I am compelled to believe that she was his servant and his agent throughout. I believe she was instigated to get money from me if she could, and I believe she knew his intentions as regards me, and that she consented. She must have known, and she must have consented."

"She would excuse herself on the ground of being his wife. For their husbands some women will do anything. Perhaps she worships him. His genius, very likely, overshadows and awes her." Armored smiled, but made no objection to this conjecture. "Some women worship the genius in a man as if it was the man himself. Some women worship the man quite apart from his genius. I used to worship Alec long before he was discovered to be a genius at all. When I was a school-girl, Alec was my knight—my Galahad—purest-hearted and bravest of all the knights. There was no one in the world—no living man, and very few dead men—Bayard, Sidney, Charles the First, and two or three more only—who could stand beside him. He was so handsome, so brave, so great, and so good, that other men seemed small beside him. Well, my hero passed through Cambridge without the least distinction: I thought it was because he was too proud to show other men how easily he could beat them. Then he was called to the Bar, but he did not immediately show his eloquence and his abilities: that was because he wanted an opportunity. And then I went out into the world, and made the discovery that my hero was in reality quite an ordinary young man—rather big and good-looking, perhaps—with, as we all thought then, no very great abilities. And he certainly was always—and he is still—heavy in conversation. But he was still my cousin, though he ceased to be my hero. He was more than a cousin—he was almost my brother; and brothers, as you do not know, perhaps, Armored, sometimes do things which require vast quantities of patience and forgiveness. I am sure no girl's brother ever wanted forgiveness more than my cousin Alec."

Her face, cold and pale, had, in fact, the sisterly expression. Philippa's enemies always declared that in the composition and making of her the goddess Venus, who presumably takes a large personal interest in the feminine department, had no lot or part at all. Yet certain words—the late companion's words—kept ringing in Armored's ears: "My dear, the woman loves him still. She has never ceased to love him."

"There was nothing to forgive at first," she went on: "on the contrary, everything to admire. Yet his career has been throughout so unexpected as to puzzle and bewilder us. Consider, Armored. Here was a young man who had never in boyhood, or later, shown the least love or leaning towards Art or the least tinge of poetical feeling, or the smallest power as a raconteur, or any charm of writing—suddenly becoming a fine painter—a really fine painter—a respectable poet, and an admirable story-teller. When he began with the first picture there grew up in my head a very imaginative and certain set of ideas connecting the painter's mind with his Art. I saw a grave mind dwelling gravely and earnestly on the interpretation of nature. It seemed impossible that one who should so paint sea and shore should be otherwise than grave and serious."

"Impossible," said Armored.

"What we had called, in our stupidity, dulness, now became only seriousness. He took his Art seriously. But then he began to write verses, and then I found that there was a new mind—not a part of the old mind, but a new mind altogether. It was a mind with a light vein of fancy and merriment: it was affectionate, sympathetic, and happy: and it seemed distinctly a feminine mind. I cannot tell you how difficult it was to fit that mind to my cousin Alec—it was like dressing him up in a woman's ill-fitting riding-habit. And then he began those stories of his—and, behold, another mind altogether!—this time a worldly mind—cynical, sarcastic, distrustful, epigrammatic, and heartless—not at all a pleasant mind. So that you see I had four different minds all going about in the same set of bones—the original Alec Feilding, handsome and commonplace, but a man of honour: the serious student of Art: the light and gay-hearted poet, sparkling in his verses like a glass of champagne: and the cynical man of the world, who does not believe that there are any men of honour or any good women. Why, how can one man be at the same time four men? It is impossible. And now we have a fifth development of Alec. He has become—at the same time—a creature who marries a wife secretly—no one knows why: and hides her away for three years and then suddenly produces her—no one knows why. What does he hide her away for? Why does she consent to be hidden away? Then, the very day before he has got to produce his wife for all the world to see—I am perfectly certain that she herself forced him to take that step—he makes love to a young lady, and formally asks her to marry him. Reconcile, if you can, all these contradictions."

"They cannot possibly be reconciled."

"We have heard of seven devils entering into one man; but never of angels and devils mixed, my dear. Such a man cannot be explained, any more than the Lady Melusina herself."

"Do not let us try. As for me, I am going to forget the existence of Mr. Alec Feilding if I can. In order to do this the quicker I mean to go home and stay there. Come and see me on the island of Samson, Philippa. But you must not bring your father, or he may be disappointed at the loss of his ancestral hall. To you I shall not mind showing the little house where your ancestors lived."

"I should like very much—above all things—to see the place."

"I will bribe you to come. I have got a great silver punch-bowl—old silver, such as you love—for you. You shall have a choice of rings, a choice of snuff-boxes. There is a roll of lace put away in the cupboard that would make you a lovely dress. It will be like the receiving of presents which we read of in the old books."

"I will try to come, Armored, after the season."

Armored laughed.

"There is the difference between us, Philippa. You belong to the world, and I do not. Oh! I will come back some day and look at it again. But it will always be a strange land to me. You will leave London after the season; I am leaving it before the season. Come, however, when you can. Scilly is never too hot in summer nor too cold in winter. Instead of a carriage you shall have a boat, and instead of a coachman you shall have my boy Peter. We will sail about and visit the Islands: we will carry our midday dinner with us: and in the evening we will play and sing. Nobody will call upon you: there are no dinner-parties, and you need not bring an evening dress. The only audience to our music will be my old servants, Justinian and Dorcas his wife, and Chessun and Peter the boy."

There were no preparations to make: there was nothing to prevent Armored from going away immediately. She asked Effie to go with her. She opened the subject in the evening, when she and her brother and Roland were all sitting together

in her drawing-room by the light of the fire alone, which she loved. They were thoughtful and rather silent, conscious of recent events.

"While we were in Regent-street this afternoon, Effie," said Armored, "I was thinking of the many happy faces that we met. The street seemed filled with happiness. I was wondering if it was all real. Are they all as happy as they seem? Is there no falsehood in their lives? The streets are filled with happy people. The theatres are filled with happy faces: society shows none but happy faces. It ought to be the happiest of worlds. Have we, alone, fallen among pretenders and intriguers?"

"They are gone from you, Armored. Can you not forget them?" Effie murmured.

"I seem to hear the murmuring voice of my companion always. She whispers in her caressing voice, 'Oh! my dear, he is so good and great! He is so full of truth and honour. Will you lend him a thousand pounds? He thinks so highly of you. A thousand pounds—two thousand pounds—if I had it to lay at the feet of so much genius!' And all the time she is his wife. And in my thoughts I am always hearing his voice, which I learned to hate, laying down a commonplace. And in my dreams I awake with a start, because he is making love to me while Zoe listens at the door."

"You must go away somewhere," said Roland.

"I shall go home—to my own place. Effie, will you come with me?"

"Go with you? Oh! To Scilly?"

"To the land of Lyonesse. I have arranged it all, dear. Archie shall have these rooms of mine to live in: you shall come with me. It is two years since you have been out of London: your cheeks are pale: you want our sea-breezes and our upland downs. Will you come with me, Effie?"

She held out her hand. "I will go with you," said the girl, "round the whole world, if you order me."

"Then that is settled. Archie, you must stay because your future demands it. I met Mr. Stephenson yesterday. He told me that he is in great hopes about the play, and that, meantime, he will be able to put some work into your hands."

"You are always thinking about me," said Archie.

"Come to us in the summer. Take your holiday on Samson. Oh! Effie, we will be perfectly happy. We will forget London, and everything that has happened. Thank Heaven, the rubies are gone! I will send a piano there: we will carry with us loads of books and music. We will have a perfectly lovely time, with no one but ourselves. Roland will tell you how we will live. You will do nothing for a time, while you are drinking in the fresh air and getting strong. Then—then—you shall have ideas—great and glorious ideas—and you shall write far, far better poetry than any you have attempted yet."

"And, meantime—we who have to remain behind?" asked Roland. "What shall we do when you are gone?"

It takes longer to get to Penzance than to Edinburgh, because the train ceases to run and begins to crawl as soon as it leaves Plymouth. The best way is to take the nine-o'clock train and to travel all night. Then you will probably sleep from Reading to Bristol: from Bristol to Exeter: and from Exeter to Plymouth. After that you will keep awake.

In this way and by this train, Armored and Effie travelled to Penzance. Effie fell asleep very soon, and remained asleep all night long, waking up somewhere between Lostwithiel and Marazion. Armored sat up wakeful the whole night through, yet was not tired in the morning. Partly, she was thinking of her stay in London, the crowning of her apprenticeship five years long. Nothing had happened as she had expected. Nothing, in this life, ever does. She had found the hero of her dreams defeated and fallen, a pitiable object. But he stood erect again, better armed and in better heart, his face turned upwards.

Partly, another thing filled her heart and made her wakeful.

Roland and Archie came with them to the station.

"Shall I ever be permitted to visit again the Land of Lyonesse?" whispered the former at the window just before the guard's whistle gave the signal for the train to start.

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye, Roland. You will come to Scilly—when you please—as soon as you can."

He held her hand.

"I live only in that hope," he replied.

The train began to move. He bent and kissed her fingers.

She leaned forward. "Roland," she said, "I also live only in that hope."

PART II.—CHAPTER XXVI.

NOT THE HEIR, AFTER ALL.

The storm expended itself. The gale cannot go on blowing: the injured man cannot go on raging, cursing, or weeping. Alec Feilding became calm. Yet a settled gloom rested like a dark cloud upon his front: he had lost something—a good part—of his pristine confidence. That enviable quality which so much impresses itself upon others—called swagger—had been knocked out of him. Indeed, he had sustained a blow from which he would never wholly recover: such a man could never get over the loss of such a fortune: his great-grandfather, so far as could be learned, lost his fortune and began again, with cheerful heart. Alec would begin again, because he must, but with rage and bitterness. It was like being struck down by an incurable disease: it might be alleviated, but it would never be driven out: from time to time, in spite of the physicians, the patient writhes and groans in the agony of this disease. So from time to time will this man, until the end of time, groan and lament over the wicked waste and loss of that superb inheritance.

Of course he disguised from himself—this is one of the things men always do hide away—the fact that he himself was part and parcel of the deed: he had destroyed himself by his own craft and cunning. Had he not placed his wife with Armored under instructions to persuade and coax her into advancing money for his own purposes, the thing could never have happened.

Henceforth, though the pair should have the desire of their hearts: though they should march on to wealth and success: though the wife should invent and contrive with the cleverness of ten for the good of the firm: though the husband should grow more and more in the estimation of the outer world into the position of a Master and an Authority: between the two will lie the memory of fraud and crime, to divide them and keep them apart.

On the day after the revelation, a thought came into the mind of the inheritor of the rubies. The thing that had happened unto him—could he cause it to happen unto another? Perhaps one remembers how, on learning that the rubies were to be given to the eldest grandson of the second daughter, he had dropped, limp and pale, into a chair. One may also remember how, on learning that no further investigation would be made, he recovered again. The fact was, you see, that Mr. Jagenal had made a little mistake. His searchers had altered the order of the three sisters. Frances, Alec Feilding's grandmother, was not the second, but the third daughter. When the rubies were actually waiting and ready

for him, it would have been foolish to mention that fact, especially as no further search was to be made, and the elder branch, wherever it was, would never know anything of the matter at all. Therefore, he then held his tongue.

Now, on the other hand, the jewels being worthless, he thought, first of all, that it would look extremely scrupulous to inform Mr. Jagenal of the discovery that his grandmother was really the third daughter: next, if the other branch should be discovered, the fortunate heir would, like himself, be raised to the heavens only to be dashed down again to earth. Let someone else, as well as himself, experience the agonies of that fall. He chuckled grimly as he considered the torments in store for this fortunate unknown cousin. As for danger to his wife, he considered rightly that there was none: the stones had been consigned to the bank by Armored, and in her own name: she signed an order for their delivery to Mr. Jagenal: he had kept them in his safe. They would certainly lie there some time before he found the new heir. Nay. They had been in his custody for five years before he gave them over formally to Armored. Who could say when the robbery had been effected? Who would think of asking the bank whether during the short time the parcel was held in the name of Armored it had been taken out? Clearly the whole blame and responsibility lay with Mr. Jagenal himself. He would have a very curious problem to solve—namely, how the rubies had been changed in his own safe.

"Well, Alec, come to take away your rubies?" asked Mr. Jagenal, cheerily. "There they are in that safe."

"No," he replied sadly. "I am grieved indeed to say that I have not come for the rubies. I shall never come for the rubies."

"Why not?"

"Because they are not for me. According to your instructions, I have no claim to them."

"No claim?"

"I understand that Miss Rosevean intends to give these jewels to the first representative of the family of Robert Fletcher. That is to say, to the eldest grandchild of the first, second, or third daughter, as the case may be?"

"That is so."

"Very well. The eldest daughter left no children. You therefore sent for me as the eldest—and only—grandchild of the second daughter?"

"I did."

"Then I have to tell you that you are wrong. My grandmother was the third daughter."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite possible. She was the third daughter. I was not very accurately acquainted with that part of my genealogy, and the other day I could not have told you whether I came from the second or the third daughter. I have since ascertained the facts. It was the second daughter who went away to Australia or New Zealand, or somewhere. I do not know anything at all about my cousins, but I think it very unlikely that there are none in existence."

"Very unlikely. What proof have you that your grandmother was the second daughter?"

"I have an old family bible—I can show it you, if you like. In this has been entered the date of the birth, the place and date of baptism, the names of the sponsors of all three sisters. There is also a note on the second sister's marriage and on her emigration. I assure you there can be no doubt on the subject at all."

"Oh! This is very disastrous, my dear boy. How could my people have made such a mistake? Alec, I feel for you—I do, indeed!"

"It is most disastrous!" Alec echoed with a groan. "I have been in the unfortunate position of a man who is suddenly put into possession of a great fortune one day, and as suddenly deprived of it the next. Of course, as soon as I discovered the real facts, it became my duty to acquaint you with them."

"By George!" cried Mr. Jagenal. "If you had kept the facts to yourself, no one would ever have been any wiser. No one, because the transfer of the property is a sheer gift made by my client to you without any compulsion at all. It is a private transaction of which I should never have spoken to anyone. Well, Alec, I must not say that you are wrong. But many men—most men perhaps—with a less keen sense of honour than you—well—I say no more. Yet the loss and disappointment must be a bitter pill for you."

"It is a bitter pill," he replied truthfully. "More bitter than you would suspect."

"You will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have behaved in this matter as a man of the strictest honour."

"I am very glad, considering all things, that I have not had the rubies in my own possession, even for a single hour."

"That is nothing: of course they would have been safe in your hands. Well, Alec, I am sorry for you. But you are young: you are clever: you are succeeding hand over hand: pay a little more attention to your daily expenses, put down your horses and live for a few years quietly, and you will make your own fortune—ay, a fortune greater far than was contained in this unlucky case of precious stones."

"I suppose you will renew your search, now, after the descendants of the second daughter?"

"I suppose we must. Do not forget that if there are no descendants—or, which is much the same thing, if we cannot find them in a reasonable time, I shall advise my client to transfer the jewels to the grandson of the third daughter. And I hope, my dear boy—I hope, I say, that we may never find those descendants."

Alec departed, a little cheered by the consolation that he had passed on the disappointment to another.

He went home, and found his wife in the studio, apparently waiting for him. There were dark rings round her eyes. She had been weeping. Since the storm they had not spoken to each other.

He sat down at his table—it was perfectly bare of papers—no sign of any work at all upon it—and waited for her to begin.

"Is it not time," she asked, "that this should cease? You have reproached me enough, I think. Remember, we are on the same level. But, whatever I have done, it was done for your sake. Whatever you have done, was done for your own sake. Now, is there going to be an end to this situation?"

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Understand clearly—if I am to help you for the future: if I am going to pull you through this crisis: if I am to direct and invent and combine for you, I mean to be treated with the semblance of kindness—the show of politeness at least."

He sat up, moved by this appeal, which, indeed, was to his purse—that is, to his heart.

"I say, my husband," she repeated, "you must understand me clearly. Again, what I have done was done for you—for you. Unless you agree to my conditions it shall have been done—for myself. I have four thousand pounds in the bank in my own name. You cannot touch it. I shall go away and live upon that money—apart from you. And you shall have nothing—nothing—unless—"

"Unless what?" He shook off his wrath with a mighty effort, as a sulky boy shakes off his sulks when he perceives that he must, and that instantly. He threw off his wrath

and sat up with a wan semblance of a smile, a spectral smile, feebly painted on his lips. "Unless what, Zoe? My dear child, can you not make allowance for a man tried in this terrible fashion? I don't believe that any man was ever so mocked by Fortune. I have been crushed. Yes, any terms, any condition you please. Let us forget the past. Come, dear, let us forget what has happened." He sprang to his feet and held out his arms.

She hesitated a moment. "There is no other place for us now," she murmured. "We are on the same level. I am all yours—now."

Then she drew herself away, and turned again to the table. "Come, Alec," she said, "to business. Time presses. Sit down, and give me all your attention."

(To be continued.)

Mr. Besant's Tale will be brought to a close in our Number for June 28, and will be followed in the Issue for July 6 (beginning a New Volume) by the first instalment of THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PIRA THE PHENICIAN, retold by Edwin Lester Arnold, with an Introduction by Sir Edwin Arnold.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, was present at a matinee held on June 5, at the Criterion Theatre, in aid of the funds of the parish of Holy Cross, St. Pancras. The gross receipts exceeded £350.

Amid hearty enthusiasm, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, on the 5th, opened a bazaar in the grounds of University College, Gower-street, in aid of the funds of the North London Hospital.

The Duke of Beaufort showed his sympathy with that deserving institution, the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, by presiding at the annual general meeting, held, on the 5th, at Tattersall's.

Earl and Countess Brownlow opened the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition in Birmingham Townhall on the 5th, in presence of the Mayor and many leading citizens.

The annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund was held at the Hotel Métropole on the 7th, Mr. Edward Lawson in the chair. Contributions were announced to the amount of £1850, the largest sum ever received at an anniversary of the fund.

Sunday, the 8th, being "Hospital Sunday," collections were made in most of the places of worship in London on behalf of the medical charities of the metropolis.

The annual meeting of the supporters of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, whose operations extend over many centres, including the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, and country homes at Bisley, Sudbury, Ealing, &c., as well as at the headquarters, Shaftesbury-avenue, was held on the 5th, at Exeter Hall, the Earl of Jersey presiding. After a selection of hymns and songs had been admirably given by the children, under the direction of Mr. J. Proudman, the secretary, Mr. Williams, read the report. Satisfactory statements were made as to the numerous homes for boys and girls, where there were altogether 1243 inmates during the year, and the ragged schools in Little Coram-street. The income of the year was £20,750, and there was a deficit of £2089. In his opening speech the chairman said that anyone visiting the homes would see, as would those at the meeting who had the children before them, that the work had many joyous and pleasant aspects, and he asked for its continued and extended support.

The Lord Mayor presided at a meeting held at the Mansion House on June 6, to set forth the needs of hospitals and dispensaries in London and the claims of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund. Mr. J. Hutchinson, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, moved a resolution in support of the fund, which was seconded by Sir Sydney Waterlow, and adopted.

In the evening classes at the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel, the education is directed not only to the mind but to the hands. The results of the latter instruction were exposed to public view on the 6th, when an exhibition and sale of the members' work was opened in the lecture hall of the building. The boys, who in the daytime are engaged in earning their livelihood, show articles made of wood, metal, and stone, and, in addition, bookbinding and collections of curiosities. The exhibition was again open the next evening, and prizes were distributed by Mrs. Westlake.

What can be accomplished among the poor by intelligent energy and unflagging devotion was shown by the exhibition at Devonshire House, on the 6th, of work done by the boys of St. John's, Bethnal Green, Night School. Miss Gertrude Bromby, sister of the Vicar of that East-End parish, has devoted time, money, and effort to getting the boys of the district off the streets after dark, and teaching them useful handicrafts; and the specimens shown give proof of remarkably successful technical education. The interest taken in this East-End movement was proved by the large number of visitors to the Duke of Devonshire's mansion.

The annual meeting of the friends of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society was held on the 6th, at Grosvenor House. The report stated that the number of persons under visitation was 964. The number attending the fifteen educational classes was 435, the systems taught being the Braille and Moon. The relief given during the year amounted to £3065, of which £1302 was given from the Samaritan Fund. The chairman, after giving a brief sketch of the history of the society, and the manner in which it performed its work, appealed for subscriptions, and especially for funds in order to take about 900 blind persons and guides for a day in the country. Mr. Gainsford Bruce, M.P., Rev. Canon Barker, Rev. J. L. Brooks, and Professor Flower also addressed the meeting.

Ready June 16.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

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THE FRENCH SARDINE FISHERY.

An important part of the business of food-supply is the sardine fishery, which begins in the latter weeks of May, and goes on to the end of November. On the western coasts of France and Brittany, in the Departments of the Loire Inférieure, La Vendée, Morbihan, and Finistère, by the latest statistics, 4274 boats, manned by 21,746 men, are employed in this fishery, which probably, with the operations connected with it, supports more than 100,000 of the population. Four fifths of the sardine fishery and trade belong to Morbihan and Finistère. On some days, at Douarnenez or at Concarneau, four, five, or even eight hundred boats are counted going out of the port. They are sailing-boats, of five or seven tons register, each manned by five or six men, going out from two to five miles from land. Only nets are used. The sardines are usually found in shoals, where there is no great depth of sea; and the men can see, through the water, of what size the fish are, and use nets accordingly, of different-sized meshes. Those taken so late as December, in the bay of Douarnenez, are too large, hardly suitable for tinning. The sardine is attracted to the net by means of a bait called "rogne," which is nothing else than cod's roe. When the fishery is abundant, one haul of the net may bring up 15,000 sardines, or sometimes even more. A boat has been known to return to port with from 35,000 to 40,000, got in one expedition. But a respectable average is from six to ten thousand.

In the richest seasons, 1878 and 1883, the aggregate capture of sardines was 1,200 millions the first year, and 1450 millions in 1888; but the yield of 1889 was considerable, and there is no fear of the species becoming extinct. The ocean is vast, and the reproduction of oviparous marine races is marvellous in its multiplication. Each sardine, at the stage of gestation, conveys five or six thousand eggs.

To follow, in a boat, the June sardine fishery enables one to enjoy some beautiful sights. Before sunrise, possibly, the fishing-boat has reached the fishing-ground. The crew reef their sails, and lower their nets into the sea. The master, standing at the stern, throws the bait right and left into the water. Shortly, the sardines gather in immense multitudes all round, moving about in all directions, till the water is hardly to be seen, covered with bright flashing bodies of fish. When caught by the meshes of the net, they struggle violently: it does not take long, if the fishery be plentiful, to load the boat.

On its return to the port, selling the fish begins at once: the master will sit at the bottom of his boat, ready to haggle with customers; or, if the general catch has been too great, so that a good price is not offered, he may go to the curing factories to negotiate the best bargain he can.

The work of the manufacturer, in preparing and preserving sardines, is at once commenced. They are thrown on tables, sprinkled with salt; the heads are taken off and salted. The fish, after sufficient salting, are washed, and are then placed on gridirons to be dried. They become ready for the cooking, which is a delicate process, requiring much skill. The fish are fried in boiling oil, of good quality, during two, three, or four minutes, according to their size; the gridiron is taken off the fire, to be replaced by another gridiron; and, in a well-fitted establishment, 150,000 or 200,000 sardines can be cooked in a day. They are next laid in the tin boxes, filled up with best olive oil; it is now for the solderers to put on the lids and solder them up. This must be done with great care; but the most perfect hermetical closure might not suffice to ensure the preservation of the sardines, for an unlimited time. Bubbles of vitiated air may remain in the box; animalcules may have been on the fish; it is indispensable to destroy all germs of fermentation. This purpose is attained by a practical application of the Appert method, which M. Pasteur has well described. A great number of boxes, four or six thousand together, are plunged into large boilers, filled with boiling water, and remain there for a time varying from three quarters of an hour to over two hours. This raises the temperature inside the boxes to 100 deg. Centigrade, which effectually prevents fermentation. The boxes are then packed, to be sent all over the world, sardines being a favourite article of food with rich and poor of all nations.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A further batch of Civil List Pensions, amounting in the aggregate to £500 per annum, has received her Majesty's approval; and the total sum applicable to the year—namely, £1200—must by this time be pretty well exhausted. The new list includes very few names of interest or importance—unless we except the widow of the Rev. J. G. Wood (£50), the popular naturalist; and Mrs. Caroline Blanchard (£50), whose husband's connection with journalism, more than with literature, will be long remembered by those associated with him. The list also includes the names of Mr. John Absolon (£50), who as a composer of songs has won apparently more distinction than money; Lady Wilde (£70), the writer of patriotic Irish songs under the title of "Speranza," which do not seem to have been regarded as proper objects of reward by the managers of the Land League or National League, although the songs themselves have been widely welcomed by Irish sympathisers. The claim of another Mrs. Wood, on account of her husband's geographical and archaeological studies in Asia Minor, is also recognised (£75), and a similar sum is awarded to Mrs. Mottram; while four Misses Berkeley receive £20 a year each, and two Misses Maguire £25 each, but in recognition of what services performed by themselves or their parents the public is left in doubt, although it is suggested that the first-named ladies are descendants of the famous Bishop Berkeley, who will be remembered rather for his philosophical than for his theological writings.

The Earl of Jersey, who was accompanied by the Countess, laid the foundation-stone of Holy Trinity Church, Southall, for which he has presented the site. The proposed new building is intended to provide accommodation for five hundred.

The report on the third session's work of the People's Lectures Scheme, which is under the auspices of the Gilchrist's Trustees and the London University Extension Society, has been published. During the winter ten short courses of three lectures each were given, and were attended by 22,019 persons. The main purpose is to lead up to the establishment, in the districts where they are given, of full courses of University Extension Lectures, and this was the result in nearly every case of the courses given.

From the returns of the Board of Trade it appears that the total emigration for May from the kingdom of persons of British origin was 28,412, as compared with 36,380 during May 1889. In the previous five months 90,000 left our shores, the number for the first five months of 1889 having been 116,183. The decrease of the present year in English was 13,455; in Scotch, 4126; and in Irish, 8602. The emigrants to the United States of America were fewer by 15,878, to British North America by 4464, to Australasia by 3123, to South Africa by 293, and to other places by 2110.



1. Fishermen Embarking.

2. Sardine-Fishing.

3. Raising Nets.

4. A Breton Workwoman.

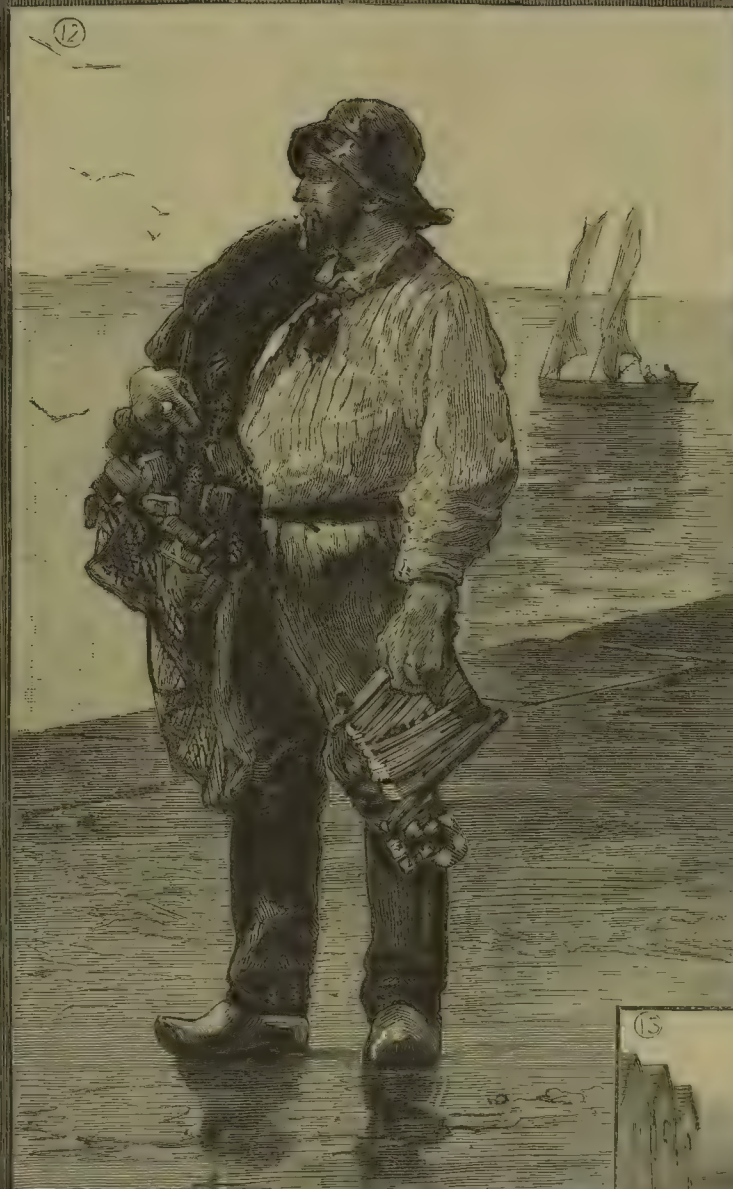
5. Landing and Counting Fish.

6. Cutting off Heads.

7. Salting.

8. Cooking.

THE FRENCH SARDINE INDUSTRY.



9. Boiling.

10. Withdrawing from Boiler.

11. Placing in Tin Boxes.

12. Sardine Fisherman.

13. Soldering Tins.

14. Packing.

15. Shipping.

NEW BOOKS.

The Fall of an Empire's Fall. By Madame Carette. (Dean and Son.)—"My Mistress the Empress Eugénie" was a pleasing, doubtless a truthful, picture of the domestic Court life of that illustrious lady, with whom, as a widow sadly bereaved of her only son, all gentle hearts can respectfully sympathise in the silent seclusion of her English home. Madame Carette, her faithful and discreet personal attendant in the cumbrous, garish splendours of that ill-founded Imperial reign which came to a disastrous and rather ignominious end, relates the circumstances of its fall, in 1870, with equal simplicity of manner. She is no politician, but a womanly friend of the Empress, who deserved her affectionate esteem; and she could not fail to appreciate in Napoleon III. himself some amiable qualities which conciliated those admitted to his presence, however severely they disapproved of his public actions. In this volume, the tone of which is entirely free from bitterness, and which betrays no symptom of designed misrepresentation, she tells us much less than we knew already of the transactions of that fatal year; of the immediate occasion of a quarrel between France and Prussia; the rash declaration of war, upon a mere diplomatic punctilio, after Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had renounced the throne of Spain; the frenzy of military vanity in Paris, which the Emperor had not the courage to check; the speedy collapse of his unprepared and badly managed army, and the enormous disaster of Sedan, which caused his instant deposition, leaving him a prisoner and a hopeless exile. French valour was abundantly proved; French patriotism, in the struggle prolonged from September to March, was nobly vindicated; but the Imperial system of government was for ever disgraced in the eyes of an injured and indignant nation. Madame Carette, who cannot reasonably be expected to see this, was not personally a witness to the events of Sept. 4 in Paris, having gone, a fortnight before, to her husband's country house in the Aisne, and returning, when the news of Sedan reached her, only to arrive at the Tuileries on the morning after the flight of the Empress, whom she next saw at Chiselhurst. Her account of those events, of the popular excitement, the attitude of the Corps Législatif, the proposal of a Council of National Defence, and the interview between the deputies and her Majesty, who would not resign the Regency, while the Chamber was being invaded by an angry mob, is correct so far as we remember. Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was almost the only Frenchman of much influence who stood by the Empress, but the defection of General Trochu, the Military Governor of Paris, made it impossible to resist the revolution, though General Mellinet, commanding the National Guard, offered to "sweep off all these brawlers" from the gates of the Tuileries. It was by the assistance of the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Metternich, and Cavaliere Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, that the Empress, attended by Madame Lebreton, contrived to escape from the palace; her Majesty passed the night at the house of Dr. Evans, an American physician, and next day travelled to Deauville, whence she crossed the Channel in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht to Ryde. This is an interesting narrative, but the story has been told before.

Camp and Studio. By Irving Montagu. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—One of five Special Artists employed by the *Illustrated London News* in the campaigns of the great war between Russia and Turkey, and in the contemporary allied struggles both in Eastern Europe and in Armenia, in 1877 and 1878, was the author of this volume. He had previously, in a similar capacity, witnessed and delineated some of the incidents of the war between France and Germany, of the Carlist insurrection in Spain, and other notable transactions in the history of the time. His personal experiences, so far, have been related in a lively and entertaining book, "Wanderings of a War Artist," to which "Camp and Studio" is a worthy sequel. It is adorned with thirty page illustrations and eighty small engravings, designed with much spirit, picturesque and pathetic, or sportive and humorous, drawn with Mr. Irving Montagu's effective skill. The vivacity of his writing, which is familiar and colloquial in style, hurries the reader along, like the forcible talk of an oral narrator of exciting adventures, and leaves them strongly impressed on the fancy. This story of his experiences, first with the Turkish, afterwards with the Russian army, first at Kars, afterwards at Plevna, is not encumbered with any general review of the cause, progress, or result of the war. It is only what he saw at those places, and how he got there, with various difficulties, hardships, and perils on the road, often shared by good comrades, the special correspondents of English newspapers; Mr. Charles Holmes, of the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Edmund O'Donovan, of the *Daily News*, in the Asiatic scene of warfare, and Mr. Robert Coningsby, of the *Times*, at Plevna. Mr. Irving Montagu was certainly well able to take care of himself, whether in eluding the jealous prohibitions of Russian military officials on the Danube, or in boldly defying the murderous brigands who infested the country between Trebizond, Erzeroum, and Kars. It was clever, as well as lucky, to get across the river from Giurgevo to Rustchuk, in spite of Russian orders, by the aid of a spy, whose purpose of betraying the plans of one commander to the enemy was not assisted by our Special Artist, after all. At a later period, when the English news correspondents were forbidden at Bucharest to join the army in its advance into Bulgaria, Mr. Coningsby and Mr. Irving Montagu contrived to assume the guise of sutlers, taking a waggon loaded with stores for sale in camp. They crossed the pontoon-bridge from Zimnitsa to Sistova, toiled through deep seas of mud, followed the Imperial Guard, and arrived at Porodim, within the lines of the great siege of Plevna, where they abode for months. We were much indebted to our Special Artist for his services on that occasion. He saw the hard fighting in the attacks on the Turkish redoubts around Plevna, as he had seen, during several months before, the admirable defence of Kars. No commanders of any nation, in modern warfare, deserve more praise for enduring energy than Moukhtar Pasha, in Armenia, and Osman Pasha, in Bulgaria; as for the soldiers, there are none better than the Turks on one side and the Russians on the other; as the Duke of Wellington used to say, "All soldiers are brave." The immensely superior military power of Russia, aided by gallant Roumania, could not fail to gain the victory. Mr. Irving Montagu is not a critical connoisseur of warlike operations, and impartially gives credit to all who did their best, on either side, in that tremendous conflict. He dwells rather on the miseries of war, the havoc, the slaughter, the rapine, the prodigious waste, destruction, and confusion by which it is attended. The fighting and killing of armed men should be reckoned but part of the mischief, but heaps of dead and wounded are an ugly sight. Our Artist in the Russian camp before Plevna, and the *Times* correspondent with him, were discovered and expelled, in mid-winter, ere the surrender of the fortress; but we had another Artist in the Roumanian camp. This was the end of Mr. Irving Montagu's second expedition in that war, as he had returned to England from Kars, and had started again for the Danube as soon as his health was restored. His narrative is not only personally interesting, but affords reminiscences of a terrible

passage in history watched by us from day to day. It is followed by some chapters, entitled "Back in Bohemia; or, The War Artist at Home," containing anecdotes of the London life and ordinary work of some members of his profession, of their studios, their models, their patrons and customers, their chambers and social clubs, with amusing drolleries and oddities, which will be relished as a relief from the grim tales of war.

Up and Down, Sketches of Travel. By Gilbert S. Macquoid. (Ward and Downey.)—There will probably be few readers of this agreeable volume, illustrated by Mr. Thomas Macquoid, the artist, father of Mr. Gilbert Macquoid, who have not already become acquainted, in a summer tour on the Continent, with some of the interesting places that are here described. Antwerp, with its cathedral and its pictures by Rubens, its statue of Rubens, and its Museum in the fine old mansion of the printer Plantin; the cities of Strasburg and Freiburg; Berne and Thun, also the Gemmi Pass, and Zermatt, in Switzerland; the Simplon road to Italy, the Lago Maggiore, and Milan; Lucerne, with the Righi and the fair Lake; the St. Gotthard, the highland sanitarium of Davos, and other Swiss resorts of our tourists or seekers of health and recreation; and Heidelberg, of course, must all be familiar to many of those who care for the diversion of viewing foreign towns, or for the romantic scenery of the Alps. But Mr. Gilbert Macquoid has a pleasant, fresh, unassuming manner of relating his observations, including the ascent of the Matterhorn, which not long ago was considered a marvellous feat. In Bavaria, too, he finds a topic less frequently treated, by visiting the antique town of Rothenburg, and witnessing a local festival, with the performance of a curious historical play, to commemorate the siege of that town by Tilly in the Thirty Years' War. This part of his book may seem, indeed, to persons instructed in the history of Germany, quite as significant of national character as the Ober-Ammergau performance, of which we hear so much just now.

A Selection from the Liber Studiorum of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (Blackie and Son, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin.)—The difficulties in the way of an editor who desires to give at once an adequate and a compendious selection of a popular work are well-nigh insurmountable. He must in his attempt offend either the taste or the pocket of those for whom he seeks to provide satisfactory entertainment. The difficulty is the greater in proportion to the value or popularity of the original work, and, as in the present case, where the widely differing wants of amateurs and art-students have to be consulted. Mr. John Ward, F.S.A., who has undertaken this very thankless task with regard to Turner's "Liber Studiorum," must be congratulated upon having steered his art-barque with no little skill between the Scylla of study and the Charybdis of collection. It was certainly a happy thought to complete the existing series of South Kensington Drawing-Books by placing within reach the work (or a portion of it) which Mr. Ruskin many years ago declared to be the best school of English landscape art. This judgment, it is true, was uttered long before English landscape art had been subjected to the influences of the modern French School, and it may be found by our present "New English" artists to be somewhat antiquated. Public taste, however, as displayed in the enormous prices obtained for the works of Turner and his contemporaries, proves that it has not yet obeyed the beckonings of its would-be arbiters; and we may hope that the appeal now made by Mr. Ward and his colleagues in making this selection may have some result in maintaining or reviving the taste for true English landscape art. The value of this volume is greatly increased by the annotation—we might almost say the dissection—of the various plates by Mr. Frank Short, to whom all students of Turner owe a debt of gratitude, which Mr. Ruskin was the first to acknowledge. Mr. Short many years ago began to engrave a number of the plates of the "Liber" in the South Kensington Museum, and his practical experience and excellent taste indicated him as the most fitting guide, not only in the selection of the plates but in the methods to be applied to their study. Mr. Ruskin, speaking to students in his "Elements of Drawing," writes: "It is very unlikely that you should meet with one of the original etchings: if you should, it will be a drawing-master in itself alone, for it is not only equivalent to a pen-and-ink drawing by Turner, but to a very careful one." In default of the original etchings, we have here a number of facsimile reproductions in various stages of completion; and by their aid the student may follow, step by step, the great artist in the composition and building up of some of his finest works—such as "The Falls of Clyde," the "Nymph at a Well," and others. The proofs of these etchings were found after Turner's death, and sold at Christie's to private collectors, who do not willingly part with them; and their liberality in allowing some of them to be reproduced is a graceful act, for which we owe both them and the publishers sincere thanks. These etchings, and the finished engravings to which they relate, form, we think, the most interesting feature in this publication—for the photogravure reproductions of the four mezzotints are scarcely up to the level of Mr. Goulding's usual work. Possibly the number struck off may have in some way marred the brightness of the effects which form the charm of the originals. Nevertheless the publication, which consists of four parts, is one of which we recognise the full value, and cordially indorse the hope expressed by the Editor, that the managers of Art Schools will place the "Selections from the Liber Studiorum" among the prizes awarded to the best workers in the domain of English Art. Mr. Frederick Wedmore's introductory note is marked by his complete knowledge of the circumstances under which the "Liber" was originally produced—and by his delicate appreciativeness of Turner's genius and its infinite variety—while Mr. Stopford Brooke's analysis of the underlying motives of Turner's art is, wherever applied, a key to its deeper mysteries, which would, without such help, remain hidden.

The Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play, 1890. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)—This lady, who was Miss Ethel Harley a few years ago, sailed with her brother to Iceland, rode long journeys there, inspected the curious Geysers, and wrote a very good description and scientific explanation of those freaks of nature. Her account of that picturesque survival of mediæval Sacred Art in Bavaria, which is, in our humble opinion, rather historically interesting than edifying to true spiritual religion, has one advantage over the other little books on the Ober-Ammergau Mystery-Play, republished this year. Both Mr. Henry Blackburn and the Rev. Dr. Molloy, whose treatises on this subject have now reappeared with some additions, saw the decennial performance in 1870 or 1871; but Mrs. Alec Tweedie witnessed that of 1880, and her report supplies a missing link in the course of those celebrated Christian theatricals at the famous South German highland village. She was staying with the family of Professor Thiersch, on the shore of the Tegern See, and joined her friends in a week's

carriage excursion, driving by way of Tölz and Lengries to the Walchen See, thence ascending the Herzogenstand, proceeding to Partenkirchen, below the Zugspitz, and making acquaintance with a little domestic festivity among the peasantry, as well as viewing the romantic scenery of the Partnach-klamm. Those who have time to spare might do wisely in following this example, instead of taking the railway on from Munich, for the Bavarian highlands are worth exploring; and we find Mrs. Alec Tweedie's chapters on the country and the rural folk not the least interesting portion of this small book. Her prefatory notices of some of the Mystery-Plays exhibited abundantly in England, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, under the direction of the monks and of the parish clergy, are rather scrappy; and we fail to perceive their connection with Egyptian hieroglyphics and the cuneiform inscriptions of Chaldean or Assyrian lore. The origin of public dramatic representations, as a custom, in the design of priests or hierophants to impress a belief in mythical transactions on the minds of imaginative spectators, has been almost universally proved; it is shown in the practice of heathendom all over the earth, and in all past ages. As for the Ober-Ammergau performance, we need only refer those who care to learn how it was conducted ten years ago, and how it has been developed or elaborated, to the concluding part of this volume. The authoress is an unaffected and agreeable writer, as well as a lively observer, and seems disposed to think the best of all mankind.

DRAWINGS IN "BLACK AND WHITE."

The annual exhibition of works in "Black and White," executed for Messrs. Cassell's various publications, is now open at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, and gives fresh evidence of the constant desire on the part of that firm to provide really artistic work for the public. Among the most prominent contributors—in point of quantity, at least—are Mr. W. H. J. Boot, who furnishes copious sketches of Italy, Egypt, and the shores of the Mediterranean; Mr. E. T. Compton, whose favourite sketching-ground is Spain; and Mr. MacWhirter, who is always excellent in Scotch scenery; Miss Margaret Dicksee, who draws women and children in all conditions of life; Mr. Fulleylove, who finds in Marseilles, Genoa, and elsewhere subjects as full of life and interest as the streets of Oxford and Cambridge; Mr. H. A. Harper, who illustrates the Holy Land; while Mr. H. M. Paget and Mr. W. Paget devote themselves to episodes in English history. Mr. W. Hatherell, Mr. P. Tarrant, and Mr. C. W. Wyllie also contribute liberally; and a melancholy interest attaches itself to the careful work of the late Mr. J. O'Connor. With regard to individual works, we must speak with praise of Mr. F. C. Dolman's "Sunshine" (17) and "Shadow" (19), the story of a "tiff"; Mr. Harry Hine's "Durham Cathedral" (82), except that it seems to stand scarcely high enough above the river; of Mr. A. Stocks's "Meal-Time" (88); Mr. Blair Leighton's "William III. at Whitehall" (119), in which the horses are remarkably well treated. Miss Dorothy Tennant's half-dozen sketches of London life—such as the "Apple Woman" (160), "Watercresses" (215), &c., have been eagerly sought after by purchasers, and justly so, for their real merit as well as for the special interest now attaching to the gifted artist. Miss Jane Dealey is also excellent in the delineation of children, as shown in "Pick-a-back" (230) and others; while Miss Alice Havers contributes studies of "Dutch Children" (29), "Japanese Children" (53), and other more homely subjects, which are of real artistic merit. Altogether, the collection is an interesting one, and the moderate prices affixed to the drawings should be an additional attraction to visitors.

The Board of Trade returns for May show a decrease in imports of £1,494,403, and an increase in exports of £2,519,385, compared with the corresponding month of last year. For the five months in this year there was a decrease in the imports of £4,577,331, and an increase in the exports of £5,310,160, compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The cricket-match between Cambridge University and the Australians ended on June 7 in a draw. The same result attended the game between Kent and Notts. Surrey won the match against Leicestershire at Leicester. At Stoke-on-Trent Yorkshire secured an easy victory from Staffordshire by an innings and 137 runs.

During the week ending June 7 thirteen steamers landed live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports, bringing a collective supply of 4229 cattle, 765 sheep, and 14,315 quarters of beef. As compared with the previous week, these show an increase of 17 cattle and a decrease of 10,397 sheep.

A Masonic service, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, was held in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on June 8, in aid of the fund of Scottish Masonic benevolence. Upwards of forty provincial lodges were represented, about a thousand of the craft being present, wearing regalia. The Rev. John Glasse, Edinburgh, Grand Chaplain, preached from the text "Let brotherly love continue."

A large and fashionable company was attracted to the grounds of the Ranelagh Club on June 7 to witness the coaching and driving competitions, the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs being well represented. Two silver cups were offered for the best-turned-out coach, and out of the thirteen competitors it was a fine contest between Mr. Theobald, M.P., and Mr. H. L. Beckett. The judges eventually made the award in the order named. In the driving competition there were six entries, and the prize was adjudged to Captain E. Marshall's team, handled by Captain Poulett, Mr. Adrian Hope being second. The judges were Lord Tredegar, Captain Wombwell, and Mr. R. Chandos-Pole.

The annual firing by members of the English Eight Club for selection by Sir Henry Wilmot of the eight to shoot for England in the coming contest for the Elcho Challenge Shield at Bisley took place at the Avonmouth range, at Bristol, on June 6 and 7. Despite a slight wind, Captain Gibbs beat the record in this competition on the second day by three points, his total being 220, with 15 shots at 800, 900, and 1000 yards. There were 15 shots at each range each day, and Captain Gibbs's aggregate of 428 was ten ahead of the second competitor, Lieutenant Fremantle. Captain Gibbs took the gold jewel of the club, Lieutenant Fremantle the silver jewel, and Captain Lamb the bronze.

The Bishop of London reopened the restored church of St. John, Clerkenwell, on June 7. The old church dates back to 1185, when it was the priory church of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, but since then it has seen many vicissitudes. At the dissolution of monasteries in the time of Henry VIII. the ancient order of military monks was dispersed, and the old priory church became the private residence of the Earl of Ailesbury. After this it was used as a school, but in 1732 Sir S. Michell partially rebuilt the place as a church, and transferred it to the Commissioners under Queen Anne for the erection of churches in the Metropolis. But, as the Bishop of London said, it was built in the unattractive architecture of the Queen Anne period, and it was real generosity on the part of the Rector of St. John's to come forward and spend between £3000 and £4000 of his own money in modernising the place.

THE OLD STILE.

That is the name by which all of us knew it—"The Old Stile." There were many other structures of the same kind in the fields and green lanes round about our village, but this was the only one which bore so proud a distinction. I am not sure but that some of its fellows could have disputed with it the honours of antiquity, but no inquiry was ever made into their pretensions. No account was taken of their claims, if they had any. It had been the Old Stile to our fathers, and it was the Old Stile to their children. Strange to say, our village traditions had failed to preserve the name of its constructor. Tom Atkins (our carpenter, wheelwright, and handy man) did not recollect that his forbears had any share in this masterpiece; and yet, for nigh upon a century, no one but an Atkins had handled saw, adze, or chisel in Brookleigh. All of us were confident that it had been put up by no stranger hands. Sometimes, when old Gaffer Simpkins had a lucid moment—he was past ninety, and spent most of his time in a kind of doze, sitting 't the sun in summer, and in the warmest corner by the kitchen fire in winter—a curious urchin would press him with the question, "Gaffer, who made the Old Stile?" But he would simply shake his head and mutter, "That no one knew exce, t Long John Thomson, the smith"; and, as Long John Thomson slept under the spreading yew in the village churchyard, information from him was felt to be inaccessible. If he were the sole depository of the secret, it was clear that the secret would never be divulged. It seemed a pity, too. In our school-books we could read who built the Pyramids, and the Coliseum, and Solomon's Temple, and Noah's Ark; but never a word about the man who fashioned the Old Stile. Yet it was such a compact, solid, well-to-do affair—such an honest bit of work—that the name of its maker ought surely to have been preserved. The world remembers the names of many whose work was neither so honest nor so useful.

A good stile, let me tell you, is no job for a prentice-hand. There are scores and scores of carpenters who can't construct one upon sound principles. It must, of course, be firm, upright, and substantial, for it is required to endure the shocks of all kinds of weather, rough usage by human hands and limbs, and the occasional impact of a frolicsome bull or scurrying flock of sheep. It must be high enough to keep cattle in, and not so high as to keep humanity out. A stile of exceptional altitude is a sore inconvenience to a weary wayfarer, and apt to betray him into the use of strong language. It is a grievance also to every matron or maid who passes that way. Let Celia be ever so deft in disposing of her skirts, ever so nimble in her movements and graceful on her feet, she necessarily finds it difficult to transfer herself from one side to the other of a stile five feet high. If she refuse the help of her male attendant (supposing such a one to be at hand—and who ever heard of Celia choosing a path with stiles in it, unless accompanied by a Strephon or an Alexis?)—she involves herself in embarrassments on which I forbear to enlarge. And, even if she accept the proffered arm, the chances are—unless she be one of those alert maidens who can take, as it were, a flying leap—that she will come down with a sudden "flop," which disturbs both her companion and herself. You see, then, that upon the construction of a stile much careful thought should be expended. There are certain eventualities to be guarded against, certain complex conditions to be anticipated. In a word, the true workman can show the measure of his craft and cunning in a rustic stile as well as in a classic Parthenon.

Never was stile happier in its position and surroundings than the Old Stile of Brookleigh. Where the path across Three Acres Field struck into the leafy corner, between Farmer Jones's fine holly hedge and the hawthorns of the Vicar's glebe, before entering Asbury Copse—there the men of old had planted it as a boundary-mark. A couple of tall elms (known as the Two Brothers, they were so alike in height and shape) stood one on each side. Seated on the stile, with your face to the south, you saw the thatched roofs of Brookleigh lying in a kind ofcombe or hollow to the westward, with the tall grey tower of its church in a ring of trees just beyond. Eastward, across a breadth of orchard, garden, and meadow, dotted here and there with a trim farmstead, and groups of white cottages gathered round ancient spires, your gaze rested lovingly on a long undulating range of low wooded hills, broken by a deep valley where the main road passed into the world beyond. Turning to the north you saw into the green heart of the copse or spinney, and in the early hours of a summer day caught the tireless voices of thrush and tit, blackcap and chaffinch, mingling with the croon of the wood-pigeon, and the ripple of a brook under its screen of ferns and mosses. There were secluded little dells in that stretch of woodland where the earliest primroses opened their pale young beauty—where the violets took the air captive with their sweetness—where the wild hyacinths, with their bell-clustered spikes of deepest blue, were a joy to look upon. Then there were tangles of briar and bramble, which broke into flower as the months went by; and clumps of hazel, where, in autumn, the tawny nuts cling thickly to the lissom stalks. And the hard-fern and the king-fern grew in the green recesses; and round the boles of aged trees crept the ivy in close embrace; and in and out of the tall bracken flurried the young rabbits, darting into their sandy burrows at the sound of an approaching footstep.

Can you wonder that the Old Stile, in such a nook as this, was the favourite resort of young and old? There William whispered the old sweet story in the ears of blushing Audrey, as with idle fingers she plucked to pieces the spray of hawthorn just plucked from the adjacent hedge. Thither came the village Touchstone with his wise saws and modern instances. Thither came William and Audrey's parents to recall the days when they too held their trysts at the Old Stile. Thither flocked the children in holiday hours to weave garlands of wild roses and honeysuckle or wild clematis and bryony, as the case might be, and to startle the birds with their ripples of laughter. Thither the aged rustic betook himself on a sunny Sunday morning, and, foregathering with his gossips, dropped slow short speeches about the weather and the crops, and the old woman's rheumatism, and the hard times. It was the meeting-place of the whole village. There were times when even Squire Asbury's daughter found her way thither with sketch-book and other artistic apparatus, and painted in bits of the sylvan picture. The dissatisfied genius of the village, the bold young spirit who felt within himself the capacity to hold his own in a wider arena than Brookleigh could afford—he too sought the Old Stile, to rest his anxious soul in dreams of a coming happy time, when some benignant Influence—he knew not what—should deliver him—he knew not how—from the bondage in which he laboured. Poor Frank Joyce was such an one! He got away at last, with the recruiting sergeant's ribbons pinned to his smock, and his bones are lying on the field of Chillianwallah, far from the Old Stile and Asbury Copse.

When you come to think of it, there was good reason for the love and pride—I had almost said the reverence—with which we of Brookleigh regarded our Old Stile. What tales it could have told of love, hope, ambition, aspiration—perhaps, alas!

of falsehood and treachery also!—of all that makes up the lives and moves the souls of men! Every year added to the associations which clustered around it—to its growth of tender and touching memories. It was a kind of permanent record of our village chronicles. In the time I speak of our Brookleigh folk, with the exception of such misguided ne'er-do-weels as Frank Joyce, seldom ventured farther into the giddy world than the nearest market-town; but if any heroic pilgrim went out into the wilderness, his first care on his return was to pay a visit to the Old Stile. The dullest hind was sensible of an unaccustomed emotion as he traced the initials carved on its weather-worn posts, and knew them to be those of men and women who had lived their little lives in uncomplaining silence, and then passed to their resting-places in the churchyard in the valley. He could not but remember that, as it had been with them, so would it be with him—the same dull, weary round of the days, the same sad beginning, and the same sadder ending. After all, it is no great distance for any of us from the Old Stile to the grave!

W. H. D.-A.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

The Right Rev. John Wogan Festing, recently appointed to the bishopric of St. Albans, was educated at Wells Theological College and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1860, and M.A. in 1863. In 1860 he was ordained deacon, and in 1861 priest. He was Curate of Christ Church, Westminster, from 1860 to 1873; was appointed Vicar of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, in 1873, and Vicar of Christ



THE RIGHT REV. J. W. FESTING, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

Church, Albany-street, 1878. He has been treasurer of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, was made Rural Dean of St. Pancras in 1887, and Prebendary of St. Paul's in the following year. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SILVER JUBILEE.

In all the services in the churches and chapels of the diocese of Westminster, special prayers were offered on Sunday, June 8, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of Cardinal Manning as Archbishop of Westminster in succession to the late Cardinal Wiseman. The churches were crowded, and at the sermons, after High Mass, the officiating priests spoke of the services rendered to the Roman Catholic Church in England by Cardinal Manning.

A numerous gathering assembled at Archbishops' House, Westminster, in the afternoon, for the purpose of presenting an address and testimonial to Cardinal Manning. The Marquis of Ripon made the presentation. Lord Ripon explained that the presentation took the form of a sum of money towards paying off the mortgage debt on the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, the amount collected being £3676. It was contributed by the Catholics not only of England but of various parts of the world, and they offered it to his Eminence as a testimony of their respect and affection. After dwelling on the part the Cardinal had taken in public life, and in the advancement of social reforms, Lord Ripon concluded by reading the address. Cardinal Manning, in the course of his reply, said that to have had any share in the most notable change which had taken place in the position of the Catholic Church in this country was a great consolation to him at the end of his life.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Camden Town on June 7, and laid the foundation-stone of a new range of buildings at the Royal Veterinary College.

The New Thames Yacht Club's match from Southend to Harwich was sailed on June 7. The cutters Thistle and Iverna came in first, the Thistle beating the Iverna in what is described as a very hollow manner. The 40-tonner Creole won the first prize on time allowance, Yarana the second, and Deerhound the third prize.

A drawing-room meeting was held at Sydenham on June 7 in aid of the fund for restoring St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. The Bishop of Rochester presided, and said that of the £40,000 required £23,000 had been subscribed. Some people objected to the restoration on the ground that the church was surrounded by a railway and warehouses, but surely that was no reason why they should not protect the beautiful edifice handed down to them by their ancestors. Others said that it was useless to restore the church, as only poor people worshipped there. He had never heard more debasing, more unworthy, or more vulgar reasoning than this, and he was determined to go on with the work, feeling sure that he would succeed. During the meeting it was suggested that after its restoration St. Saviour's should be used as a cathedral church. A collection taken at the close, together with subscriptions forwarded by inhabitants of Sydenham, amounted to £525.

THE "UNION BRIGADE."

The episode chosen by Mr. Wollen for his spirited picture was among the most brilliant of the fight at Waterloo, although it for a time placed the British Cavalry in an awkward position. This brigade, which formed part of the Cavalry Reserve, was composed of the 1st Royal Dragoons, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskillings (6th Dragoons), was under the command of Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, who fell at a later period of the day. The French, under Donzelot and Rousset, had just developed their vigorous attack upon La Haye Sainte; and Lord Uxbridge, seeing the critical state of affairs, determined at once to charge the attacking force. The French Cuirassiers and Carabiniers, some of the choicest troops in the Emperor's army, advanced boldly to seize the ridge on which the allied forces were posted. It was the first grand attack of the day, and Lord Uxbridge was anxious that the veterans of the Empire should receive a warm reception from their implacable enemies. The Household Brigade under Lord E. Somerset, which formed the first line, were ordered to charge, and the shock which followed was terrific. The English troopers, in order to close with the French, whose swords were much longer and whose bodies were encased in steel, wedged themselves within the enemy's ranks, and after a sharp but brief struggle the French cuirassiers were driven off the ridge. Meanwhile Sir William Ponsonby was holding his men well in hand to the left of the French attack, but, not knowing the full results of the charge of the Household Brigade, moved to the lower ground in order to protect his men from the enemy's cannonade, and suddenly found himself face to face with Marcognet's Division, which had established itself in force upon the heights. The infantry, which had been thrown forward to hold this position, at once got out of the way as it best could, but in so doing the cavalry could only advance in small sections. At this moment the Scots Greys passed through, shouting "Scotland for ever!" and rushed forward to complete the work which the Highland infantry had commenced. The unexpected appearance of cavalry where none were looked for added to the confusion, and the "beautiful grey horses" swept down the slope sabring all who came in their way. Without pausing to reform, those of the Scots Greys who had forced their way through the French first line rushed boldly against Marcognet's supporting column. What followed is thus described by Captain Siborne. The French, "lost in amazement at the suddenness, the wildness of the charge, and its terrific effect upon their countrymen on the higher ground in front, had either not taken advantage of the very few moments that intervened, by preparing an effectual resistance to cavalry, or, if they attempted the necessary formation, did so when there was no longer time for its completion. Their outer files certainly opened a fire which proved very destructive to their assailants; but to such a degree had the impetus of the charge been augmented by the rapidly increasing descent of the slope, that the dragoons plunged down into the mass with a force that was truly irresistible. Its foremost rank driven back with irrepressible violence, the entire column tottered for a moment, and then sank under the overpowering wave." Along the remainder of the line the charge of the "Union Brigade" was equally brilliant. On the right, the "Royals" found themselves engaged with the leading column of General Alix's division, which was rapidly advancing across the crest of the ridge; but, being seized by a sort of panic, they allowed the English cavalry to ride into their ranks, after a brief and ineffectual stand. The "Greys" had captured the Eagle of the 45th French Regiment, and the Royals were equally successful in seizing that of the 105th Regiment. The Inniskillings, who formed the centre regiment of the brigade, were not so promptly brought into action; but at length, having passed through the British infantry, they burst forward with the "loud, wild and shrill" Irish "hurrah!" and burst upon the French columns, who were unable to recover themselves before the dragoons were among them, plying their swords with fearful swiftness and dexterity. But these combined successes had not been purchased without severe losses, and when the light cavalry brigades, which should have come up to act as supports, were required, they could not be brought into line. The "Union Brigade" found itself exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's artillery, and the French Cuirassiers re-formed, and in good order were seen advancing. The Royals and Inniskillings at once attempted to retreat; and, followed by the Greys, they dashed in among the batteries, and, wheeling sharply round, rode along the line of cannon, sabring the gunners and stabbing the horses until their horses were exhausted, and could no longer be depended on to carry back their riders. It is this crowning incident of the memorable charge which Mr. Wollen has illustrated, and one cannot but be grateful to him for having commemorated with so much force and vivacity one of the most noteworthy scenes in the great battle of which next week we celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary.

"My Lords" of the Committee of Council on Education have made a beginning in the State support of technical instruction by allocating the sum of £5000 for grants-in-aid during the financial year 1891-92. A minute issued by the department ordains that the teaching must be "in the use of the ordinary tools used in handicrafts in wood or iron, given out of school-hours in a properly fitted workshop, and connected with the instruction in drawing—that is to say, the work must be from drawings to scale previously made by the students." These are satisfactory conditions. The one thing wanted in nearly all handicrafts is the power to make and work to drawings.

Saturday, June 7, was a busy day for many of the Metropolitan Volunteer corps. In Hyde Park, the 2nd (South) Middlesex Rifles and the London Scottish Rifles were inspected by Brigadier-General Stracey, the 2nd London Rifles on the Horse Guards Parade by Brigadier-General Trotter, and the 2nd Middlesex Artillery at the Tower of London, by the Inspector-General of Auxiliary Artillery, while General Lord Abinger carried out a very successful field-day at Brentford with several of the battalions of his West London Brigade. At the Royal Military Exhibition the Artists' Rifles held an interesting assault-at-arms in the arena before a very large company. The sports were followed by an artillery competition for the right to compete in the forthcoming Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall.

A demonstration of temperance and political associations against the Government licensing proposals took place on June 7. There was an enormous gathering of people, with bands and banners. They assembled in five sections, and proceeded by different routes to Hyde Park, but the main body was marshalled on the Victoria Embankment, and marched thence through Westminster to the park. There was great interruption to traffic, especially at Hyde Park-corner, and the necessity for stopping sections of the procession to relieve the block delayed their arrival in the park until after the speeches had begun. There were sixteen platforms, from each of which two resolutions—one protesting against the compensation of publicans for the closing of their houses, and the other denouncing the Home Secretary and the police authorities—were passed with enthusiasm.



CAPTURE OF FRENCH GUNS BY THE "UNION BRIGADE" AT WATERLOO.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. D. WOLLEN, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

IS A NOVELIST'S FAME LASTING?

"All novels whatever," says De Quincey, "the best equally with the worst, have faded almost with the generation that produced them. This is a curse written as a superscription above the total class." The famous opium-eater loved extravagant assertions, and this broad statement is as true, perhaps, but not more true than his saying that "every age buries its own literature."

Literature, although the most permanent expression of genius, is, like all mundane things, in a large measure ephemeral. Like music and plastic art, it depends for lasting reputation solely upon its greatest masters. The author or artist of the day passes away with it, and one may readily admit that no form of literary art is more perishable than the novel. Fiction is chiefly read for mere amusement, and the frequenter of the circulating library prefers a second-rate story fresh from the press to any fiction of equal or superior merit that has reached a ripe age.

Many a clever novelist, therefore, who wrote for his generation and filled his pocket with hard cash, is no longer a name in literature. The novel that lives must be a work of art, great in conception, great in execution; and such novels, like all productions which owe their birth to genius, are not many in number. Lady Morgan, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, G. P. R. James, and fifty other novelists popular and fashionable in the earlier years of the century, have played their parts and are forgotten—happily forgotten, one might say, were it not that their popularity is transferred to novelists whose literary position is not always loftier, and, in some cases, not equal, to that of these deceased writers.

Second-rate fiction, like second-rate verse, has its little day, and is then decently buried in the British Museum. But what of first-rate fiction? Manners change, forms of expression change, and the refinement of one age may be regarded as coarseness in the next. No living clergyman would recommend "Pamela" from the pulpit, few critics would agree without some reservation in Dr. Johnson's opinion that Richardson "caused the passions to move at the command of virtue," and, despite the admiration felt for Richardson and his great rival Fielding, we may think the saying of Rousseau extravagant that nothing was ever written equal to "Clarissa Harlowe," and may disagree with La Harpe's opinion that "Tom Jones" is "le premier roman du monde." Fielding's faults are palpable and gross, and his own perversity has lessened a great fame; but no errors, literary or moral, can hide the genius that created a Parson Adams, a Mrs. Slipslop, and a Sophia Western. Will these characters lose their vitality? As well might we look for the day when Don Quixote and Sancho Panza will be forgotten, or when the Vicar of Wakefield will cease to charm.

And is there anyone, nowadays, who believes, as Carlyle believed, that the fame of Sir Walter Scott is transitory, and that, while "productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace"? Among the eccentricities of criticism there are few that surpass this in absurdity, and I do not remember one so false uttered by a man of genius. One wishes to be moderate, and to avoid extravagance, even in praising Sir Walter. It would be great exaggeration to compare him with Shakespeare; but this shall be said fearlessly—that no English author save Shakespeare has produced so many characters that live in the heart and memory. He is not generally happy—as he himself acknowledged—in his heroes and heroines; but of the latter, in what novelist will you find characters more striking than Rebecca of York, Diana Vernon, and Jeanie Deans? In the combination of many qualities—in pathos, humour, breadth of interest, variety of knowledge, and elevation of tone, he stands supreme among novelists, though in certain respects he has been surpassed by smaller men. Scotland is the scene of some of his finest achievements—"The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," and "Waverley" for example; and of the age of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, of James I. and of Louis XI., what lifelike representations does he give us! These monarchs, in Scott's pages, are themselves masterpieces of literary art; but in "Kenilworth," in "The Fortunes of Nigel," in "Quentin Durward," and in "The Abbot," as in the whole Waverley series, the great master of fiction is generally most successful in his subordinate characters. Has the curse pronounced by De Quincey fallen, or is it likely to fall, on Sir Dugald Dalgetty, Mauchie Headrigg, Balfour of Burley, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, David Deans, the Laird of Dumbiedykes, Madge Wildfire, the Baron of Tully-Veolan, Dandie Dinmont, Dominie Sampson, Mucklebackit, and Meg Dods—to mention but twelve characters out of forty or fifty that have an equal claim to be remembered? And Sir Walter, be it observed, does not live solely from the merit of his *dramatis personæ*. He knows how to tell a story, which, it is not paradoxical to say, is a rare gift among story-tellers. He brings us close to nature, and, as we read his novels, we feel the mountain breezes on our face and hear the music of mountain streams. He is a poet as well as a romance writer, and the poet's imagination floods his pages with light. Carlyle's assertion, by the way, that Scott's novels "are altogether addressed to the everyday mind," is somewhat belied by the fact that Goethe had the highest admiration of his tales, that James Watt, who had not an "everyday mind," expressed a like feeling, that Hawthorne loved them, and that "of all the great names of literature none was so dear" to Dean Stanley as that of Walter Scott. "After more than thirty years' study of the art," said Wilkie Collins, "I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and 'The Antiquary' is, I think, the most perfect of all novels." Truly does Mr. Swinburne say, "His popularity may fluctuate now and then with elder readers—so much the worse for them; it is sure always to right itself again in a little time; but when it wanes among English boys and girls a doomsday will be dawning of which, as yet, there are most assuredly no signs or presages perceptible."

Then there is dear Jane Austen, one of those writers who, if she be not a world-wide favourite, is deeply and justly beloved by her admirers. And her fame, instead of fading, grows every day. English fiction has no finer illustration of what consummate art can accomplish. Her range is narrow—some readers will say too narrow—she avoids tragedy, passion, and all highly sensational incidents. Her stage is not crowded, her scenery is not striking, but no novelist of the century has produced such exquisitely fine work of its kind or work more likely to last. Emma and Miss Bates, Elizabeth and Mr. Collins, Mrs. Bennet, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. Elton are all family acquaintances. We seem to have lived under the same roof with them, and know them as we know our aunts and cousins. Charlotte Brontë, with more force and passion, has not created such living characters as Jane Austen; but her Paul Emanuel is as immortal as Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, and that is saying a great deal. Dickens, with his prolific genius and farcical humour, wrote much that time will probably extinguish; but long, surely, will it be ere his greatest works, rich as they are in incident, in character, and in humour, will fade from the memory of men. His *dramatis personæ* are not always human beings, his pathos is sometimes false, his descriptions are often a little tawdry; but who can

dwell on faults while under the spell of this magician! Truly, if humour is the salt of fiction, we may prophesy a long and happy life for the works of Charles Dickens. It has been said that fifty years hence the peculiar humour of "Pickwick" will not be understood. Possibly; but the author of "David Copperfield," of "Bleak House," and of the "Tale of Two Cities" is not dependent for his lasting reputation on the most farcical and popular of his stories. Yet Sam Weller is not likely to be buried for many a day to come.

The subject I have chosen is obviously too large to be treated, however superficially, in a single article, and so, if I pass by with a word or two the most famous of recent novelists, Nathaniel Hawthorne and "George Eliot," the reader will understand it is because I consider that their literary immortality is too well assured for argument to be needed. The "Scarlet Letter" and "Silas Marner" will alone suffice to keep their memories green, and the perfection of art displayed in these tales already entitles us to regard them as English classics. I am not forgetting Hawthorne's nationality—he was too hearty an American to allow of such forgetfulness; but a writer who can use our mother tongue with such art belongs, though he would not have admitted it, to the noble band of English novelists. We like, at least, to rank him among them. Americans claim Shakespeare: why should we not claim Hawthorne?

A word or two in conclusion. Quantity in current fiction appears in many popular novelists to be taking the place of quality. It would almost seem as if the modern novel, with some splendid exceptions, were manufactured rather than created. There are half a dozen living story-tellers whose united works would form a small library. The fertility of these clever writers is extraordinary, but it is not always due to genius. And the public are amply satisfied and amused without it. There are comparatively few novels in three volumes that would not gain by compression. It is, indeed, a difficult art to write a short story, but, other things being equal, the vitality of a novel in one volume is likely to exceed that of a novel in three.

I admit that some novelists must have ample space, their characters need a wide stage, and their readers considerable leisure. I admit, too, that there are long romances not long enough to satisfy us, and which we should like to run on for ever; but in these days of much writing and much reading brevity may be styled the soul of fiction, and it is the mark at which all young writers should aim. There need be no fear that by so doing they will dwarf their powers. If their craft is not stimulated by genius they will benefit by this advice; if genius possesses them, it will be easy when the impulse arises to neglect it.

J. D.

SEARCH FOR COAL IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The Friday evening discourse, on June 6, at the Royal Institution was delivered by Professor W. Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S., on "The Search for Coal in the South of England." The subject was very fully illustrated by a large number of maps, sections, and diagrams.

Turning to an outline map including the present British Isles, tinted in red and green, the professor said it represented the relative position of old land and of alluvial at the time of the growth of the coal-forming vegetation. The old land (tinted red) occupied an area of which the northern part of Scotland, the north and part of the north-west of Ireland, and the extreme west of Cornwall were existing parts. There were, too, some patches, old mountain-tops, in other parts. The great proportion of the area of the British Isles was, however, alluvial at the time, and in this were accumulated the remains of the vegetation that subsequently became coal. After the formation of a considerable but varying thickness of this, a series of physical changes caused vast "puckerings" in the deposits. Troughs and ridges were formed, and then in time the summits of the ridges were worn away and a long succession of deposits of various kinds were formed above. The important point to notice was that the coal formations lay in troughs, some of which, though much broken and disconnected, could be traced from west to east across wide extents. Mr. Godwin Austen had in that theatre in 1858 pointed out how the trough which included the worked Bristol coalfield could be traced across North France and Belgium. At what depth it lay under the South-East of England he could but surmise. The search for deep-seated water in and around London had very considerably extended our knowledge of the sequences and thickness of the rocks below, and, as this knowledge increased, it became more and more probable that coal would be found to the south at a depth that was practically workable. The failure of the trial boring made some time ago at Battle to the depth of over 1900 ft. showed how thick the secondary rocks were. The cessation of the boring, however, was due to a breakage in the boring tools. No definite information as to coal itself was obtained. The idea that coal would be found in South-East England gained ground among geologists as deep-well borings showed in what directions certain overlying formations "thinned out." After thirty years of speculation the correctness of the views of geologists had been proved by the boring at Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover. The depth of the trough had been practically settled, but not yet the thickness of actual workable coal. Geologically speaking, the boring was a triumph; commercially, whether there was thickness enough to pay for working remained to be determined. Here the coal was at a depth, however, of only a little over 1200 ft., and, as in places, it is worked at over 3000 ft., its depth was no obstacle to its being worked. Whether, on further examination, the coal-beds would be found to be only an isolated fragment, or whether they might be tracked for many miles, the discovery fully bore out the correctness of the prophecy Mr. Godwin Austen had made in that place so long ago. Coal had been found. There was no reason, at present, for supposing the extent of it to be small. It might be that, when the northern coal-fields were exhausted, the south-east might help to maintain the commercial pre-eminence of England.

The Duke of Edinburgh, as Honorary Colonel, presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Marines, which took place in the Marble Salon of the Grand Hotel, Trafalgar-square, on June 7. There was a large attendance of officers.

The Anchor Line City of Rome ran on the Fastnet Rock, on June 8, during a dense fog, and had a narrow escape from shipwreck. She had nearly 1000 passengers on board, and a terrible disaster was avoided by the very careful management of Captain Young, who commanded.

A numerous audience assembled on June 7, at the Jubilee Home, Parson's-green, on the occasion of the thirty-third annual meeting of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. Lord Kinnaird presided. It was stated that there are now eight homes, with 235 inmates, and that during the year 1090 admissions had been made to the Open-all-night Refuge. The annual income had been £8961, which, after covering expenditure, left a balance in hand of £183. Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., Rev. F. W. A. Wilkinson, and others spoke in support of the institution.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: ROUND DIEPPE.

On the coast of Normandy, most easy of access by the London and Brighton Railway and the steam-boat from Newhaven, is the cheerful town of Dieppe, situated at the mouth of the river Arques, with a fine beach of small pebbles and sand between the ranges of chalk cliffs to east and west. It was a seaport of Gaul under the Roman Empire, and was afterwards seized by the maritime Saxons, by the Danes, and by the Normans. From this port William the Conqueror sailed on his second voyage to England, in 1067; and Henry II., the first of our Plantagenet Kings, built a castle at Dieppe. Its possession was regained, after the English wars of the fifteenth century in France, by King Louis XI., and it became of much importance to French shipping and commerce under Francis I. In the civil wars between Henry IV. and the League of the Guises, this town and its castle, but more especially the Château d'Arques, four miles inland, were the scene of critical military events. It was at Arques, on Sept. 21, 1589, that Henry fought and won a great battle, which preceded his decisive victory at Ivry. Large forces of English troops and volunteers, with subsidies of money, were then sent by Queen Elizabeth to aid the King, as he was the champion of Protestant liberties in France. They landed at Dieppe, then, much to the joy of the townspeople; but after little more than a hundred years, in 1694, when England was at war with Louis XIV., the town was almost destroyed by an English naval bombardment. It is now a favourite summer residence of peaceful English visitors, and is, with its commodious "Établissement des Bains," an attractive seaside resort. The streets of Dieppe contain few houses of venerable antiquity; but the Church of St. Jacques, in the Grande Place, dates partly from the thirteenth century, with additions to the middle of the fifteenth, and is a rather stately compound of different Gothic styles.

At the neighbouring village of Varangeville, which is probably more ancient than Dieppe, its name recalling to memory the roving bands of early Norman invaders, is the Château d'Ango, formerly the sumptuous mansion of a wealthy merchant and shipowner, named Ango, the personal friend and host of King Francis I. He entertained that gay and pleasure-loving monarch, and the Portuguese Ambassadors, at this mansion. Though now reduced to a farmhouse, its exterior decorations still display the richness of ornamental devices characteristic of Renaissance architecture. It is built of red brick, diapered with hewn black flint, which, alternating with a white stone, produces a beautiful mosaic. A number of large medallions are placed above the grand entrance, and along the façade of the principal corps de bâtiment. Ango was too great a courtier not to include among them the portraits of Francis and Diane de Poitiers. In the interior are some finely sculptured fireplaces, and the remains of a large fresco; but they are only to be discovered among the *greniers* into which the apartments, once so splendid, have since been changed. The windows are square-headed, with Arabesque ornaments. There is another portion of the Manor House not joined to the main building, a most quaint dovecot, circular in form: the details of this are curious. The whole building enables one to form a good idea of a wealthy house of the sixteenth century, and is well worth a visit.

NEW HEADQUARTERS OF METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The approaching removal of the offices of the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police from Scotland-yard, Charing-Cross, to the Victoria Thames Embankment near Westminster Bridge, is a change that Londoners will regard with some interest. The site, which was Crown property, had once been leased to Mr. Mapleson for his scheme of erecting a National Opera-house, and is pretty well known to all who saw the unfinished building. The main entrance fronts a private roadway, originally laid out by the opera-house builders, and running up at a right angle from the Embankment past the side of the Civil Service Commission building in Cannon-row.

The architect selected for the task of designing the new structure was Mr. Norman Shaw, who has also superintended its construction. The form of the building is that of a parallelogram, with a frontage of 128 ft., a depth of 168 ft., and a height of 130 ft. from basement to chimney. The whole is built round a court 60 ft. by 55 ft. The material is granite to the second floor; and where the granite ceases, without intervening cornice or moulding, tiers of brick, alternating at intervals with layers of white stone, begin. In fact, the building is half granite and half red brick, and in this respect is unique. It constitutes, as the architect frankly admits, a new departure. The main entrance is not so stern as the rest of the building, and carries with it a reminiscence of the Renaissance style. The arch which crowns it is broken by a window, which will have an elaborate iron balcony. High above the main entrance, at the point of the gable, is a striking ornament in the shape of an obelisk of white stone, mounted on columns supporting an arch, beneath which is a second dwarf archway, which is in fact a window. The corners of the building are flanked by domed and circular turrets, which spring out from the building at the level of the top of the main entrance. As for the windows, they are of many shapes, the most striking being the lowest series in the brick-work, which are Early English in form. The roof, which is very highly pitched, is of green slate. The chimney-stacks are square, and few in number.

The interior is so designed that there has not here been, as is often the case, a sacrifice of utility and solidity to effect. The granite reaches precisely the same level in the inner courtyard as on the sides without. The numerous rooms—there are eight floors on the outside and nine at the back—leave nothing to be desired. The building will contain good accommodation for the following departments: The Commissioner's, Receiver's, Surveyor's, Executive, Printing, Hackney Carriage Office, Criminal Investigation, Convict Office, Lost Property Office, Stores, and Office-keeper's. Particularly well adapted are the composing-room, the telegraphic instrument and telephone rooms, the record rooms, and the kitchens. For the first time in the history of the Metropolitan Police it will be possible to bring all branches into complete touch with one another, and this result will have been gained without raising a penny of cost from the rates. The site cost £186,000, the foundations £11,000 (upon them £40,000 had been previously spent by the Opera-House Company), and the building itself, £95,000. To this must be added the expense of furnishing and electric lighting, so that the whole outlay will amount to about £300,000, which has been obtained by loan. A charge of £15,000 a year will provide both interest and sinking fund, and towards this sum will be set the rents which are now paid for the motley collection of buildings, for the most part inconvenient. With the opening of New Scotland-yard it is to be hoped that Old Scotland-yard will be altogether demolished.



Louis Wain.

1. Inquisitive Visitors. 2. Fright. 3. More Fright. 4. Only one of us. 5. How hath the mighty fallen!

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.



RAMBLING SKETCHES: ROUND ABOUT DIEPPE.



NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE METROPOLITAN POLICE, THAMES EMBANKMENT.



SKETCHES OF MILITARY LIFE.—THE NEW SUBALTERN: DAY AND NIGHT.

NATURE FROM SUNSET TILL DAWN.

He who imagines that the earth—"the nourishing mother," as the old Greeks named her—draws, at sundown, the curtains of night around her and then falls into a sleep deep and solemn as death, has much to learn of the mysteries of Nature. Keats required no further credentials as to his knowledge of the poetic craft when he wrote that line, which contained a deep truth melodiously expressed—

The poetry of earth is never dead.

Nature at night is not a theatre whose stage-curtain the curfew has rung down, whose footlights are all extinguished, whose orchestra is hushed, and whose players have all gone wearily home to forgetfulness and repose. On the contrary, there are countless evidences of existing, if mysterious, activity and life. True, there is at night a deep, solemn stillness which the calmest summer day never knows; but, throughout this silence, there are innumerable mysterious sounds which the quietness the more accentuates, and the darkness brings all the nearer the confines of the supernatural. At night we seem to be in the audience-chamber of the Infinite, and within touch of some of the mysteries of the universe. The rippling of the stream o'er the pebbles, the falling of its waters in their ceaseless choral song into the fern-wreathed pool, and the murmuring of the wind in its lonesome sigh through the dark pines have a new significance; while we regard the bleared gibbous moon with a feeling akin to awe, as she looks at us from the low horizon yonder like a half-opened, uncanny eye.

Have you ever studied closely, even for one brief hour, the night side of nature? If you have not, it might be worth your while to join company with us now. Let us wander forth together and see.

An hour ago, the last faint sounds of life in the village had ceased. The merry chimes from the blacksmith's anvil are hushed, and his forge-fire restfully smoulders till a new day; the old miller has left his hoppers and closed his mill, while the water-wheel, coated with green, velvety ooze, stands silent in the deep twilight; even the lingering lovers have gone home with reluctant pace, and left the green lanes around to repose in perfect peace under the light of the pulsing stars.

We have now reached our little frontier-line of civilisation, and are leaving the village behind, just as, from the bell in the old church-tower—

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Here is the old baronial castle—rugged, grand, and grey. Its dismantled tower is ivy-wreathed and moss-grown. Fortune forsook the house during the acting of that lurid drama which began at Edge Hill and ended in front of the palace of Whitehall, and for generations the battlements have been the habitation of the grey owl. Hark! there sounds his piercing "tu-whoo!"—a strangely mingled cry, assuredly belonging to the night, flute-like too, and not altogether weird. It has always seemed to me to be wronging Nature, and a libel on the bird himself, to assert that the owl's vocation on this planet of ours is to pose as an anchorite or a bird of evil omen and dolorous warnings. I know that both he and the raven have a somewhat shady reputation in this respect, but they can take consoling comfort in the fact that they are not the only individuals so treated by a world that has maligned its greatest benefactors and best friends! That philosophic owl can afford to endure the deepest obloquy when he contemplates from his perch on the tower there, in the calm of the starlight, the story of the end of the relationship between Socrates and the Athenians! 'Tis true that that stern, cold-blooded vixen, Lady Macbeth, did not credit him with being as gentle as a sucking dove—

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good night;

but flattery from such a woman would be no compliment! Even when all this is said, it is unfair to him that the charge of bringing calamity to mortals should be laid at his door. He has nothing to do with Fate. Fate herself is very often faithless, and has many an idle jest. He is a mighty hunter, if you will, and has a strange eerie cry; but his voice is his own, and, mayhap, to the ear of his lady-love is sweeter than the nightingale's song; it certainly has not interfered with his wooing. And, if he should hunt by night, it is a household necessity, and he has the consoling thought that he is not interfering with his feathered friends who forage by day.

Now we are deep in the meadow which leads to the river side. There is no silence or rest in those rippling waters, day or night. The moon is still ascending the sky, but, being on the wane, its light is wan and cold. The river shimmers, however, in its pale beams, and we can trace, in far-off silvery patches, the windings of the waters by sedgy banks and willow holts. But, hark! there is a dull splash: a night-moth or a dragon-fly has been sucked into the jaws of some wary trout. Yonder is a heron, too, standing among the bents which bend in the evening breeze. He may have been for hours on that lonesome vigil, watching for his prey; but, save for the wind ruffling his feathers at intervals, he is silent and motionless as if carved in stone.

Immediately over our heads, swift as an arrow, passes the humming snipe, while round about us, with querulous, plaintive cry, hovers the lapwing, in an agony of terror trying to lure us from her brood. How lightly do the creatures of the fields and the woods sleep! The faintest footstep brings the drowsy response from the briar-bush, willow, or fir-wood. There is no bird, however, more easily awoken than the lapwing, and I have often found my footsteps disturb him a long way off.

So, nature is by no means altogether asleep through the still hours of night. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear the woodlark sing, and even the cuckoo call, if the night be clear and fine. The sedge-warbler, too, and the reed-wren pipe merrily in the dark from among the thick-leaved bushes and fluted reeds. And, listen! there is the nightingale! What a lute-like sweetness, silvery liquidness, and wild gurgling melody! Well worthy is he of the melodious praise which Keats gave him. What a charming description does dear old Izaak Walton give of this bird's song!—"The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles had not ceased. He that at midnight should hear, as I have very often, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: 'Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'"

But there is now a cold breeze upon our face. It is the morning wind, ruffling the pools, and passing with a "Sish!" among the beeches and pines. The grey dawn is coming up from the east. Mark how the stars, like outposts in the low horizon, retire one by one, driven back by the coming of the conquering sun. Even the Pleiades overhead, now in all their pulsating glory, shall soon pale their sparkling fires, while Orion, with many of his sentinel stars, is sinking behind the western hills. By the time we reach the still sleeping village Aurora shall have gladly sung—

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SPLEEN.

Who was it, of old, that first gave vent to the expression "a fit of the spleen"? And to whom, one may ask, are we indebted for the pleasing illusion that this harmless organ is a kind of cistern of all the vile humours which do congregate within the body's domain? Wordsworth, kindest if also the moodiest of poets at times, speaks of the self-disparagement which "affords to meditative spleen a grateful feast." Pope's words, "parent of vapours and of female wit, who give th' hysteric or poetic fit," and his assertion that "The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns," evidently indicate a mixed opinion regarding this celebrated organ. More direct in his impeachment of the spleen is Green, who in his poem of that name advises us that "to cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen," we have to "fling but a stone," and "the giant dies." The classic naturalists and physicians entertained curious ideas concerning this organ. To them it was certainly a vital puzzle. It did not seem to manufacture anything, as did the liver, and out of it there was no duct or pathway leading to the digestive system. Erasistratus, coming to the end of his intellectual tether in the matter, declared that the spleen had only the function of bodily "packing," in that it prevented the other organs being displaced when their possessor moved about. This was a sorry conclusion, no doubt; but then the spleen presented no ordinary problem to primitive physiology. Listen to a quaint translation of what Pliny wrote about this organ: "This member hath a propriety by itself sometimes to hinder a man's running; whereupon professed runners in the race that bee troubled with the spleen have a devise to burn and waste it with an hot yron. And no marveile: for why? They say that the spleen may be taken out of the bodie by way of incision, and yet the creature live nevertheless; but if it be man or woman that is thus cut for the spleen, hee or shee loseth their laughing by the meanes. For sure it is that intemperate laughers have always great splenes." Losing the "spleen," according to Pliny, was thus "no joke," both in a literal and in an actual sense. So far he is right, however, in his statement that the spleen may be extirpated from animals (including man) without apparent ill-effect. This fact would only seem to justify the classic idea that the organ was of little or no use in the vital economy; but, as we shall see, there are other and better ways and fashions of explaining the anomaly.

It must be confessed that, as regards the spleen, there is not much to be told, structurally. Yet, from a basis of anatomical facts, we reach clear enough notions of what the spleen does. About five inches long by three or four inches broad, and, say, an inch in thickness and seven ounces in weight, the spleen is an organ of dark bluish-red colour, which lies, snugly enough, at the left side of the stomach. As I have noted, no tube or duct leads away from it—that is to say, it does not appear to be a manufacturing organ, like the liver or sweetbread, each of which has a given duty to perform in secreting a fluid (or fluids) from the blood, and of giving forth such manufactured products to be used in the digestive process. But, while there is an absence of apparent outlet, we are struck by the fact that into the spleen a very large artery passes, while out of it proceeds a very large vein. If, now, we subject the organ to a microscopic scrutiny, we learn more in detail regarding its nature. It is a soft pulpy organ, and its substance is appropriately enough known as "spleen pulp." This substance really consists of a kind of meshwork, supporting the softer matter of the organ. Now, into this pulp the artery of the spleen dives, dividing and branching, as it goes, into numberless minute blood-vessels. Closely connected with this arterial network are the beginnings of the splenic vein; so that, practically, we arrive at a first and important conclusion about the spleen, when we discover that blood must perpetually be whirled into the organ by the artery, and as constantly taken away from it by the vein. We might, in truth, not inaptly compare the spleen to a kind of whirlpool or eddy, on the course of a river—the blood-circulation—into which the stream is swept, and out of which it is in turn whirled away. But the microscope teaches us something more about the spleen-pulp and its nature. Borne on the little twigs of the spleen artery we see certain rounded bodies known as "spleen corpuscles." Moreover, imbedded in the pulp we find the corpuscles or globules of the blood in all stages of breakdown and in all stages of construction. So that a second conclusion regarding the organ seems warranted—namely, that it is closely connected with the blood, and with the elaboration of the elements which go to make up that all-important fluid.

Let us now appeal to other facts for further details about the spleen. After it has been removed from an animal's body, we note an increase in size of certain other organs; to wit, the lymphatic glands and allied structures. Here we see a balance of power illustrated; and, as these glands certainly deal with the elaboration of the blood, it is a just inference that, when they take on themselves the work of the absent spleen, the latter organ must discharge much the same duties as the glands in question. Nor is this all. An appeal to the facts observed by physiologists and physicians reveals that more white blood-globules exist in the blood that leaves the spleen than in the blood which enters it. These white globules are most important elements in our bodily welfare. They perform the office of roving detectives, ever on the look-out for intruding germs and other evil-doers, arresting them and destroying them before they can work their effects upon our frames. Again, the natural quantity of white blood-globules is vastly exceeded when the spleen is irritated by disease; and these facts prove that in some way or other the organ is likely to be a manufactory of white blood-corpuscles. Turning again to the spleen-pulp, why is it that we find in it, as already noted, large numbers of red blood-corpuscles in a stage of dissolution? There is suggested naturally the reply, that the spleen, in addition to its work of making white blood-globules, acts as a place or dépôt in which the worn-out and useless elements of the blood are broken up and disposed of. This, then, is the solution of the mystery of the spleen. It is like a ship-breaker's yard, or, rather, more closely resembles a railway dépôt. The old and useless rolling-stock of the blood is got rid of within its environs, while new rolling-stock is built and prepared for the varied uses of the system.

After all, the story of the spleen, as told us by modern science, is not a whit less wonderful than were the fancies indulged in regarding its duties by the classic writers. It is surely not less wonderful to think of the mystic work of the spleen in thus assimilating, building, and constructing the new blood-elements, and, in turn, of dissolving and breaking up the old ones, than to regard it, as it was regarded in ancient days, as playing a part in the constitution of the mind and its moods. The old legends have passed away, and have, like the worn-out corpuscles, died a natural death. The spleen is a figure of modern science itself, which reconstructs and remodels that which is old, and presents us with new ideas which are none the less fascinating because they are true.

ANDREW WILSON.

IN THE QUEEN'S TARTAN.

Listen! Clear in the distance, above the roar of the town, was not that a bugle-call? Near and far along the street the scattered redcoats take to the double. Faster! faster! There again went the bugles. Time is up, and in the drill hall the companies of the battalion are already forming into line. A third blast on the bugles outside, and the last men, just in time, dash through the doorway at a run, sobering down, however, to a quick step and bringing their rifles to the shoulder as they pass the group of officers coming out of the orderly-room.

A shuffle and tramp of feet and a Babel of voices ringing through the hall. The colour-sergeants are getting their men into order. "Attention! Two paces to the rear—march! Eyes right—dress! Stand—at ease!" With a single crash the rifles ring on the ground, and the colour-sergeant of the company goes round the men examining uniform and accoutrements. It is review day; the general officer commanding the district is to put the regiment through its facings, and every man must be spick and span to do credit to the corps. Presently the company officers step up. The colour-sergeant salutes and makes his report. Private John McColl has forgotten his cartridge-pouch, and Corporal Saunders's rifle has not been cleaned. A hot word from the Captain to these individuals, and they are ordered to fall out and betake themselves to the sergeant's stores for refitment, and to "look sharp about it." Then comes "Rear—rank two paces to the rear—march!" and the Captain goes round with the sergeant to inspect. A belt has to be adjusted here and a little warm advice served there, and the rent in Private McMillan's plaid, which he had fervently hoped might escape attention, is spied out, and has to be accounted for. Afterwards the ranks are closed up, and the officers take their places.

Another half-minute, and the Adjutant and the Majors appear from the orderly-room—the only officers wearing the trews and spurs, as they alone are mounted.

"Battalion, attention!" The Adjutant reads out the general orders: "Captain Angus Chisholm to be Major; Lieutenant James Murray to be Captain; Surgeon Mathieson resigned," &c. Next the senior Major takes command, the pipes can be heard striking up outside, and company after company marches off on its Captain's order. In quick succession the company commands ring through the hall—"Number four—number five company! Shoulder arms! Quick—march!" And with solid tramp, tramp, shoulder to shoulder, away they go.

Bravely the pipes can be heard playing away at the head of the column, as they make for the open country; and as the battalion winds round each bend of the road the stout drum-major, in his great feather bonnet, can be seen marching before them, and the lithe, graceful figure of the mounted officer leading the van. The tune is "Highland Laddie," and the Highland lads step gallantly out to it with waving plaids and swinging kilts, the sun glancing brightly on their brown rifle-barrels and silver bonnet-crests, and shining on their strong-featured faces. Down every side street come the people running to the sound of the pipes and the marching of tartan and red. Handsome work-girls smile and blush as the admiring files march past. Young men hold their heads higher and step out more boldly than before along the pavement. Old men look musingly at the gallant show, shake their heads, and listen till the pipe music dies away. What thoughts does not the sight bring back to the minds of some of these—thoughts of enthusiasms long laid by, of the days when life was a lighter thing, the joyous days of youth! And the music, too—does it not touch to life an old instinct here and there, as a forgotten fragrance might? But the regiment has marched on, and the bugles are playing now.

"March at ease!" is the order out of town till the park gates are reached; then, as company after company enters the field, it wheels into new position, and the battalion marches, a solid phalanx, up the hill. Nor is it upon the ground a moment too soon. "Battalion—halt! Wheel by companies into line." The Adjutant dashes forward at a gallop, hurrying up the men, one after another, in quick succession, the Captains' voices are heard giving the word, and one after another, like closing gates, the companies sweep round to form the long thin line of red. For look! not a thousand yards away can be seen the white plume of the field-officer as he comes upon the ground, accompanied by the old Colonel of the regiment, and by his own aide-de-camp. "Close up on your centre there! Close up!" and the Adjutant gallops along the front of the regiment as if a battle depended on his energy, the thundering hoofs of his black charger sending the turf flying behind. There is a hurry of "dressing" to get the line straight, a succession of hoarse commands, ended, as the general officer rides up to the front, by the order "Present—arms!" and the sharp ring of the rifles brought to the salute along the line.

Every man of the regiment is alive now, and upon his mettle. Under the white plume dancing yonder in the breeze sits the Queen's representative, a grey veteran of fifty battles, and reputed to be something of a martinet. Slowly he rides along the regiment, front and rear, while each man stands at attention, motionless as a statue. Curious! to think that the old man sitting his charger quietly there in the sunshine has again and again heard the bullets whistle in hundreds about his ears, has seen men dropping everywhere around under the red-jetting fire of the enemy's lines, and once, at least, sword in hand, has headed the rush through a black breach belching shot and flame in his face. But, for all the seeming calmness, one can see that the eyes are quick as a hawk's under the peaked hat there, and that a single turn of the gloved wrist controls the curvetting steed. Is not this the typical British character—cultured and disciplined, taking care to possess power without showing it, to keep a hand of iron in a velvet glove?

The inspection, however, has only begun. There follow marching and counter-marching; wheeling, taking up new front, and forming square; attacking by half-companies, and rallying to resist cavalry—all very smooth and beautiful manoeuvres to look at, but each the result of long training, and not altogether so easy to perform well. Finally comes the march-past. It is the crucial moment. "Keep cool, men!" urge the Captains, as they dress their companies and look to the distances between. The General sits immovable far in front at the saluting-point, the pipes strike up, and, at the word of command, with a crash and roll of the drums away goes the battalion along the field like the waves of a scarlet sea. Back again presently at the double, the ground ringing under the heavy tread. Then "Halt!" A pause; the old Colonel gallops up. A brief word to the men—the inspecting officer has expressed satisfaction. The review is over. "Battalion retire in fours from the right of companies. Quick—march!"

A hard afternoon's work it has been, under arms in the hot sunshine; but every man is the better, and carries his heart the firmer for it. If nothing more, he has a larger knowledge of the value of obedience, discipline, and order—no small acquisition in these days of the preaching of "liberty." Besides this, the weeks of steady drill have squared his shoulders and strengthened his limbs.

G. E. T.

VENICE IN A FOG.

We stretched our heads out of the railway carriage windows in order to gain a first glimpse of Venice, but for some time were merely rewarded by receiving deposits of smuts in the eyes. At last we caught sight, in the dim distance, of domes rising from the sea and glittering in the sun, and knew that Venice was at hand. For six minutes we sped across the bridge connecting the mainland with the islands, 117 in number, on which the city rests: then we looked down upon the lagoons, and in another moment were in the station. It seemed strange to be conducted by an hotel porter down a flight of steps to the water's edge, where a gondola awaited us. Nor was this conveyance in itself attractive: long and narrow, painted black, its carved wood-work relieved by brass ornaments, its hood or felze covered with a trailing black cloth having huge tufts of wool, like plumes, the gondola presented a funeral aspect. Slowly it glided down the Grand Canal, conveying us to our hotel amid unbroken silence.

It was yet early in the afternoon of a day in January when we landed, and our common and first idea was to see St. Mark's, which, being close at hand, we resolved to seek on foot; so, taking our way through narrow well-paved streets, we presently came to the Piazza, and through an archway of the colonnade saw the church, its front glittering with gold-backed mosaics, burnished bronzes, and Oriental marbles; its green Byzantine domes looming against the blue. There it stood, enriched by spoils from many lands, adorned by genius born of various centuries, gleaming in Oriental splendour, the wonder of the world.

The sun was beginning to sink as we went down to the quay, passing on our way the Palace of the Doges, with its rich colonnades of coloured and costly marbles. Vessels lay at anchor a little distance removed; close by, boats with brown sails, roughly daubed with crude designs in red and yellow, discharged cargoes of fish, fruit, and vegetables, Venice having no vegetation of her own, and depending on the neighbouring islands for supplies of the necessities of life. Penny steamers drow up at their stages, or set out for their destinations, *traghetts* waited for fares, boys gambled with cards and dominoes, melon-sellers shouted, gondoliers, sailors, and idlers stood in noisy groups round the cafés and wine-shops, while beyond rose the islands of St. Lazzaro, famous for its Armenian monastery, Murano with its glass factory, the Lido, rich in spreading gardens.

The sun went down, a vivid blaze of vermilion and orange, against the glory of which the black domes of Santa Maria Salute, and the statue of Fortuna surmounting the tower of the Customs House, stood out in bold relief. Next day we were rowed in a gondola up the Grand Canal, a street of magnificent palaces rising from the sea, once sacred to the noblest families of the Venetian aristocracy. Its glory has, however, departed; for many of those handsome buildings have been turned into hotels, boarding-houses, wine-shops, furniture-shops, schools, and Government offices. Moreover, as they bear large boards on their fronts advertising their wares or the base uses to which they have fallen, the effect is disappointing. Still, some air of their past grandeur clings to them.

There is the newly restored, dark-looking Palazzo Rezzonico, in which Robert Browning died; and almost opposite is the palace begun for the Duke of Milan, and left unfinished by order of the Republic; and, higher up, the Palazzo Mocenigo, where Byron lived. What sights and scenes it must have witnessed! And so we glide under the single-arched bridge of the Rialto, with its rows of shops and crowds of wayfarers, and pass again beneath the new iron bridge, and forward to the lagoons, and back by sunless, narrow, evil-smelling canals, passing many lofty and handsomely decorated houses now overcrowded with the poor, whose coloured rags hang drying from their balconies, while others are empty and shut, their doors decaying with damp, the windows boarded over, the stucco-work crumbling and discoloured, an air of desolation hovering around them.

The silence of these side canals is scarcely broken save by the musical cry of gondoliers as they skilfully turn corners and call to the rower who may possibly be ahead, *Premè!* (Pass to the right), or *Stali!* (Keep to the left). We did wisely and well to see the Grand Canal so soon, for next day a heavy white fog, through which the sun vainly strove to penetrate, hung above the city, blotting out from view even the church of Santa Maria Salute, which stood opposite our hotel on the other side of the canal. Not a sound was audible, for neither vehicles nor horses are to be found in Venice, and now the swish of the waters made by the steam-boats and the cries of the gondoliers were unheard. The stillness was depressing.

Gazing from the sitting-room windows a gondola was sometimes seen, grey and ghastly as it crept out of darkness, loomed in sight a second, and then disappeared, carrying muffled passengers into space, leaving no trace behind. The spirit of death seemed hovering darkly behind and beyond the impenetrable mass of still, moist vapour; for on this and the following days black barges, with heavy palls marking outlines of coffins, mourners standing before and behind bearing lighted candles, the barges followed by gondolas carrying bent figures, wordless and sorrow-stricken, passed through the canals in slow and solemn procession to the island peopled alone by the dead.

It was far from comfortable to travel by gondolas while the fog lasted, but every church and palace and gallery in Venice can be reached on foot; though to find the way in crossing and recrossing the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges joining the islands is somewhat difficult to strangers and pilgrims. Next day the fog was still thick: white, heavy, and enervating, it hung over the city, and hid the sea. Hotel-keepers, waiters, guides and gondoliers, with many gesticulations, much lifting of eyebrows and fine scorn shown by flashing eyes, swore it was impossible the fog could continue; but, alas! on the following day it was worse. Then all kinds of excuses were made: it was caused by an east wind, that must shift in a few hours; it was the sure forerunner of fine and warm weather; in Verona the fog was much worse, and far colder; in Milano it rained, sleeted, and snowed. There was no moon on these nights; yet a venturesome band of serenaders, muffled in cloaks and shawls, and huddled together for greater warmth, glided under the hotel windows in a gondola lighted by Japanese lanterns, and sang "Santa Lucia" and "Addio, mio bella Napoli," in voices that defied the damp, and echoed somewhat dismally adown the Grand Canal.

The promises made by those who live by visitors only, in this city where poverty is keenly felt by many, were vain. We thought with wistfulness of the cosily curtained rooms, coal fires, and English home comforts we had left behind us. For full thirteen days the fog continued, clearing perhaps for a couple of hours towards sunset, when the west became a sea of fire, and giving a hope of better times unfulfilled next day.

Miss Clara Montalba, who, with her family, occupied a house on the quay in which Petrarch once resided, was undaunted by the weather, and from her studio windows made studies of the grey mists and looming fogs which hung above the Adriatic, wholly hiding the islands beyond, half concealing the clustering fishing-boats and empty barges

with furled sails and mournful crews; the groups of boys with hands in their pockets and shoulders in their ears watching the antics of a monkey; the hooded figures of old men gathered together in doorways. On the morning of the fourteenth day we, silently, slowly, but not sadly, were rowed to the station, and took our departure from this city of gloom.

J. F. M.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

COLUMBUS.—Thanks for the problem, which is under examination.

M. BURT.—The English "Handbook" for your purpose is out of date. You will find the particular opening you inquire about fully analysed in "Chess Openings: Ancient and Modern."

F. AUSTON.—The solution you give is the author's idea, but the problem can also be solved by 1-K to B 6th.

J. COAD.—The problem shall be examined, and the result made known to you.

G. B. A. (Hyde Park). LIEUT. COLONEL LORAIN, and OTHERS.—The error is an obvious one. The move should be K to B 7th.

E. C. (Paris).—We have no means of referring to your statement now. Repeat your query in your next letter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2401 received from O. M. B. (Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2402 from Lieut. Colonel Lorain and G. B.; of No. 2403 from H. Beermann (Berlin), J. S. Brown (Philadelphia), and G. B.; of No. 2404 from Emil Frau and G. B.; of No. 2405 from W. H. D. Henvey, R. J. E. G. Boys, M. H. Nish, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), H. Beermann, H. S. B. (Fairholme), and R. Tidmarsh (Limerick); of No. 2407 from J. F. Moon, T. G. (Ware), W. Vincent, W. Waterfield, M. H. Nish, E. G. Boys, C. P. P., W. H. Reed, J. S. King (Bildeston), Rev. G. T. T. (Frampton), C. E. Pennington, E. W. Brook (Virginia Water), Rev. W. H. Cooper, D. McCoy (Galway), Captain J. A. Challice, M. Mullendorff, C. L. Smith, and R. Tidmarsh.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2408 received from E. H. Emil Frau, C. Knipe, Monty, W. Vincent, T. Roberts, S. Parry, H. Boyer, R. F. N. Banks, W. G. P., Martin P., E. Casella (Paris), A. Newman, T. G. (Ware), Hereward, J. Coad, R. W. W. (Catterbury), J. S. Yeo, H. Percy Smith, N. Harris, W. Biddle, F. Haslip, B. D. Knox, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. Waterfield, E. G. Boys, W. E. Champion, Dr. F. St. W. Wright, C. L. Smith, W. H. Reed, A. Gwinner, W. David (Cardiff), E. Goodwin (Maidstone), J. H. Ganett, J. S. King, W. R. B. (Plymouth), P. Daly (Clapham), G. B. Lieut. Col. Lorain, Thomas Chown, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), M. Mullendorff, J. Hall, R. T. Maffs, Shalforth, A. W. Hamilton (Gell), Dr. Walz (Hofheim), R. H. Brooks, E. London, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Julia Short (Exeter), W. R. Railton, Columbus, John G. Grant, and D. McCoy (Galway).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2406.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE. 1. P to B 3rd. 2. Kt to B 5th. 3. Kt mates.

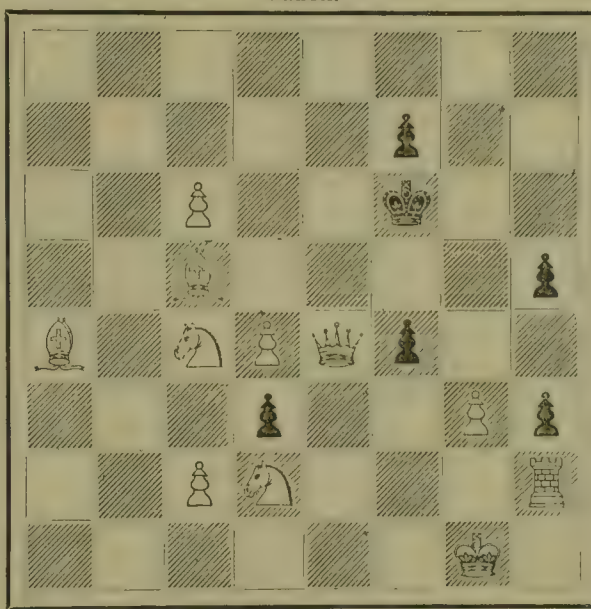
BLACK. B takes P. Any move.

If Black play 1. Kt takes P, 2. Kt to Q 4th; if 1. B to B 4th, 2. Kt to K 8th (ch); and if 1. B to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to R 5th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2410.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. F. N. BRAUN and another AMATEUR. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. B to K 3rd	Q to K 5th
2. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th	20. Q to R 4th	K to Kt sq
This form of development is justly censured by experts.		21. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 6th
3. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	22. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
4. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	23. Kt to Q 6th	
5. P to B 4th	P to K 3rd	The only move to prevent B to K 5th.	
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd		23. B takes K	B takes Kt
Here it seems White should either Castle or play P to Q 3rd; the text move allows the Q Kt to be pinned.		24. P takes B	P to Kt 3rd
7. Q to B 2nd	B to Kt 5th	If, now, B to K 5th, White wins by 25. Q takes P (ch), K to B sq; 26. Q to R 4th (ch), K to Q 2nd; 27. Q takes P (ch), &c.	
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd	25. Q to K B 4th	Q takes Q
9. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd	26. B takes Q	P to K 4th
10. P to K 4th	P takes P	27. B to K 3rd	R takes P
11. B takes P	Kt takes B	28. P to B 4th	P to K 5th
12. Q takes Kt	B to B 4th	29. R to Q B sq	R to Q 6th
13. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	30. K to B 2nd	K to B 2nd
14. Kt to B 4th		31. R to B 3rd	R takes R
If 14. Q takes Kt P, Q takes Q; 15. Kt takes Q, R to K Kt sq; 16. Kt to B 3rd, B to R 4th; 17. Kt to R 4th, R to Kt 5th; 18. Q Kt to B 3rd, &c.		32. P takes R	P to B 4th
15. P to K 5th	P to K 3rd	33. B to B sq	K to Q 3rd
16. K Kt to K 5th	P to B 3rd	34. K to K 3rd	K to Q 4th
17. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	35. K to Q 2nd	K to B 5th
18. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Castles (Q R)	36. K to B 2nd	P to Kt 4th
19. P to K 3rd		37. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q R 4th
20. K Kt to K 5th	P to B 3rd	38. B to K 3rd	P to K 5th
21. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	39. R P takes P	R P takes P
22. Q to Q Kt 3rd	Castles (Q R)	40. P takes P	P takes P
23. P to K 3rd		41. K to Q 2nd	P to Kt 6th
Unnecessarily giving up a Pawn: he should have played B to K 3rd.		42. K to B sq	K to Q 6th
24. Q takes P		43. B to Q 2nd	P to Kt 7th (ch)
25. Q takes P		And White resigns.	

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Mr. W. KENNEDY and Mr. D. WALKER. (Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. P to Q Kt 4th	P to Q R 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. Q to K sq	
4. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	A weak move, without apparent object, B to K B 4th, bringing a piece into play, is more to the purpose.	
5. Q takes Kt	Kt to K 2nd	13. Castles (Q R)	
6. B to Q B 4th		14. B to K 3rd	B takes Q B
The opening is quite off the book lines. B to K 3rd, giving the Q, when attacked, a retreat to Q 2nd, seems better at this point.		15. Q takes B	K R to K sq
7. Q to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd	16. B takes B	R takes B
8. Castles	B to B 4th	17. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to K 4th
White here misses his opportunity. B takes P (ch) would have given him an immediate advance.		18. Q to B 2nd	
9. P to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd	Quite unconscious of impending disaster. Q to Q sq was safe enough.	
10. B to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd	18. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
		19. P takes Kt	
		And Black announced mate in four moves.	

A meeting was held at the City of London Chess Club on Monday, June 2, when the prizes, amounting to £40, were presented to the winners of the last winter tournament, Messrs. Eckenstein, Serailier, Jones, and Blunt. The ceremony was preceded by a little supper, to which the lions of the chess world, headed by Mr. Blackburne, did ample justice. In the course of the evening the president, Mr. Kershaw, presented five guineas for the purchase of a set of Ivory chessmen, to be competed for as a special prize in the next winter tournament. The new Gostean Challenge Cup, value £33, was shown in the room, and was greatly admired.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WHISTLES.

With all my love for things American and veneration for American worthies, I am unable to conquer a feeling of dislike to Mr. Benjamin Franklin. In making a confession so humiliating, I feel that I expose myself to the sharpest of goads and the cruellest of stings; but great is the goddess Truth, and she shall prevail. No; I for one do not admire that very worldly minded philosopher, with those arid "Poor Richard's" maxims sententiously dropping from his shrewd and cautious lips. That he was a patriot, a statesman, and all the rest of it, far be it from me to deny; but a more unheroic figure, from the day when, with one roll in his mouth and another tucked under each arm, he paraded the streets of Philadelphia, until his retirement from the public stage, is not to be found, I think, among the world's Great Men. I can't abide him, nor his proverbs, nor his stories with a purpose, nor his bread-buttered-on-both-sides theories of the conduct of life. It is to Mr. Benjamin Franklin we owe that intolerable apology of the whistle which, in the days of auld lang syne, was the torture and torment of youth. You remember, reader, how he—or was it his friend!—once upon a time purchased a whistle, and—so it was alleged—paid much too dearly for it; and you remember, too, the cold-blooded way in which he has turned to account the commonplace transaction. It would seem that all his views of things thereafter were governed by this financial mistake; so that he could never see any son of man enjoying himself without endeavouring to thrust down his throat his too costly whistle!

Yet what business was it of his? Who asked him for his criticism? Is there anything more reprehensible than that captious censorship which moralists of the Franklin school are so fond of undertaking? They forget that their judgments are grounded upon erroneous data—for how are they to know what the value of the whistle may be to its possessor? When the great god Pan cut down "the reed by the river's brim," no doubt the Fauns mocked at him as they passed by, and told him he would pay too dearly for that wretched bit of vegetation. But, oh, Heavens! what a glorious instrument it became in his plastic fingers! What sweet, rare music flowed from it, filling all the valley with rejoicing! You see it is well to wait awhile before one passes a depreciatory verdict. In that well-known case of Palissy the potter, for example, the sagacious neighbours who saw him pulling to pieces his four-post bedstead, with which to feed the insatiable furnace of all his hopes, could not be sufficiently severe on his folly in paying such a price for his whistle; but when the secret of the enamel rewarded the persevering whistle-blower—ah! what then? See into what errors these Worldly Wisemens fall by reason of their narrowness of vision and breadth of self-conceit! And yet they say among themselves, How can any whistles but ours be worth a cent? None but these are tuned in the right key—"all others are worthless."

Here we have the secret of the futility of so much of the world's criticism. It starts with a want of sympathy which puts it always in the wrong. It will not allow your whistle or my whistle to be worth the sums we have given for it, however distinctly and decidedly we may express our satisfaction with our purchase. Calvin burned—or helped to burn—Servetus because the latter's whistle was not of the orthodox pitch; and the Inquisition, if it could, would have burned Galileo because he had flung aside Ptolemy's and adopted one of a finer diapason. The same process is going on every day. A statesman, in the belief that new conditions must be met by new developments, initiates a fresh policy, and blows his whistle to call men's attention to its novel tone. A teacher or reformer, working on an independent line of thought, assumes an antagonistic attitude towards a venerable dogma, and pipes a whistle of defiance. Oh, what a pother straightway arises! How all the old whistles shriek and scream, endeavouring to silence each malapert innovator! How solemnly he is assured that in the grim by-and-by he will discover—but too late—that he has paid overmuch for his whistle! If you want to lead a Quiet Life—such as Mr. Austin Dobson has so agreeably written about, and Messrs. Abbey and Parsons have so delicately illustrated—a life of sweet content, of summer noons spent in the shade of forest bowers—you will "stand upon the ancient ways," and venture not forth into paths new and perilous. You will stick to your grandfather's and your great-grandfather's whistles, and—to the old tunes.

No doubt a man's whistle often costs him dear—the esteem of friends, the affection of kindred, fortune perhaps, and liberty, and even life. The Franklins of the world look on with a half-contemptuous expression: Why pay so much for your whistle? they say: is it worth it? But the true soul knows *it is*; that the end is worth the means; that the glory of the goal more than compensates for the travail of the pilgrimage. Biography abounds in examples of noble minds which paid dearly—very dearly—and yet counted the cost as nothing. A man should be cautious, of course, in selecting his whistle. He should take care that its tones are true and sweet. He should consider well whether the cost of it falls easily within his means. But when the choice has been made, and the purchase completed, let him cling to his whistle stoutly, and, if he learn how to handle it, soul-satisfying will be its dulcet response! I read in Giraldus Cambrensis that "St. Patrick's horn, recently brought into these parts from Ireland, hath excited universal admiration. The most remarkable circumstance attending it is, that whoever placeth the right end of it to his ear will hear a sweet sound and melody united, such as ariseth from a harp gently touched." Here we have a leading principle of the philosophy of whistles hinted at: to get their real value you must blow at the right end!

Of course, the variety of whistles is infinite. Some are set in one key, some in another: some are of silver, some of tin; and there is just as much difference among the performers. Some can educe only harsh and dreary tones that set the teeth on edge, like a dry wheel grating on its axletree; while others have an Amphion-like power of drawing the multitude after them—Pied Pipers of Hamelin, with a following not of children but of men and women—players whose music has such a sweet and living potency that it sings on and on through the ages, like Plato's, St. Paul's, Shakspeare's, Milton's. But such skilled performers are few and far between. For most the only safe policy is to keep their whistles to themselves, and tune up in remote, secluded corners, or to such small circles as they may persuade to hear them. This is no reason for depreciating their value. A man's whistle is worth just what he can get out of it; and, from this point of view, a Jones's is as good as a Shakspeare's.

O. Y.

A new cog-wheel railway from the foot of Lake Lugano to the top of Monte Generoso, a height of nearly six thousand feet, has been opened.

The twenty-seventh annual June Horse Show was opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. There were nearly 700 entries, being about eighty more than last year.—The show of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society took place this year at Rochester. The entries of animals amount to 744, being just the number of the show at Maidstone in 1881. The Prince of Wales took prizes for Southdowns,

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the performances commented on by us, "Don Giovanni" has been given, with Madame Tavery as Donna Anna. The lady comes from Munich, with a high reputation as a dramatic soprano in grand opera, and her success on the occasion now referred to justified the preceding favourable reports. She possesses a fine voice of considerable compass, phrases artistically, and is especially successful in passages of declamatory sentiment and passion. Her high qualities were particularly evidenced in the scene of the murder of the Commendatore and in the great scena in which Donna Anna recognises the assassin in Don Giovanni. The important part of Donna Elvira was sustained by Madame Nordica, who sang the difficult music of the character with fine execution and good dramatic feeling. Her co-operation was a valuable feature of the cast. Mlle. De Lussan as Zerlina sang with brightness and charm, and acted with vivacity and spirit, giving evidence of her versatile dramatic power, as well as of her vocal accomplishments. As the libertine hero of the opera, Signor D'Andrade repeated a very commendable performance that has before been a worthy feature in the cast of Mozart's masterpiece. Signor Ravelli's Don Ottavio was another repetition of a well-known estimable performance; M. Isnardon as Leporello was very far above the average representative of the character; and the cast was completed by Signor Miranda as Masetto, and Mr. P. Greene as the Commendatore. Mr. Randegger conducted.

Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" (in French) included the appearance of M. J. de Reszke as the hero, and Madame Melba as Juliet, as in last year's performance. The representative of Romeo displayed all those high vocal and dramatic merits which have rendered him the most eminent stage tenor of the day; and the lady's embodiment of Juliet was worthy of association therewith, both musically and dramatically. M. E. de Reszke gave full impressiveness to the character of Friar Laurence; and Mlle. Pinkert made a very successful début as the Page. The cast was also in other respects of high efficiency, having included M. Dufriehe as Mercutio, M. Montariol as Tybalt, M. Cabalet (a débutant) as Capulet, and Mr. P. Greene as the Duke. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

At an extra night's performance "Carmen" was given, with Mlle. De Lussan in the title-character—as in the English version of the opera, performed recently at Drury Lane Theatre by the Carl Rosa Company. The favourable impression then made was repeated on the later occasion, when Miss Macintyre was again the Michaela. A repetition of "Lohengrin" was cast similarly to the representation of last month. A performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" included Madame Melba's representation of the heroine, in which the prima donna again proved her high vocal and dramatic merit, especially in the contract scene and Lucia's scena of delirium. Signor Ravelli repeated a well-known performance as Edgardo; Signor Palermi was a good representative of Ashton, as was Signor Abramoff of Raimondo. Signor Beignani conducted.

On June 7 "Die Meistersinger" was given. This—the only work of Wagner's in which the comic element is supposed to enter—was a novelty on the Italian Opera stage until last year, when Mr. Harris produced it with marked success. Of the music and its ponderous humour we have more than once spoken in detail; and it now, therefore, only remains to speak of its rendering on the recent occasion. The principal female character, Eva, was assigned to Madame Tavery, who achieved a success equal to that gained here by her previous performances. The lady is a most valuable accession to Mr. Harris's

company. Special features were the fine performances (as last year) of M. J. de Reszke and M. Lassalle, respectively, as Walther and Hans Sachs; other repetitions having been the Beckmesser of M. Isnardon, the David of M. Montariol, the Pogner of Signor Abramoff, the Kothner of M. Winogradoff, and the Magdalena of Mlle. Bauermeister. As with the preceding performances of other works, the stage arrangements were admirable. Signor Mancinelli conducted. Subsequent performances must be referred to hereafter. They were mostly repetitions of operas recently noticed.

The sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society's present season brought forward a new orchestral "Suite" composed by Herr Moszkowski. This gentleman gained deserved celebrity a few years ago by some exquisite pianoforte duets, the charm and individuality of which are in remarkable contrast to most of the music of the present period. In a previous season the Philharmonic Society performed an orchestral suite ("Joan of Arc") by the same composer. The work now referred to consists of six divisions, respectively entitled "Prelude," "Fugue," "Scherzo," "Larghetto," "Intermezzo," and "March." There is much bright and effective writing throughout the suite, with elaborate use of orchestral varieties, an organ being included in the score. The ingeniously constructed "Fugue," the melodious "Larghetto," and the pleasing "Intermezzo" were especially effective. The "Suite" and the composer (who conducted it) were warmly applauded. At the same concert, Signor Buonamici gave a highly artistic and appreciative rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat (the "Emperor"); and Miss L. Little in an air by Berlioz, M. Heinrich in a song by Schubert, and the two artists in graceful new duets by Mr. Goring Thomas, were the vocalists of the evening. Other items call for no specification. Mr. Cowen conducted, with the exception already mentioned.

The London Academy of Music gave its annual summer concert at St. James's Hall on June 5—too late for notice until now. The institution was founded by the late Dr. Wyld (whose death we recently recorded), and it is carried on by the same extensive staff of skilled and experienced professors that was formed by the late Principal. The concert now referred to gave good practical evidence of the progress of the students.

The musical instrument department of the Military Exhibition at Chelsea is including performances by massed military bands, which are among the many interesting features of the programmes, and serve to show the vast improvement that has taken place, in recent years, in the manufacture of wind instruments and the skill of the executants.

Señor Sarasate, the renowned Spanish violinist, gave the first of three concerts at St. James's Hall on June 7, when his admirable executive skill was displayed in pieces of chamber music; Madame Berthe Marx having contributed, as pianist, to an interesting programme. Mlle. Kleberg's pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall and that of Señor Albeniz at Steinway Hall were attractive features, simultaneously with Señor Sarasate's concert.

Of the orchestral concert of M. Paderewski, the remarkable Polish pianist, we must speak hereafter.

The annual morning concert of Mr. W. G. Cusins is always a specialty in London music, and promised to be so again on its recurrence at St. James's Hall, on June 12, when an attractive programme was provided.

The fourth Richter concert of the present series put forth

a programme containing one piece by Beethoven (his overture to "Egmont"), three by Wagner (extracts from "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," and "Die Walküre"), Berlioz's overture "Le Carnaval Romain," and Brahms's symphony in E minor.

Recent miscellaneous London concert announcements have included those of a pianoforte recital by Madame Menter; one by that sterling pianist Madame Frickenhaus; a concert by Madame S. Löwe, the well-known vocalist; one by M. Oberthür, the eminent harpist; one by Madame Puzzi; one by Mlle. Audain, a skilful harpist; a recital by Herr Hess, the eminent violinist; Mr. G. Thorp's annual concert; the second concert of the Musical Guild at Kensington; a concert by Miss Kuhe, pianist, and Mr. L. Sterne, violoncellist; one by Misses G. and J. Sherrington, at which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was announced to make her last appearance; a concert by Mr. H. Phillips, vocalist; one by the ladies forming the Fraser Quintet; the second pianoforte recital by Herr Friedheim; concerts by Mlle. Le Vallois, Mlle. De Lido, Herr F. Berber, Signor Bonetti, Mr. H. Lebreton, Mr. Jan Mulder (violinist), Herr Josef Ludwig and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, Miss Fanny Davies, and Mr. Sinclair Dunn.

The Marquis of Ripon has accepted the presidency of the Yorkshire Union of Institutes, in the room of the late Sir Edward Baines, the founder. There are 276 institutes connected with the Union, and 60,150 members, while 8000 students are under technical instruction in a dozen schools.

The Lord Mayor has received £300 from Earl Fitzwilliam towards the fund for erecting a memorial in London of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathairn. For the fund for erecting a memorial to Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala a remittance of £157 has been received from Glasgow.

It was resolved, at a largely attended meeting which was held at the Mansion House, and addressed by the Duke of Fife (who presided), the Lord Mayor, Mr. Stanley, and other gentlemen, to make strenuous efforts to augment the fund inaugurated by the Stanley and African Exhibition for placing a steamboat on the Victoria?anza.

The ancient Church of St. Silin, Llansilin, about seven miles from Oswestry, one of the most interesting churches in Wales, has been reopened, after restoration, by the Bishop of St. Asaph. Among the principal subscribers to the fund were Sir Watkin W. Wynn, £250, and the Vicar, the Rev. D. Davies, and Mrs. Davies, £150.

The Marquis of Lorne presided, on June 6, at a meeting in the Kensington Vestry Hall, to inaugurate a scheme for establishing a Polytechnic institute in the northern part of the parish. The cost would be under £10,000, and if the public gave two thirds within twelve months the Charity Commissioners would give one third. Resolutions in favour of the scheme were passed, and a committee was appointed.

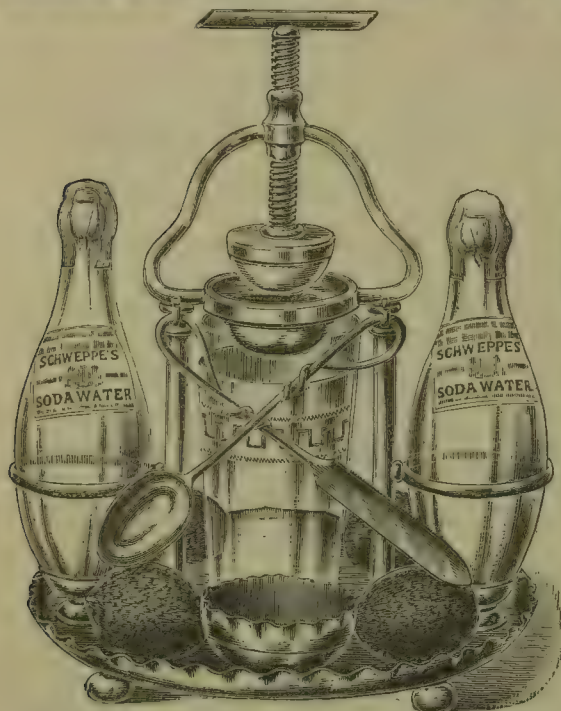
There was a large gathering at King's College on June 6, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes and certificates awarded in connection with the winter session of the evening classes. The ceremony was performed by Mr. W. H. Preece, F.R.S. Special honours were gained by Mr. Alfred C. Bryant, who, in addition to obtaining the "Barry" prize for Divinity, carrying off first prizes in French, English literature, and the Greek Testament, the "Jelf" medal for matriculation, and the "Cunningham" prize, was elected an "Associate" of King's College. Three other students were similarly honoured—Messrs. P. Cobb, L. L. Phillips, and F. Sheriff Bishop.

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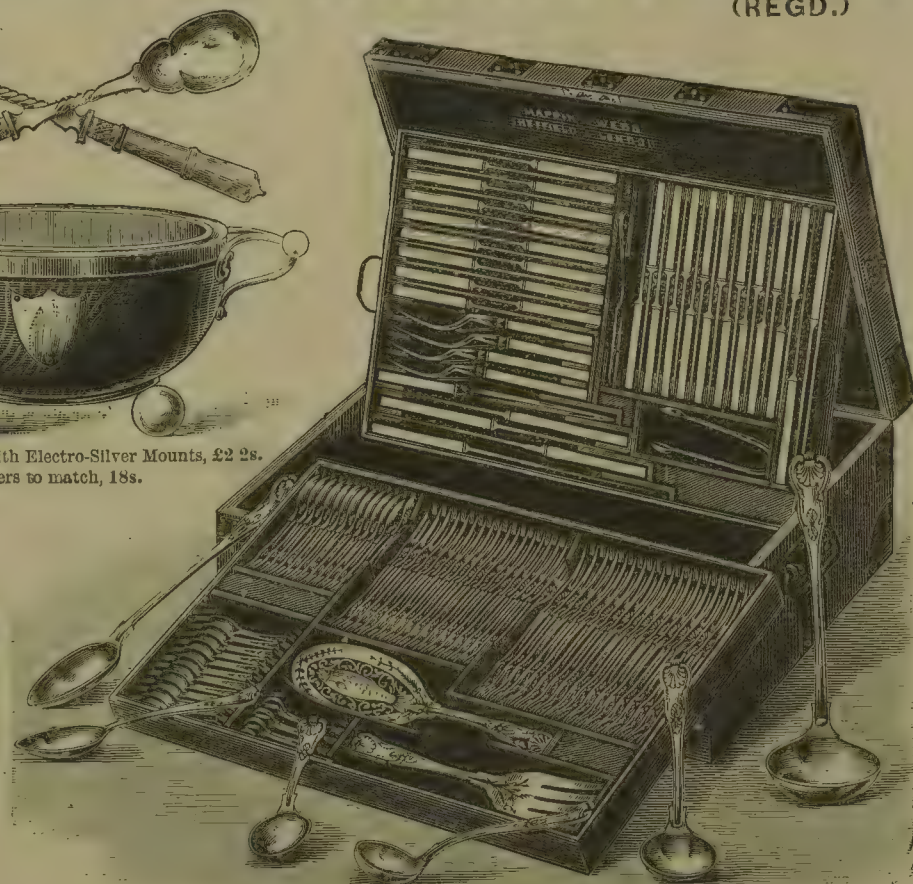
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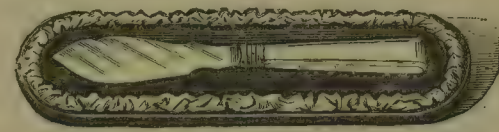
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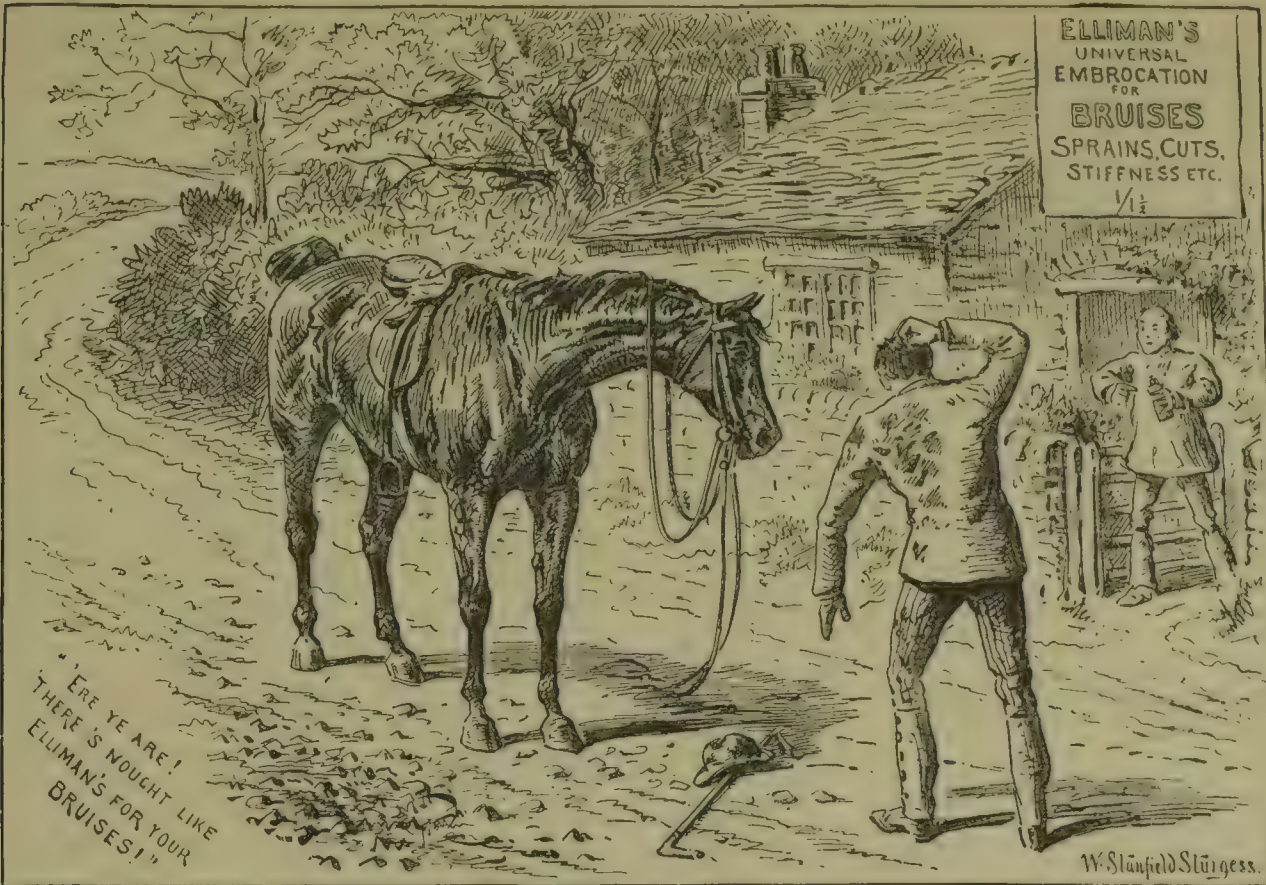


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

This season in town is brighter and busier than any one of recent years, except the memorable Jubilee season. Every evening is crowded with "functions" and every day with engagements. In the Epsom week—the first week of June, which is, of course, the apogee of the season—I had occasion to make a tour of the fashionable private hotels in Mayfair, seeking rooms for a friend coming from the country. Something like twenty of them were absolutely full, and many were booked full on to the end of the month. The rent for what is called "a suite of rooms"—but is only a sitting-room and bed-room, with a tiny dressing-room—in such hotels is from ten to twenty guineas per week: two guineas per day is the prevailing price, and at that the hotels are filled to their utmost capacity. Nothing whatever is included in those charges; not even attendance. No wonder that great hotels multiply and flourish exceedingly.

Certainly, June is the height, the very blaze of the noon-day sun of the London season. The hundreds of well-to-do country families who have only two or three weeks of London in the year do rightly to choose just this time. The very streets look better now than at any other date, so well are they swept and garnished. In Mayfair and the rest of the fashionable district, the blinds of the houses are all up, the curtains are fresh, the balconies are filled with flowers—here a mass of marguerites looks pure and frank amid the smoke that besets town even in summer; there a collection of geraniums or lobelias and calceolarias gives a brilliant patch of colour; and even at one window you may chance to see a superb bed of dwarf roses all a-growing and scenting the air for yards. In the roads, magnificently horsed equipages follow one another as though in a procession. Men carefully attired, from yellow gaiters to glossy hat, escorting girls got up in the handsomest and newest of bonnets and gowns, seem to form the majority of the pedestrians.

The shop windows are a free exhibition of marvellous beauty and interest—all that can delight the eye or amuse the mind, from pictures to jewels, from bonnets to blossoms rich and rare, everything that can be eaten and everything that can be worn, not jealously shut up as in Paris, but displayed for all the world to gaze upon regardless of condition. All the picture galleries have opened their doors wide; every afternoon the concert audiences only file forth from the large halls in time for new listeners to throng in for an evening recital, and fresh "great pianists" from abroad are more plentiful than butterflies. Every theatre puts forth its best talent. The opera is flourishing; and then there are Coaching Club meets, charity dinners, private dances for public objects, "at homes," balls, and dinner-parties for those who have any private connections in the vast metropolis of many grades that lies between South Kensington and Bloomsbury, Bayswater and Belgravia. Such is London's programme for the visitor in June.

So gusty and uncertain has the weather been that neither the thin washing dresses nor the delicately feathered hats have had a chance of displaying themselves. Long white feathers are profusely used, almost to cover the shape, on many hats that will appear in the Park and at garden-parties when summer weather really comes. A long thick feather, such as has been out of fashion for years, completely encircles the broad brim in these new hats, while the crown is trimmed with several graceful and elegantly drooping tips.

Exaggeratedly large-brimmed hats and equally excessively tiny and flat bonnets combine with the big sleeves and much-braided or folded bodices to give a top-heavy look to a fashionable woman, that is accentuated by the increasing narrowness of the skirts. It is not everybody who can, with advantage to her own appearance, wear a "sheath" skirt. Stout ladies must eschew them utterly, and even short girls will find them a snare. But for tall, slender, graceful young women, the style, being so new, is *chic* and pretty. A "sheath" skirt almost describes itself. It is as tight across the hips as it can possibly be made; but a cleverly gores back or a fan-shaped drapery inserted gives sufficient flow to the skirt, a little lower down. All skirts, however, are made very narrow, compared to what we have been used to for some years past.

A batch of convictions is recorded in the newspapers of shopkeepers who have evaded the Act of Parliament requiring margarine to be distinctly labelled for the purchasers to see, by hiding the tub bearing the tell-tale inscription under their counters. The proposition is made by a French deputy that, in order to prevent such evasions of the law as this, "butter substitutes" shall all be coloured pink. Such a law, however useful, would be much resented, probably, by the working classes in England. It would, of course, be essentially for their benefit that they should be protected from paying the price for real butter while getting only the prepared fat which imitates the creamy product. But no such consideration would avail. Wholemeal bread was discarded by the poor as soon as ever they could afford to eat the less nutritious white loaf, not so much because they did not like the flavour of the wholemeal as because it was not similar to what the rich ate. Soup-dinners, oatmeal, and wooden shoes—excellent things, recommended by various philanthropists to the poor because they are not costly, but firmly rejected—are other illustrations of the impossibility of getting the English peasantry as a class to adopt any articles which they regard as being badges of poverty, because they are not used by the better-off classes. It is quite certain that not nearly enough butter is made or comes into England for the consumption of the entire population; but I do not believe that there would be any chance of getting an Act carried into effect compelling the open confession on the poor man's table that he was not eating butter of the genuine description.

My correspondents will easily understand that it is impossible for me to reply to them here, or to mention the subjects of their letters except when they are of general interest. But it does not seem to be so well understood that it is unreasonable to expect me to answer letters privately. Last week I had a letter asking me for the address of the best registry office for governesses in Paris, and another requesting advice about a life assurance office for a lady. Next came an invitation to join an International Society of Friends of Strangers, with the object of having somebody in every large town in the world to whom members of the society in travelling could go as friends! A young lady asked my opinion as to the two best operas for her to go to hear, and another correspondent invited me to give an opinion on supplying pianos in Board schools. Amid all this, curious hoaxes sometimes appear. Mr. Karl Pearson informs me that he did not send me the letters written by himself and another person, and purporting to come from him, to which I referred a fortnight ago. Hence my impression that he had forwarded on to me a private letter from a third person is quite erroneous: he has not done anything of the kind, and my receiving the

letters is a trick of some person unknown, by which I am sorry I was misled.

Mr. Gladstone's mind is in nothing so remarkable as in the wide range of ideas in which he takes a keen interest. In his evidence before the Welsh Commission on Education he referred in very vigorous terms to the higher education of girls, remarking that, though young women of the richer classes had conquered higher education for themselves, it was still "deeply to be resented" that they were forbidden to share in the rich endowments of the old Universities; while as to girls of a somewhat poorer class, there was yet no provision whatever for their higher education. Mr. Gladstone's daughter is the Principal of the Women's College at Cambridge, Newnham, from which Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of the late blind Postmaster-General, has just passed out with higher marks in mathematics than those of the senior wrangler; and it is doubtless through this that Mr. Gladstone has become actively interested in this subject. But he is hardly likely to be able to do much in the matter practically.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

In the description of the new Hall of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masons, accompanying an Illustration last week, the honorary architects, Brothers Robert Berridge and Charles H. Driver, should have been mentioned as Past Grand Officers of the Order, not Past Grand Masters.

The Loan Exhibition of Old and Modern Paintings arranged by the Corporation for the inauguration of their new Art Gallery at Guildhall was formally opened by the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, on June 10. Her Majesty the Queen has accorded her countenance to the exhibition by lending an appropriate painting from Windsor Castle.

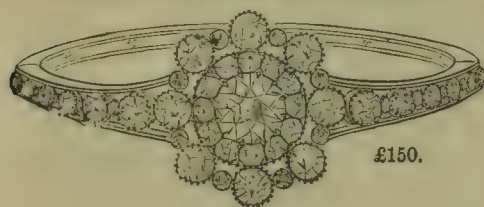
The following are the circuits chosen by the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division for the ensuing Summer Assizes—namely: South-Eastern Circuit, Mr. Baron Huddleston; Western Circuit, Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Mathew; Home Circuit, Mr. Justice Denman; Midland Circuit, Mr. Justice Hawkins, Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Lawrence joining the circuit at Birmingham, when Mr. Justice Hawkins will return to town; North Wales Circuit, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge; South Wales Circuit, Mr. Justice Stephen; Northern Circuit, Mr. Justice A. L. Smith and Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams; North-Eastern Circuit, Mr. Justice Wills and Mr. Justice Charles. Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Grantham will remain in town. The summer assizes are expected to commence early in July, and both civil and criminal business will be taken at all the places.

During the month of May the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate Market 87 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 43 tons came by land and 44 tons by water; 64 tons were wet fish (17 tons being immature), and 23 tons shell fish. During May the total weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate was 12,926 tons, of which 9558 tons came by land and 3368 tons by water. The fish seized, compared with that delivered, was at the rate of 1 ton in 147 tons. Among the seizures were cockles, cod (5 tons), doreys, eels, gurnets, haddocks, hake, herrings, kippers (13 tons), lobsters, mackerel, mullets, mussels (13 tons), periwinkles (8 tons), pike, plaice (9 tons), salmon, shrimps, skate (23 tons), smelts, trout, whelks, whitebait, and whiting (7 tons). At Shadwell Market, out of a total delivery of 1341 tons, 12 tons—all being immature fish—were seized.

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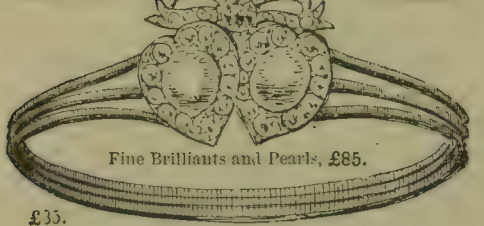
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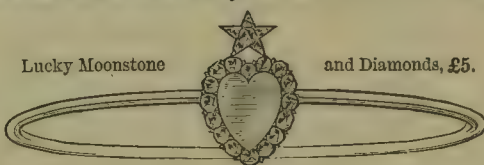
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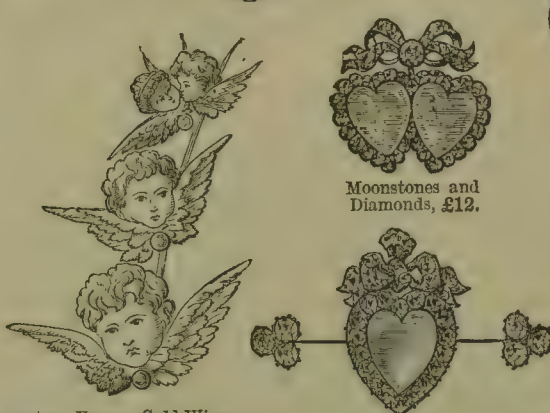
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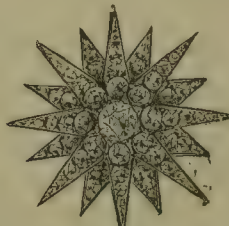
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Manager, MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.—EVERY
 EVENING at NINE, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Mr. Charles
 Wyndham, Messrs. G. Giddens, W. Blakeley, W. Draycott,
 Mesdames M. A. Victor, E. Leyshon, and Mary Moore. Pre-
 ceded at 8.10 by LIVING TOO FAST. Doors open 7.45.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE LAND OF

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—The Orient Company's Steam-
 ships GARONNE (3876 tons) and CHIMBORAZO (3847 tons)
 will make a series of Trips to Norway during the season,
 visiting the finest Fjords. The dates of departure from
 London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later:

JUNE 18, for 27 days. JULY 15, for 15 days.
 JUNE 25, for 15 days. JULY 23, for 27 days.

AUG. 8, for 21 days.

The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner lead"—
 i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus
 securing smooth sailing; those of June 18 and July 23 will
 proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above
 the horizon at Midnight. The Garonne and Chimborazo are
 fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of
 the highest order.

Managers, F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue,
 ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
 For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT

AND CRIMEA.—The Orient Company will dispatch
 their steam-ship CUCZO, 3918 tons register, 4000-horse power,
 from London on JULY 1 for a Six-Weeks Cruise, visiting
 Pireas (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava,
 Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Monte Athos, and
 calling en route at various places in the Mediterranean. The
 month of July is considered the pleasantest time for cruising
 in the Mediterranean and Black Sea. The Cuzco is fitted with
 electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest
 order.

Managers—F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.;
 ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
 For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

TOURS TO THE WEST COAST AND

FJORDS OF NORWAY.—Quickest and cheapest route.
 The splendid new first-class steamer ST. SUNNIVA leaves
 Leith and Aberdeen on JUNE 21 for the Fjords Cruise. Fort-
 nightly thereafter. Full particulars at Harty's Book (3s.) may
 be had from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.;
 SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur-st., Charing-cross, S.W.;
 THOMAS COOK and SONS, Ludgate-circus, E.C.; and all Branch
 Offices; and QUINN COMPANY, 25, Water-street, Liverpool.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS

FROM LONDON TO
 BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRIN-
 DISI, EGYPT, ADEEN, and MADRAS, via
 BOMBAY Every week.

Calcutta, Colombo, China, Straits,
 and JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND
 and TASMANIA, and ALEX-
 ANDRIA

DIRECT SERVICES from BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST.
 Cheap Return Tickets.

For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leaden-
 hall-street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.

Daily yield, 507,000 gallons. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr.
 The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century.
 Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections.
 The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great
 expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They
 are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal
 Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Docteurs and Doucheuses
 from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray
 Dry and Moist Heat, Massage and Inhalation Rooms. All
 forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Band Dail in the
 Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL

SANATORIUM.—In one of the finest climates in the
 world for pulmonary complaints, 2300 ft. above sea-level,
 amidst pure and exhilarating breezes, and from England
 exchange their winter for a delightful summer, instead of the
 mitigated winter of the Mediterranean health-resorts: 235
 days of sunshine per annum. English church. Circular from
 CHARLES W. JONES, Esq., 39, Drury-buildings, Liverpool; or
 ARTHUR E. JONES, Esq., The Sanatorium, S. Paulo, Brazil.</

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 30, 1874), with three codicils (dated May 7, 1881; Sept. 26, 1883; and Nov. 17, 1885), of Mr. Andrew Knowles, J.P., late of Swinton Old Hall, near Manchester, colliery proprietor, who died on March 12 last, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on May 5, by James Knowles, the brother, and Robert Knowles, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £317,000. The testator leaves £500 and his consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Eleonora Margaret Knowles; £40,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for all his children; his property at Hawkshaw, Lancashire, to his son Robert; and Swinton Old Hall and other hereditaments, in the parish of Swinton, with the furniture, pictures, effects, and chattels, and the rents receivable for any minerals thereunder, for the personal use and enjoyment of his wife, for life, or such less period as she shall think fit. On the termination of his wife's interest he gives his pictures to all his sons; and the option of purchasing the rest of the property given to his wife for life, to his son Robert; an annual sum is to be paid to his trustees, and a sum is to be set aside to accumulate during twenty-one years to provide portions for any of his sons or grandsons wishing to settle in America or the Colonies. One fifth of the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son Robert; one fifth of the remainder to his son Herbert; and the like proportion to any other son he may have; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his daughters.

The letters of administration, granted at Dublin, of the personal estate of Sir Edward Porter Cowan, late of Craigavad, county Down, and of Church-lane, Belfast, who died on March 24 last, intestate, to Dame Agnes Cowan, the widow, were sealed in London on June 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £213,000.

The will (dated March 1, 1890) of Mr. Philip Pleydell Bouverie, formerly of 1, Pall-mall East, and late of Brymore, Somersetshire, and of 32, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, who died on March 10 last, was proved on June 3 by Henry Hales Pleydell Bouverie and Seymour Pleydell Bouverie, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £164,000. The testator leaves £500 and the consumable stores at Hill-street to his wife, Mrs. Jane Pleydell Bouverie; his residence in Hill-street, with the furniture, plate, and effects (except certain jewellery and plate given to his eldest son, Henry Hales), to his wife, for life, and then to his said eldest son; the furniture, plate, and effects, wines and consumable stores, &c., at Brymore, and all his shares in the Sun Fire Insurance office, to his said son; all his shares in land, canal, and irrigation companies, English or foreign, to his son Seymour; £25,000 to his son George; an annuity of £400 to his daughters Mary and Alice while unmarried; and he makes up the portions of his married daughters, Janet, Ellen, and Constance, to £10,000 each, exclusive of their shares of the trust funds under his marriage settlement. He makes no further provision for his wife, as she is already amply provided for. He bequeaths £100 to his gardener, John Plane, and legacies to domestic servants. All his lands, tenements, messuages, and hereditaments, including the advowson of Nether Broughton, in the counties of Somerset, Middlesex, and Leicester, and all other his real estate, he devises to his son Henry Hales. As to the residue of his property, he gives one sixth to each of his sons Henry Hales and Seymour; two sixths to his son George; and the remaining two sixths are to

be divided into five equal parts, one of which he gives to, or upon trust for, each of his five daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1888) of Mr. James Robert Freeman, formerly of Leamington, Warwickshire, and late of Yewden Lodge, Hambleden, Bucks, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved on May 23 by Mrs. Lucie Evelyn Beaver, William Frederick Holt Beaver, and James Henry Richards, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £98,000. The testator makes a specific bequest to his daughter, Ella Constance, and £800 per annum, upon trust, for her for life, or while she remains unmarried; £6250 Railway Debenture Stock, upon trust, for the benefit of his son Vernon; and legacies to Mrs. Marion Gertrude Thorold, Ethel Augusta Browning, and his executors, Mr. W. F. H. Beaver and Mr. J. H. Richards. The residue of his estate he leaves to Mrs. Beaver.

The will (dated April 6, 1888), with two codicils (both dated Feb. 26, 1889), of Mr. William Allen Block, late of 41, Ennismore-gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 25 last, was proved on May 24 by Mrs. Lucy Block, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £82,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Jane Dart; and gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real estate (if any) and the residue of his personal estate to his wife, for her own absolute use.

The will (dated May 10, 1876), with three codicils (dated Feb. 17 and July 16, 1885, and Feb. 11, 1887), of the Rev. Sir Brook George Bridges, Bart., late of Goodneston Park, Kent, and of Blankney Rectory, Lincoln, who died on April 1 last, was proved on May 20 by the Rev. Henry Western Plumtre, the nephew, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, furniture, plate (except a few articles specifically bequeathed), pictures, books, articles of household use and ornament, wines and consumable stores, horses and carriages, live and dead stock, and £300, to his wife, Dame Louisa Bridges; and legacies to his executor, servants, and others. He charges the settled estates under the will of his late brother, Lord Fitzwalter, with £800 as a jointure for his wife; and bequeaths four several sums, amounting together to £21,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to be laid out in the purchase of real estate to be held with the estates devised under the will of his said brother; all his real estate in the county of Kent or elsewhere he devises so that it may go and devolve with the estates devised by the will of Lord Fitzwalter. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his sister, Mrs. Eleanor Plumtre.

The will (dated March 4, 1889), with three codicils (two dated March 5, 1889, and the other Feb. 15, 1890), of Mr. James Frederick Hutton, J.P., late of Victoria Park, Rusholme, and 29, Dale-street, Manchester, who died on March 1 last, at Cairo, was proved at the Manchester District Registry, on May 5, by Mrs. Annie Hutton, the widow, James Arthur Hutton and Reginald William Hutton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator gives several pecuniary legacies to his wife, part of which she may devote to charitable purposes; and legacies to children, grandchildren, and others. His furniture, plate, pictures, effects, wines, horses and carriages he bequeaths to his wife, excepting some articles which she is only to have the enjoyment of during life or widowhood; he also bequeaths to his wife an annuity of £600 during life or widowhood, she maintaining and educating his children under age. Special directions are given as to his Gambia and Manchester

businesses. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will of Lady Bazley, who died on May 1, wife of Sir Thomas S. Bazley, Bart., of Hatherop Castle, Fairford, was proved on June 5 by the executors, Sir Thomas S. Bazley, Gardner S. Bazley, and Frederic P. Bulley, Esqs., at the sum of £52,201. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to her son, Gardner S. Bazley, and her sons-in-law, Colonel Edward P. Leach, V.C., C.B., R.E., and F. P. Bulley, Esq., of Marston Hill, Fairford; also £2000 to the London City Mission; £2000 to the Manchester City Mission; and £1000 to the Church of England Temperance Society for the Manchester Diocese—all these legacies being free of duty. The residue, together with certain reversions, is left to her surviving husband. By her Ladyship's demise, the estate of Childswickham, near Broadway, passes to her son, Gardner S. Bazley; and other property, to the value of £450,000, over which Lady Bazley had powers of appointment, is divided, in the proportions named by the will, among her son and five daughters, subject to a partial life interest in favour of her husband, Sir Thomas S. Bazley.

The will (dated March 21, 1889) of Miss Mary Kennelly Bartrum, late of 26, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, who died on April 23 last, was proved on May 23 by Walter Eccleston Bartrum, Arthur Reynolds Bartrum, and Hugh Lennox Mortimer, cousins of the deceased, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. There are gifts of various freehold and leasehold houses to different members of her family, and pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to the said Walter Eccleston Bartrum.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1888) of Mrs. Charlotte Kemble, widow of the Rev. Charles Kemble, Rector of Bath, late of Cowbridge House, Malmesbury, Wilts, who died on Jan. 26 last, was proved on May 21 by Charles Adams Kemble, Stephen Cattley Kemble, and Henry Kemble, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testatrix leaves the presentation plate of her late husband to be divided between her said sons; the advowson of the rectory or vicarage of Malmesbury and the advowson of the rectory or vicarage of St. Mary, Westport, to her daughter Charlotte, she accounting to her general estate for £1000 in respect thereof; the advowson or right of presentation to the District Church of Christchurch, Mount Sorrell, Leicestershire, and the advowson or right of presentation to the District Church of St. Stephen, South Lambeth, to her daughter Janet Nona; and some other bequests. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her three sons and seven daughters in equal shares.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, opened on June 9 a sale of work at the Royal Caledonian Asylum in the Caledonian-road, Holloway, to aid in providing means to send orphan children for a seaside holiday. Princess Louise announced that the Queen had entrusted her with a sum of money to spend at the stalls for her Majesty.

The Royal Harwich Yacht Club regatta was sailed on June 9 in splendid weather. In the first match for yachts exceeding 40 tons rating, the first prize of £50 was taken by the Yarana, and the second prize by the Thistle. The sweepstake match was won by the Wendur, the Vandura being second, and the Lethe third. The match for yachts not exceeding 40 tons rating was won by the Creole, with the Deershead second. In the 20-ton match the Velzie beat the Dragon.

HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

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An appetising and Refreshing Tonic.—A Thirst Quencher for all occasions.—A morning "Pick-me-up."—A High-class Effervescent, Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life.—Prevents and Relieves Flatulence, Nausea, Giddiness, Heartburn, Acidity, Palpitation, Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, Feverishness, Irritation of the Skin, Weariness, &c. Corrects all impurities arising from errors of diet—eating or drinking.

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS

FROM

Dr. JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E.,

Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst"; Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

"I hereby Certify that I have examined the above-named article (SALT REGAL), with the following results:—

"That it is an effervescent saline compounded from

ABSOLUTELY PURE INGREDIENTS.

When it is placed in contact with water the chemical combination which ensues results in the formation of two of the best-known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used.

"I have not before met with a so well-manufactured and ingenious combination, at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended."

SALT REGAL, when regularly used, is a certain guarantee of health. One draught per week will maintain health, while a daily draught will restore health to the debilitated. SALT REGAL revives and never depresses. Every traveller or voyager should carry a bottle of SALT REGAL. It relieves the torture of sea-sickness.



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The enormous popularity enjoyed by SALT REGAL at Home and Abroad; evidenced by the rapidly increasing sales and the many Thousands of UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

BOTTLES 2s. 9d. of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from the nearest Chemist, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the MANAGER, SALT REGAL WORKS, LIVERPOOL, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.



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"AND A NICE LITTLE BOY
HAD A NICE CAKE OF SOAP
WORTHY OF WASHING THE HANDS OF THE POPE."
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

FROM

Mr. J. L. Milton,

Senior Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London.

"FROM time to time I have tried very many different
"Soaps, and after five-and-twenty years careful ob-
"servation in many thousands of cases, both in
"Hospital and private practice, have no hesitation in stating
"that none have answered so well or proved so beneficial
"to the skin as **Pears' Soap**. Time and more extended
"trials have only served to ratify this opinion which I first
"expressed upwards of ten years ago, and to increase my
"confidence in this admirable preparation"

TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping* are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

PEARS' SOAP. { **TABLETS & BALLS:**
1s. each. Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. } **PEARS' SOAP.**
(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)
A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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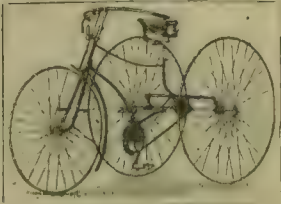
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"SWIFT" SAFETIES from £12 each, or £1 per Month.

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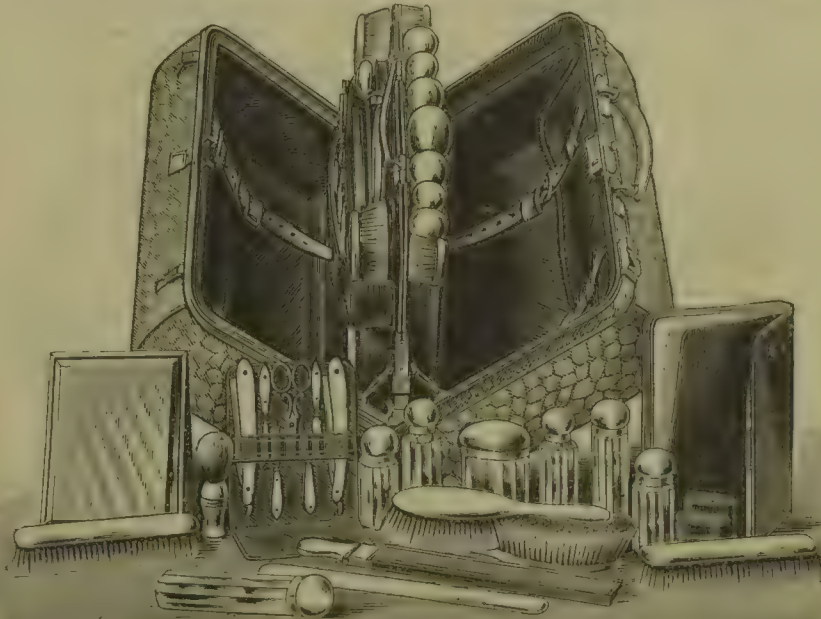
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FOREIGN NEWS.

The President of the Republic and Madame Carnot gave a *matinée dansante* on June 6, at the Elysée, which was very brilliantly attended, the Corps Diplomatique being specially largely represented.—At a Cabinet Council held on the 7th, President Carnot, on the proposal of M. Fallières, Minister of Justice, signed a decree granting a partial or full pardon to seventy-two persons undergoing sentences for offences committed in connection with strikes.—In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 10th, M. Ribot read the text of his Note to the Egyptian Government, in which he announced the assent of France to the Conversion Scheme.—M. Fallières has been elected a Senator for Lot et Garonne by 457 votes, against 231 for a Royalist candidate.—Mgr. Lécot, Bishop of Dijon, has been promoted to the Archbishopric of Bordeaux, vacant by the death of Cardinal Guilbert; Mgr. Oury, Bishop of Fréjus, has been translated to the Bishopric of Dijon; and Mgr. Mignot, Vicar-General of the diocese of Soissons, has been created Bishop of Fréjus. The new Bishop of Evreux is Mgr. Hautin, Vicar-General of the diocese of Orléans.

The Grand Steeplechase de Paris was won by the Earl of Dudley's Royal Meath, followed by M. Ephrussi's Fétiche and M. Farine's Papillon. Lord Dudley paid £5000 for Royal Meath before the race, with a promise of £2000 more if he won.—The annual Battle of Flowers in the Bois de Boulogne, organised, for the benefit of the victims of duty, by the Paris Press, was, contrary to precedent, favoured with fine weather.

At Florence, the statue of Garibaldi was unveiled, on

June 8, amid great popular enthusiasm. A large number of foreigners were present at the ceremony. Among the flags exhibited the French colours were very conspicuous, and were much noted.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany on June 5 reviewed the Queen of Prussia's Guards, and were received by the people with the utmost enthusiasm. Next day the Emperor reviewed the Cuirassiers and the 2nd Uhlan Guards Regiments.—The Crown Prince of Italy arrived on the Prussian frontier on the 8th, in a special train from St. Petersburg, and, after a brief delay, proceeded to Berlin. At Potsdam he was warmly welcomed by the Emperor William. He went to the New Palace to pay his respects to the Empress, and afterwards rode out with the Emperor to inspect the Cavalry. It is proposed by the German military authorities to set about the construction of new strategical railways, the outlay involved not to exceed 20,000,000 marks.

The Emperor of Austria, in receiving the Austrian and Hungarian Delegations at Buda on June 7, said that since last year no essential change had occurred in the general political situation, nor in the relations with the Balkan countries. The friendly relations of all the Powers strengthened his hope that peace would be maintained in the future as in the past. But his Majesty urged that Austria must continue her precautionary military measures, availing herself of the technical progress recently made in gunnery and the art of fortification.—At the sitting of the Austrian Delegation on the 9th, Count Kalnoky said that no change had taken place with regard to the relations of Austria-Hungary with the Powers.

In reference to Serbia, he stated that he had always advised the maintenance of friendly relations between that State and Russia.—The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, d'Este left Vienna on the 9th for Paris and other European capitals. The object of the journey is said to be chiefly matrimonial.—The locusts in Hungary continue to do a large amount of damage. Thousands of acres in the county of Torontal have been devastated. Three thousand persons are employed in destroying the insects in that county alone.

The ceremony of consecrating three Russian first-class torpedo-boats, built at Elbing, in Prussia, took place at Copenhagen Roads on June 6, in the presence of the members of the Russian Legation. The boats sailed in a few days for the Black Sea.—The Czar has bought of a pheasant-breeder in Hampshire 1000 pheasants for his preserves near the Gulf of Bothnia.

The United States House of Representatives have passed the Silver Bill, drawn by the Republican Caucus, by 135 to 119 votes, after rejecting an instruction in favour of free coinage.

Ontario has been visited by another terrific storm, a lake-side town being submerged, and a vast quantity of property destroyed.

Lord Kintore, in opening the South Australian Parliament, touched upon the increasing prosperity of the colony, and stated that the Legislature would be at once invited to take the necessary steps to carry into effect the resolutions adopted at the recent Federation Conference in Melbourne.

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FIRST HAND, DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.

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Hoyune & Assam - - - **1/-** a lb.
Of excellent quality.

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Thoroughly good Tea.

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Of great strength and fine quality.

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The May pickings covered with Bloom.

*** * Choicest Ceylon & Darjeeling - 2/- a lb.**

Of superb quality, and highly recommended as a most Delicious Tea.

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Teas at 1/6 a lb. and upwards, packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge.

An interesting Book on Tea, containing numerous Illustrations, recently published by the Company, will be forwarded along with Samples of Tea (all free of charge) on application. The Directors respectfully ask the Public to READ the BOOK, to TASTE the SAMPLES, and to JUDGE for THEMSELVES.

The Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY distinctly affirm that the Company's system of FIRST HAND TRADING enables Consumers to be absolutely independent of the MIDDLE-MAN. By dealing with the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, anyone throughout the Kingdom can obtain Teas of the very choicest quality, FIRST HAND, direct from the Mincing Lane Market, at lowest Market Quotations, thus avoiding all intermediate profits.

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"As usual at this season of the year, Jay's Mourning Warehouse, Regent-street, is to the fore with a splendid assortment of new materials for summer wear. To the fact that grey is the prevailing colour this season is attributable the numberless shades of that favourite tint on view at this house. Black grenadine will also be much worn, and in this material there is an endless variety of designs among those at Jay's. In silks, brocades will this year take the lead, the patterns being mostly small and detached, the floral designs being specially attractive and handsome in the extreme."—*Court Circular*

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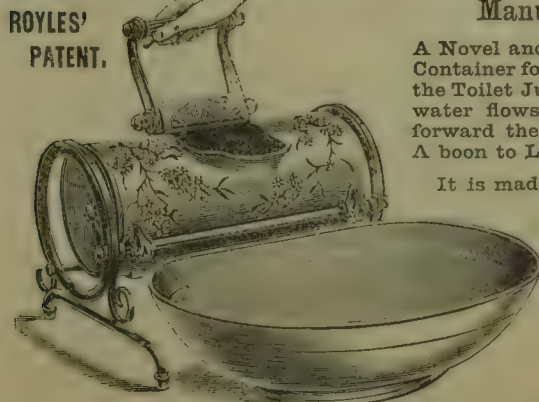
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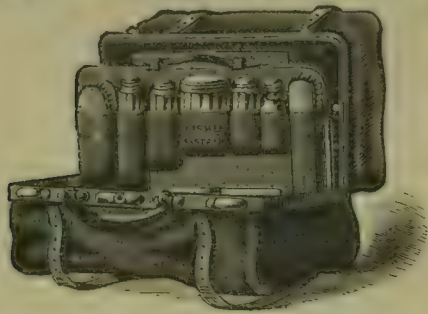
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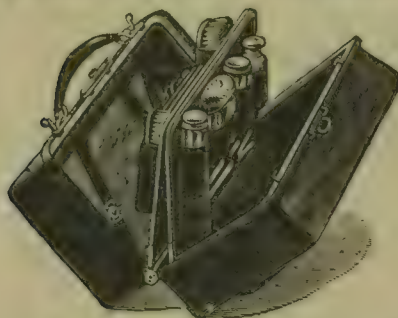
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18-in., Plated, £6; Silver, £7 10s.

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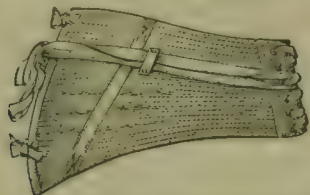
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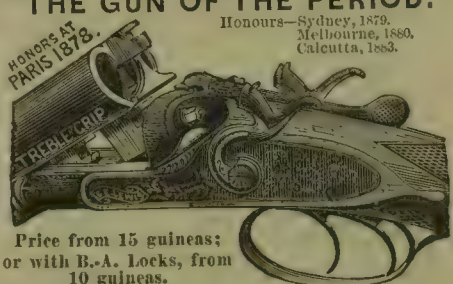
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Price from 15 guineas;
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SPECIAL.—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first-cost of
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80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up
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SUMMER NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED



LONDON NEWS

A
WARD
OF THE
GOLDEN
GATE

BY
BRET HARTE

Illustrated
BY
A FORESTIER
AND
G. MONTBARD



NOBILITY OF LIFE.

WHO BEST CAN SUFFER, BEST CAN DO.—*Milton.*

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the History of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale of Life*; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason*; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul,—I would answer with Lassus, it is

EXPERIENCE.—*Lord Lytton.*

J. C. ENO.

SIR,—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this **Testimonial and Poem** on your justly celebrated **FRUIT SALT**? Being the writer for several first-class London Magazines, and my occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here for a few weeks, in order to see what change of air would do for me, and at the wish of some *personal friends* of mine here, I have taken your **FRUIT SALT**, and the good results accruing therefrom have been my reason for addressing you.—

QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, June 4, 1877.

I am, Sir, yours truly, A LADY.

As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace;
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flower's perfume,
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June.

Is Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,
To Headache it gives certain ease;
Biliousness it does assuage,
And cures it both in Youth and Age;
Giddiness it will arrest,
And give both confidence and rest;
Thirst it will at once allay,
And what's the best in every way?—

Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!



The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've eaten or drunk too much?
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
What effects a perfect cure?—

Why, Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel Disease's shaft;
More priceless than the richest gold
That ever did its wealth unfold;
And all throughout our native land
Should always have at their command
Eno's Famous Fruit Salt!

This Life is the great Schoolmaster, and Experience the Mighty Volume. It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and gather the honey of wisdom not from flowers but thorns.—*LORD LYTTON.*

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take
No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING, again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in

grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—*EGYPT, CAIRO.*—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours,
A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—*Mr. J. C. ENO.*

THE GREAT DANGER OF SUGAR, PINK OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET, OR ACIDULATED SHERBET MASKED WITH SUGAR.

EXPERIENCE shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, or acidulated sherbet masked with sugar, mild ales, port wine, dark cherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy are all very apt to disagree; while light wines, or gin or old whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

TRUTH AND LIGHT. A WISE SAW!!!

'A MAN MAY DIE OLD AT THIRTY OR YOUNG AT EIGHTY.'

Read a Pamphlet on "HEALTH AND LONGEVITY," given with each Bottle of

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'Are as Gentle as the Dew, and as Certain as the Quarter-Day.'

"Dear Sir,—I cannot speak too highly in praise of your 'Vegetable Moto.' You feel poorly—out of sorts—you don't know exactly why; you take a couple of 'Motos' (at any time) and you are all right—you don't know exactly how, because you are quite unconscious of having taken any medicine, as the word is usually understood to mean something distasteful. The 'Motos' 'do good by stealth,' and the patient is delighted. I found that a teaspoonful of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' assists the 'Moto' wonderfully; but their action is as gentle as the dew, and as certain as the quarter-day. The above remarks may be multiplied fiftyfold, for whenever the employés of the same firm as myself are out of order, they come to me for 'Motos,' and the remedy never fails!—Yours gratefully, TRUTH.—Jan. 1, 1890."

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A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE. BY BRET HARTE.

PROLOGUE.

IN San Francisco the "rainy season" had been making itself a reality to the wondering Eastern immigrant. There were short days of drifting clouds and flying sunshine, and long succeeding nights of incessant downpour, when the rain rattled on the thin shingles or drummed on the resounding zinc of pioneer roofs. The shifting sand-dunes on the outskirts were beaten motionless and sodden by the onslaught of consecutive storms; the south-east trades brought the saline breath of the outlying Pacific even to the busy haunts of Commercial and Kearney-streets; the low-lying Mission-road was a quagmire; along the City Front, despite of piles and pier and wharf, the Pacific tides still asserted themselves in mud and ooze as far as Sansome-street; the wooden side-walks of Clay and Montgomery-streets were mere floating bridges or buoyant pontoons superposed on elastic bogs; Battery-street was the Silurian beach of that early period on which tin cans, packing-boxes, freight, household furniture, and even the runaway crews of deserted ships had been cast away. There were dangerous and unknown depths in Montgomery-street and on the Plaza, and the wheels of a passing carriage hopelessly mired had to be lifted by the volunteer hands of a half-dozen high-booted wayfarers, whose wearers were sufficiently content to believe that a woman, a child, or an invalid was behind its closed windows, without troubling themselves or the occupant by looking through the glass.

It was a carriage that, thus released, eventually drew up before the superior public edifice known as the City Hall. From it a woman, closely veiled, alighted, and quickly entered the building. A few passers-by turned to look at her, partly from the rarity of the female figure at that period, and partly from the greater rarity of its being well-formed and even lady-like.

As she kept her way along the corridor and ascended an iron staircase, she was passed by others more pre-occupied in business at the various public offices. One of these visitors, however, stopped as if struck by some fancied resemblance in her appearance, turned, and followed her. But when she halted before a door marked "Mayor's Office," he paused also, and, with a look of half-humorous bewilderment and a slight glance around him as if seeking for someone to whom to impart his arch fancy, he turned away. The woman then entered a large anteroom with a certain quick feminine gesture of relief, and, finding it empty of other callers, summoned the porter, and asked him some question in a voice so suppressed by the official severity of the apartment as to be hardly audible. The attendant replied by entering another room marked "Mayor's Secretary,"

and reappeared with a stripling of seventeen or eighteen, whose singularly bright eyes were all that was youthful in his composed features. After a slight scrutiny of the woman—half boyish, half official—he desired her to be seated, with a certain exaggerated gravity as if he was over-acting a grown-up part, and, taking a card from her, re-entered his office. Here, however, he did not stand on his head or call out a confederate youth from a closet, as the woman might have expected. To the left was a green-baize door, outlined with brass-studded rivets like a cheerful coffin-lid, and bearing the mortuary inscription "Private." This he pushed open, and entered the Mayor's private office.

The municipal dignitary of San Francisco, although an erect, soldier-like man of strong middle age, was seated with his official chair tilted back against the wall and kept in position by his feet on the rungs of another, which in turn acted as a support for a second man, who was seated a few feet from him in an easy-chair. Both were lazily smoking.

The Mayor took the card from his secretary, glanced at it, said "Hollo!" and handed it to his companion, who read aloud "Kate Howard," and gave a prolonged whistle.

"Where is she?" asked the Mayor.

"In the anteroom, Sir."

"Anyone else there?"

"No, Sir."

"Did you say I was engaged?"

"Yes, Sir; but it appears she asked Sam who was with you, and when he told her, she said, All right, she wanted to see Colonel Pendleton too."

The men glanced interrogatively at each other, but Colonel Pendleton, abruptly anticipating the Mayor's functions, said, "Have her in," and settled himself back in his chair.

A moment later the door opened, and the stranger appeared. As she closed the door behind her she removed her heavy veil, and displayed the face of a very handsome woman of past thirty. It is only necessary to add that it was a face known to the two men, and all San Francisco.

"Well, Kate," said the Mayor, motioning to a chair, but without rising or changing his attitude. "Here I am, and here is Colonel Pendleton, and these are office hours. What can we do for you?"

If he had received her with magisterial formality, or even politely, she would have been embarrassed, in spite of a certain boldness of her dark eyes and an ever-present consciousness of her power. It is possible that his own ease and that of his companion was part of their instinctive good-nature and perception. She accepted it as such, took the chair familiarly, and seated herself

sideways upon it, her right arm half encircling its back and hanging over it; altogether an easy and not ungraceful pose.

"Thank you, Jack—I mean, Mr. Mayor—and you, too, Harry. I came on business. I want you two men to act as guardians for my little daughter."

"Your what?" asked the two men simultaneously.

"My daughter," she repeated, with a short laugh, which, however, ended with a note of defiance. "Of course, you don't know. Well," she added half aggressively, and yet with the air of hurrying over a compromising and inexplicable weakness, "the long and short of it is I've got a little girl down at the Convent of Santa Clara, and have had—there! I've been taking care of her—good care, too, boys—for some time. And now I want to put things square for her for the future. See? I want to make over to her all my property—it's nigh on to seventy-five thousand dollars, for Bob Snelling put me up to getting those water lots a year ago—and, you see, I'll have to have regular guardians, trustees, or whatever you call 'em, to take care of the money for her."

"Who's her father?" asked the Mayor.

"What's that to do with it?" she said impetuously.

"Everything—because he's her natural guardian."

"Suppose he isn't known? Say dead, for instance."

"Dead will do," said the Mayor, gravely. "Yes, dead will do," repeated Colonel Pendleton. After a pause, in which the two men seemed to have buried this vague relative, the Mayor looked keenly at the woman.

"Kate, have you and Bob Ridley had a quarrel?"

"Bob Ridley knows too much to quarrel with me," she said briefly.

"Then you are doing this for no motive other than that which you tell me?"

"Certainly. That's motive enough—ain't it?"

"Yes." The Mayor took his feet off his companion's chair and sat upright. Colonel Pendleton did the same, also removing his cigar from his lips. "I suppose you'll think this thing over?" he added.

"No—I want it done now—right here—in this office."

"But you know it will be irrevocable."

"That's what I want it—something might happen afterwards."

"But you are leaving nothing for yourself, and if you are going to devote everything to this daughter and lead a different life, you'll"—

"Who said I was?"

The two men paused, and looked at her.

"Look here, boys, you don't understand. From the day that paper is signed, I've nothing to do with the child. She passes out of my hands into yours, to be schooled, educated, and made a rich girl out of—and

never to know who or what or where I am. She doesn't know now. I haven't given her and myself away in that style—you bet! She thinks I'm only a friend. She hasn't seen me more than once or twice, and not to know me again. Why, I was down there the other day, and passed her walking out with the Sisters and the other scholars, and she didn't know me—though one of the Sisters did. But they're mum—they are, and don't let on. Why, now I think of it, you were down there, Jack, presiding in big style as Mr. Mayor at the exercises. You must have noticed her. Little thing, about nine—lot of hair, the same colour as mine, and brown eyes. White and yellow sash. Had a necklace on of real pearls I gave her. I bought them, you understand, myself at Tucker's—gave two hundred and fifty dollars for them—and a big bouquet of white rosebuds and lilacs I sent her."

"I remember her now on the platform," said the Mayor, gravely. "So that is your child?"

"You bet—no slouch either. But that's neither here nor there. What I want now is you and Harry to look after her and her property the same as if I didn't live. More than that, as if I had never lived. I've come to you two boys, because I reckon you're square men and won't give me away. But I want to fix it even firmer than that. I want you to take hold of this trust not as Jack Hammersley, but as the Mayor of San Francisco! And when you make way for a new Mayor, he takes up the trust by virtue of his office, you see, so there's a trustee all along. I reckon there'll always be a San Francisco and always a Mayor—at least till the child's of age; and it gives her from the start a father, and a pretty big one too. Of course the new man isn't to know the why and wherefore of this. It's enough for him to take on that duty with his others, without asking questions. And he's only got to invest that money and pay it out as it's wanted, and consult Harry at times."

The two men looked at each other with approving intelligence. "But have you thought of a successor for me, in case somebody shoots me on sight any time in the next ten years?" asked Pendleton, with a gravity equal to her own.

"I reckon, as you're President of the El Dorado Bank, you'll make that a part of every president's duty too: You'll get the directors to agree to it, just as Jack here will get the Common Council to make it the Mayor's business."

The two men had risen to their feet, and, after exchanging glances, gazed at her silently. Presently the Mayor said—

"It can be done, Kate, and we'll do it for you—eh, Harry?"

"Count me in," said Pendleton, nodding.

"But you'll want a third man."

"What's that for?"

"The casting vote in case of any difficulty."

The woman's face fell. "I reckoned to keep it a secret with only you two," she said half bitterly.

"No matter. We'll find someone to act, or you'll think of somebody and let us know."

"But I wanted to finish this thing right here," she said impatiently. She was silent for a moment, with her arched black brows knitted. Then she said abruptly, "Who's that smart little chap that let me in? He looks as if he might be trusted."

"That's Paul Hathaway, my secretary. He's sensible, but too young. Stop! I don't know about that. There's no legal age necessary, and he's got an awfully old head on him," said the Mayor, thoughtfully.

"And I say his youth's in his favour," said Colonel Pendleton, promptly. "He's been brought up in San Francisco, and he's got no d—d old-fashioned Eastern notions to get rid of, and will drop into this as a matter of business, without prying about or wondering. I'll serve with him."

"Call him in!" said the woman.

He came. Very luminous of eye, and composed of lip and brow. Yet with the same suggestion of "making believe" very much, as if to offset the possible munching of forbidden cakes and apples in his own room, or the hidden presence of some still in his pocket.

The Mayor explained the case briefly, but with business-like precision. "Your duty, Mr. Hathaway," he concluded, "at present will be merely nominal and, above all, confidential. Colonel Pendleton and myself will set the thing going." As the youth—who had apparently taken in and "illuminated" the whole subject with a single bright-eyed glance—bowed and was about to retire, as if to relieve himself of his real feelings behind the door, the woman stopped him with a gesture.

"Let's have this thing over now," she said to the Mayor. "You draw up something that we can all sign at once." She fixed her eyes on Paul, partly to satisfy her curiosity and justify her predilection for him, and partly to detect him in any overt act of boyishness. But the youth simply returned her glance with a cheerful, easy prescience, as if her past lay clearly open before him. For some minutes there was only the rapid scratching of the Mayor's pen over the paper. Suddenly he stopped and looked up.

"What's her name?"

"She mustn't have mine," said the woman quickly. "That's a part of my idea. I give that up with the rest. She must take a new name that gives no hint of me. Think of one, can't you, you two men? Something

that would kind of show that she was the daughter of the city, you know."

"You couldn't call her 'Santa Francisca,' eh?" said Colonel Pendleton, doubtfully.

"Not much," said the woman, with a seriousness that defied any ulterior insinuation.

"Nor Chrysopolinia?" said the Mayor, musingly.

"But that's only a first name. She must have a family name," said the woman impatiently.

"Can you think of something, Paul?" said the Mayor, appealing to Hathaway. "You're a great reader, and later from your classics than I am." The Mayor, albeit practical and Western, liked to be ostentatiously forgetful of his old Alma Mater, Harvard, on occasions.

"How would *Yerba Buena* do, Sir?" responded the youth gravely. "It's the old Spanish title of the first settlement here. It comes from the name that Father Junipero Serra gave to the pretty little vine that grows wild over the sandhills, and means 'Good herb.' He called it 'A balm for the wounded and sore.'"

"For the wounded and sore?" repeated the woman slowly.

"That's what they say," responded Hathaway.

"You ain't playing us, eh?" she said, with a half-laugh that, however, scarcely curved the open mouth with which she had been regarding the young secretary.

"No," said the Mayor, hurriedly. "It's true. I've often heard it. And a capital name it would be for her too. *Yerba* the first name, *Buena* the second. She could be called Miss Buena when she grows up."

"*Yerba Buena* it is," she said suddenly. Then, indicating the youth with a slight toss of her handsome head. "His head's level—you can see that."

There was a silence again, and the scratching of the Mayor's pen continued. Colonel Pendleton buttoned up his coat, pulled his long moustache into shape, slightly arranged his collar, and walked to the window without looking at the woman. Presently the Mayor arose from his seat, and, with a certain formal courtesy that had been wanting in his previous manner, handed her his pen and arranged his chair for her at the desk. She took the pen, and rapidly appended her signature to the paper. The others followed, and, obedient to a sign from him, the porter was summoned from the outer office to witness the signatures. When this was over, the Mayor turned to his secretary, "That's all just now, Paul."

Accepting this implied dismissal with undisturbed gravity, the newly made youthful guardian bowed and retired. When the green-baize door had closed upon him, the Mayor turned abruptly to the woman with the paper in his hand.

"Look here, Kate; there is still time for you to reconsider your action, and tear up this solitary record of it. If you choose to do so, say so, and I promise you that this interview, and all you have told us, shall never pass beyond these walls. No one will be the wiser for it, and we will give you full credit for having attempted something that was too much for you to perform."

She had half risen from her chair when he began, but fell back again in her former position and looked impatiently from him to his companion, who was also regarding her earnestly.

"What are you talking about?" she said sharply.

"You, Kate," said the Mayor. "You have given everything you possess to this child. What provision have you made for yourself?"

"Do I look played out?" she said, facing them.

She certainly did not look like anything but a strong, handsome, resolute woman; but the men did not reply.

"That is not all, Kate," continued the Mayor, folding his arms and looking down upon her. "Have you thought what this means? It is the complete renunciation not only of any claim but any interest in your child. That is what you have just signed, and what it will be our duty now to keep you to. From this moment we stand between you and her, as we stand between her and the world. Are you ready to see her grow up away from you, losing even the little recollection she has had of your kindness—passing you in the street without knowing you, perhaps even having you pointed out to her as a person she should avoid? Are you prepared to shut your eyes and ears henceforth to all that you may hear of her new life, when she is happy, rich, respectable, a courted heiress—perhaps the wife of some great man? Are you ready to accept that she will never know—that no one will ever know—that you had any share in making her so, and that if you should ever breathe it abroad we shall hold it our duty to deny it, and brand the man who takes it up for you as a liar and the slanderer of an honest girl?"

"That's what I came here for," she said curtly; then, regarding them curiously, and running her ringed hand up and down the railed back of her chair, she added, with a half-laugh, "What are you playin' me for, boys?"

"But," said Colonel Pendleton, without heeding her, "are you ready to know that in sickness or affliction you will be powerless to help her; that a stranger will take your place at her bedside, that as she has lived without knowing you she will die without that knowledge, or that if through any weakness of yours it came to her then, it would embitter her last thoughts of earth and, dying, she would curse you?"

The smile upon her half-open mouth still fluttered around it, and her curved fingers still ran up and down the rails of the chair-back as if they were the cords of some mute instrument, to which she was trying to give voice. Her rings once or twice grated upon them as if she had at times gripped them closely. But she rose quickly when he paused, said "Yes" sharply, and put the chair back against the wall.

"Then I will send you copies of this to-morrow, and take an assignment of the property."

"I've got the cheque here for it now," she said, drawing it from her pocket and laying it upon the desk. "There, I reckon that's finished. Good-bye!"

The Mayor took up his hat, Colonel Pendleton did the same; both men preceded her to the door, and held it open with grave politeness for her to pass.

"Where are you boys going?" she asked, glancing from the one to the other.

"To see you to your carriage, Mrs. Howard," said the Mayor, in a voice that had become somewhat deeper.

"Through the whole building? Past all the people in the hall and on the stairs? Why, I passed Dan Stewart as I came in."

"If you will allow us?" he said, turning half-appealing to Colonel Pendleton, who, without speaking, made a low bow of assent.

A slight flush rose to her face—the first and only change in the even healthy colour she had shown during the interview.

"I reckon I won't trouble you, boys, if it's all the same to you," she said, with her half-strident laugh. "You mightn't mind being seen—but I would—Good-bye."

She held out a hand to each of the men, who remained for an instant silently holding them. Then she passed out of the door, slipping on her close black veil as she did so with a half-funereal suggestion, and they saw her tall handsome figure fade into the shadows of the long corridor.

"Paul," said the Mayor, re-entering the office and turning to his secretary, "do you know who that woman is?"

"Yes, Sir."

"She's one in a million! And now forget that you have ever seen her."

CHAPTER I.

The principal parlour of the New Golden Gate Hotel in San Francisco, fairly reported by the local press as being "truly palatial" in its appointments and unrivalled in its upholstery, was, nevertheless, on Aug. 5, 1860, of that startling newness that checked any familiarity, and evidently had produced some embarrassment on the limbs of four visitors who had just been ushered into its glories. After hesitating before one or two gorgeous fawn-coloured brocaded easy-chairs of appalling and spotless virginity, one of them seated himself despairingly on a tête-à-tête sofa in marked and painful isolation, while another sat uncomfortably upright on a sofa. The two others remained standing, vaguely gazing at the ceiling, and exchanging ostentatiously admiring but hollow remarks about the furniture in unnecessary whispers. Yet they were apparently men of a certain habit of importance and small authority, with more or less critical attitude in their speech.

To them presently entered a young man of about five-and-twenty, with remarkably bright and singularly sympathetic eyes. Having swept the group in a smiling glance, he singled out the lonely occupier of the tête-à-tête, and moved pleasantly towards him. The man rose instantly with an eager gratified look.

"Well, Paul, I didn't allow you'd remember me. It's a matter of four years since we met at Marysville. And now you're bein' a great man you've..."

No one could have known from the young man's smiling face that he really had not recognised his visitor at first, and that his greeting was only an exhibition of one of those happy instincts for which he was remarkable. But, following the clue suggested by his visitor, he was able to say promptly and gaily—

"I don't know why I should forget Tony Shear or the Marysville boys," turning with a half-confiding smile to the other visitors, who, after the human fashion, were beginning to be resentfully impatient of this special attention.

"Well, no—for I've allus said that you took your first start from Marysville. But I've brought a few friends of our Party—that I reckoned to introduce to you. Cap'en Stidger, Chairman of our Central Committee, Mr. Henry J. Hoskins, of the firm of Hoskins and Bloomer, and Joe Slate, of the *Union Press*, one of our most promising journalists. Gentlemen," he continued, suddenly and without warning lifting his voice to an oratorical plane in startling contrast to his previous unaffected utterance, "I needn't say that this is the Honourable Paul Hathaway—the youngest State Senator in the Legislature. You know his record!" Then, recovering the ordinary accents of humanity, he added, "We read of your departure last night from Sacramento, and I thought we'd come early, afore the crowd."

"Proud to know you, Sir," said Captain Stidger, suddenly lifting the conversation to the platform again. "I have followed your career, Sir. I've read your speech, Mr. Hathaway, and, as I was telling our mutual friend, Mr. Shear, as we came along, I don't know any man that could state the real Party issues as squarely.

Your castigating exposition of so-called Jeffersonian principles, and your relentless indictment of the resolutions of '98, were—were"—coughed the Captain, dropping into conversation again—"were the biggest thing out. You have only to signify the day, Sir, that you will address us, and I can promise you the largest audience in San Francisco."

"I'm instructed by the proprietor of the *Union Press*," said Mr. Slate, feeling for his notebook and pencil, "to offer you its columns for any explanations you may desire to make in the form of a personal letter or an editorial in reply to the *Advertiser's* strictures on your speech, or to take any information you may have for the benefit of our readers and the Party."

"If you are ever down my way, Mr. Hathaway," said Mr. Hoskins, placing a large business card in Hathaway's hand, "and will drop in as a friend, I can show you about the largest business in the way of canned provisions and domestic groceries in the State, and give you a look around Battery-street generally. Or if you'll name your day, I've got a pair of 2:35 Blue Grass horses that'll spin you out to the Cliff House to dinner and back. I've had Governor Fiske, and

Senator Doolan, and that big English capitalist who was here last year, and they—well, Sir—they were pleased! Or if you'd like to see the town—if this is your first visit—I'm a hand to show you."

Nothing could exceed Mr. Hathaway's sympathetic acceptance of their courtesies, nor was there the least affectation in it. Thoroughly enjoying his fellow-men, even in their foibles, they found him irresistibly attractive. "I lived here seven years ago," he said, smilingly, to the last speaker.

"When the water came up to Montgomery-street," interposed Mr. Shear, in a hoarse but admiring aside.

"When Mr. Hammersley was Mayor," continued Hathaway.

"Had an official position—private secretary—before he was twenty," explained Shear, in perfectly audible confidence.

"Since then the City has made great strides, leaping full-grown, Sir, in a single night," said Captain Stidger, hastily ascending the rostrum again with a mixed metaphor, to the apparent concern of a party of handsomely dressed young ladies who had recently entered the parlour. "Stretching from South Park to Black

Point, and running back to the Mission Dolores and the Presidio, we are building up a metropolis, Sir, worthy to be placed beside the Golden Gate that opens to the broad Pacific and the shores of far Cathay! When the Pacific Railroad is built we shall be the natural terminus of the Pathway of Nations!"

Mr. Hathaway's face betrayed no consciousness that he had heard something like this eight years before, and that much of it had come true, as he again sympathetically responded. Neither was his attention attracted by a singular similarity which the attitude of the group of ladies on the other side of the parlour bore to that of his own party. They were clustered around one of their own number—a striking-looking girl—who was apparently receiving their mingled flatteries and caresses with a youthful yet critical sympathy which, singularly enough, was not unlike his own. It was evident also that an odd sort of rivalry seemed to spring up between the two parties, and that, in proportion as Hathaway's admirers became more marked and ostentatious in their attentions, the supporters of the young girl were equally effusive and enthusiastic in their devotion. As usual in such cases,



The Mayor took the card from his secretary, glanced at it, said "Hollo!" and handed it to his companion.

the real contest was between the partisans themselves; each successive demonstration on either side was provocative or retaliatory, and when they were apparently rendering homage to their idols they were really distracted by and listening to each other. At last, Hathaway's party being reinforced by fresh visitors, a tall brunette of the opposition remarked in a professedly confidential but perfectly audible tone—

"Well, my dear, as I don't suppose you want to take part in a political caucus, perhaps we'd better return to the Ladies' Boudoir, unless there's a committee sitting there too."

"I know how valuable your time must be, as you are all business men," said Hathaway, turning to his party, in an equally audible tone; "but before you go, gentlemen, you must let me offer you a little refreshment in a private room," and he moved naturally towards the door. The rival fair, who had already risen at their commander's suggestion, here paused awkwardly over an embarrassing victory. Should they go or stay? The object of their devotion, however, turned curiously towards Hathaway. For an instant their eyes met. The young girl turned carelessly to her companions and said: "No; stay here—it's the public parlour," and her followers, evidently accustomed to her authority, sat down again.

"A galaxy of young ladies from the Convent of Santa Clara, Mr. Hathaway," explained Captain Stidger,

naively oblivious of any discourtesy on their part, as he followed Hathaway's glance and took his arm as they moved away. "Not the least of our treasures, Sir. Most of them daughters of pioneers—and all Californian bred and educated. Connoisseurs have awarded them the palm, and declare that for Grace, Intelligence, and Woman's Highest Charms the East cannot furnish their equal!" Having delivered this Parthian compliment in an oratorical passage through the doorway, the Captain descended, outside, into familiar speech. "But I suppose you will find that out for yourself if you stay here long. San Francisco might furnish a fitting bride to California's youngest Senator."

"I am afraid that my stay here must be brief, and limited to business," said Hathaway, who had merely noticed that the principal girl was handsome and original-looking. "In fact, I am here partly to see an old acquaintance—Colonel Pendleton."

The three men looked at each other curiously. "Oh! Harry Pendleton," said Mr. Hoskins, incredulously. "You don't know him?"

"An old pioneer—of course," interposed Shear, explanatorily and apologetically. "Why, in Paul's time the Colonel was a big man here."

"I understand the Colonel has been unfortunate," said Hathaway, gravely; "but, in my time, he was President of the El Dorado Bank."

"And the bank hasn't got through its settlement

yet," said Hoskins. "I hope you ain't expecting to get anything out of it?"

"No," said Hathaway, smiling; "I was a boy at that time, and lived up to my salary. I know nothing of his bank difficulties, but it always struck me that Colonel Pendleton was himself an honourable man."

"It ain't that," said Captain Stidger, energetically, "but the trouble with Harry Pendleton is that he hasn't grown with the State, and never adjusted himself to it. And he won't. He thinks the Millennium was between the fall of '49 and the spring of '50, and after that everything dropped. He belongs to the old days, when a man's simple word was good for any amount if you knew him; and they say that the old bank hadn't a scrap of paper for half that was owing to it. That was all very well, Sir, in '49 and '50, and—Luck; but it won't do for '59 and '60, and—Business! And the old man can't see it."

"But he is ready to fight for it now, as in the old time," said Mr. Slate, "and that's another trouble with his chronology. He's done more to keep up duelling than any other man in the State, and don't know the whole spirit of progress and civilisation is against it."

It was impossible to tell from Paul Hathaway's face whether his sympathy with Colonel Pendleton's foibles or his assent to the criticisms of his visitors was the truer. Both were no doubt equally sincere. But the party was presently engaged in the absorption of

refreshment, which, being of a purely spirituous and exhilarating quality, tended to increase their good-humour with the host till they parted. Even then a gratuitous advertisement of his virtues and their own intentions in calling upon him was oratorically voiced from available platforms and landings, in the hall and stairways, until it was pretty well known throughout the Golden Gate Hotel that the Hon Mr. Paul Hathaway had arrived from Sacramento and had received a "spontaneous ovation."

Meantime the object of it had dropped into an easy-chair by the window of his room, and was endeavouring to recall a less profitable memory. The process of human forgetfulness is not a difficult one between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six, and Paul Hathaway had not only fulfilled the Mayor's request by forgetting the particulars of a certain transfer that he had witnessed in the Mayor's office, but in the year succeeding that request, being about to try his fortunes in the mountains, he had formally constituted Colonel Pendleton to act as his proxy in the administration of Mrs. Howard's singular Trust, in which, however, he had never participated except yearly to sign his name. He was, consequently, somewhat astonished to have received a letter a few days before from Colonel Pendleton, asking him to call and see him regarding it.

He vaguely remembered that it was eight years ago, and eight years had worked considerable change in the original trustees, greatest of all in his superior officer, the Mayor, who had died the year following, leaving his trusteeship to his successor in office, whom Paul Hathaway had never seen. The Bank of El Dorado, despite Mrs. Howard's sanguine belief, had long been in bankruptcy, and, although Colonel Pendleton still survived it, it was certain that no other president would succeed to his office as trustee, and that the function would lapse with him. Paul himself, a soldier of fortune, although habitually lucky, had only lately succeeded to a profession—if his political functions could be so described. Even with his luck, energy, and ambition, while everything was possible, nothing was secure. It seemed, therefore, as if the soulless official must eventually assume the duties of the two sympathising friends who had originated them, and had stood *in loco parentis* to the constructive orphan. The mother, Mrs. Howard, had disappeared a year after the Trust had been made—it was charitably presumed in order to

prevent any complications that might arise from her presence in the country. With these facts before him, Paul Hathaway was more concerned in wondering what Pendleton could want with him than, I fear, any direct sympathy with the situation. On the contrary, it appeared to him more favourable for keeping the secret of Mrs. Howard's relationship, which would now die with Colonel Pendleton and himself; and there was no danger of any emotional betrayal of it in the cold official administration of a man who had received the Trust through the formal hands of successive predecessors. He had forgotten the time limited for the guardianship, but the girl must soon be of age and off their hands. If there had ever been any romantic or chivalrous impression left upon his memory by the scene in the Mayor's office, I fear he had put it away with various other foolish illusions of his youth, to which he now believed he was superior.

Nevertheless, he would see the Colonel, and at once, and settle the question. He looked at the address, "St. Charles' Hotel." He remembered an old hostelry of that name, near the Plaza. Could it be possible that it had survived the alterations and improvements of the city? It was an easy walk through remembered streets, yet with changed shops and horses and faces. When he reached the Plaza, scarce

recognisable in its later frontages of brick and stone, he found the old wooden building still intact, with its villa-like galleries and verandahs incongruously and ostentatiously over-looked by two new and aspiring erections on either side. For an instant he tried to recall the glamour of old days. He remembered when his boyish eyes regarded it as the crowning work of opulence and distinction; he remembered a ball given there on some public occasion, which was to him the acme of social brilliancy and display. How tawdry and trivial it looked beside those later and more solid structures! How inconsistent were those long latticed verandahs and balconies, pathetic record of that first illusion of the pioneers that their climate was a tropical one! A restaurant and billiard-saloon had aggrandised all of the lower storey; but there was still the fanlight, over which the remembered title of "St. Charles," in gilded letters, was now reinforced by the too demonstrative legend, "Apartments and Board, by the Day or Week." Was it possible that this narrow, creaking staircase had once seemed to him the broad steps of Fame and Fortune? On the first landing, a preoccupied Irish servant-girl, with a mop, directed him to a door at the end of the passage, at which he knocked. The door was opened by a grizzled negro servant, who was still holding a piece of oily chamois-leather in his hand; and the contents of a duelling-case, scattered upon a table in the centre of the room, showed what had been his occupation. Admitting Hathaway with great courtesy, he said—

"Marse Harry bin havin' his ole trouble, Sah, and bin engaged just dis mornen' on his toylet; ef yo'll accomodate yo'self on de sofa, I inform him yo is heah."

As the negro passed into the next room, Paul cast a hasty glance around the apartment. The furniture, originally rich and elegant, was now worn threadbare and lustreless. A book-case, containing, among other volumes, a few law books—there being a vague tradition, as Paul remembered, that Colonel Pendleton had once been connected with the law—a few French chairs of tarnished gilt, a rifle in the corner, a presentation sword in a mahogany case, a few classical prints on the walls, and one or two iron deed-boxes marked "El Dorado Bank," were the principal objects. A mild flavour of dry decay and methylated spirits pervaded the apartment. Yet it was scrupulously clean and well kept, and a few clothes neatly brushed and folded on a chair



"Do I look played out?" she said.

bore witness to the servant's care. As Paul however, glanced behind the sofa, he was concerned to see a coat, which had evidently been thrust hurriedly in a corner, with the sleeve lining inside out, and a needle and thread still sticking in the seam. It struck him instantly that this had been the negro's occupation, and that the pistol-cleaning was a polite fiction.

"Yo'll have to skuse Marse Harry seein' yo in bed, but his laig's pow'ful bad to-day, and he can't stand," said the servant, re-entering the room. "Skuse me, Sah," he added in a dignified confidential whisper, half closing the door with his hand, "but if yo wouldn't mind avoidin' 'xcitin' or controversial topics in yo' conversation it would be de better fo' him."

Paul smilingly assented, and the black retainer, with even more than the usual solemn ceremonious exaggeration of his race, ushered him into the bed-room. It was furnished in the same faded glory as the sitting-room, with the exception of a low iron camp-bedstead, in which the tall soldierly figure of Colonel Pendleton, clad in threadbare silk dressing-gown, was stretched. He had changed in eight years: his hair had become grey, and was thinned over the sunken temples, but his iron-grey moustache was still particularly long and well pointed. His face bore marks of illness and care; there were deep lines down the angle of the nostril that spoke of alternate savage outbreak and repression, and gave his smile a sardonic rigidity. His dark eyes, that shone with the exaltation of fever, fixed Paul's on entering, and with the tyranny of an invalid never left them.

"Well, Hathaway?"

With the sound of that voice Paul felt the years slip away, and he was again a boy, looking up admiringly to the strong man, who now lay helpless before him. He had entered the room with a faint sense of sympathising superiority and a consciousness of having had experience in controlling men. But all this fled before Colonel Pendleton's authoritative voice; even its broken tones carried the old dominant spirit of the man, and Paul found himself admiring a quality in his old acquaintance that he missed in his newer friends.

"I haven't seen you for eight years, Hathaway. Come here and let me look at you."

Paul approached the bedside with boyish obedience. Pendleton took his hand and gazed at him critically.

"I should have recognised you, Sir, for all your moustache and your inches. The last time I saw you was in Jack Hammersley's office. Well, Jack's dead, and here I am, little better, I reckon. You remember Hammersley's house?"

"Yes," said Paul, albeit wondering at the question.

"Something like this, Swiss villa style. I remember when Jack put it up. Well, the last time I was out, I



St. Charles' Hotel, San Francisco.

passed there. And what do you think they've done to it?"

Paul could not imagine.

"Well, Sir," said the Colonel gravely, "they've changed it into a church missionary shop and young men's Christian reading-room! But, that's 'progress' and 'improvement'!" He paused, and, slowly withdrawing his hand from Paul's, added with grim apology, "You're young, and belong to the new school, perhaps. Well, Sir, I've read your speech; I don't belong to your Party—mine died ten years ago—but I congratulate you. George! Confound it! where's that boy gone?"

The negro indicated by this youthful title, although he must have been ten years older than his master, after a hurried shuffling in the sitting-room eventually appeared at the door.

"George, champagne and materials for cocktails for the gentleman. The best, you understand. No new-fangled notions from that new parkeeper."

Paul, who thought he observed a troubled blinking in George's eyelid, and referred it to a fear of possible excitement for his patient, here begged his host not to trouble himself—that he seldom took anything in the morning.

"Possibly not, Sir; possibly not," returned the Colonel, hastily. "I know the new ideas are prohibitive and some other blank thing, but you're safe here from your constituents, and by gad, Sir, I sha'n't force you to take it! It's *my* custom, Hathaway—an old one—played out, perhaps, like all the others, but a custom nevertheless, and I'm only surprised that George, who knows it, should have forgotten it."

"Fack is, Marse Harry," said George, with feverish apology, "it bin gone 'scaped my mind dis mo'nin' in de prerogation ob business, but I'm goin' now shuah!" and he disappeared.

"A good boy, Sir, but beginning to be contaminated. Brought him here from Nashville over ten years ago. Eight years ago they proved to him that he was no longer a slave, and made him d—d unhappy until I promised him it should make no difference to him and he could stay. I had to send for his wife and child—of course, a dead loss of eighteen hundred dollars when they set foot in the State—but I'm blanked if he isn't just as miserable with them here, for he has to take two hours in the morning and three in the afternoon every day to be with 'em. I tried to get him to take his family to the mines and make his fortune, like those fellows they call bankers and operators and stockbrokers

nowadays; or to go to Oregon, where they'll make him some kind of a mayor or sheriff—but he won't. He collects my rents on some little property I have left, and pays my bills, Sir, and, if this blank civilisation would only leave him alone, he'd be a good enough boy."

Paul couldn't help thinking that the rents George collected were somewhat inconsistent with those he was evidently mending when he arrived, but at that moment the jingle of glasses was heard in the sitting-room, and the old negro reappeared at the door. Drawing himself up with ceremonious courtesy, he addressed Paul. "Wo'd yo mind, Sah, taking a glance at de wine for yo' choice?" Paul rose, and followed him into the sitting-room, when George carefully closed the door. To his surprise Hathaway beheld a tray with two glasses of whisky and bitters, but no wine. "Skuse me, Sah," said the old man with dignified apology, "but de Kernel won't have any but de best champagne for hono'ble gemmen like yo'self, and I'se despaired to say it kan't be got in de house or de subburbs. De best champagne dat we gives visitors is de Widder Glencoe. Wo'd yo mind, Sah, for de sake o' not 'xcitin' de Kernel wid triflin' culinary matter, to say dat yo don't take but de one brand?"

"Certainly," said Paul, smiling. "I really don't



They were clustered around one of their own number—a striking-looking girl.

care for anything so early," then, returning to the bedroom, he said carelessly, "You'll excuse me taking the liberty, Colonel, of sending away the champagne and contenting myself with whisky. Even the best brand—the Widow Cliquot"—with a glance at the gratified George—"I find rather trying so early in the morning."

"As you please, Hathaway," said the Colonel, somewhat stiffly. "I dare say there's a new fashion in drinks now, and a gentleman's stomach is a thing of the past. Then, I suppose, we can spare the boy, as this is his time for going home. Put that tin box with the Trust papers on the bed, George, and Mr. Hathaway will excuse your waiting." As the old servant made an exaggerated obeisance to each, Paul remarked, as the door closed upon him, "George certainly keeps his style, Colonel, in the face of the progress you deplore."

"He was always a 'dandy nigger,'" returned Pendleton, his face slightly relaxing as he glanced after his grizzled henchman, "but his exaggeration of courtesy is a blank sight more natural and manly than the exaggeration of discourtesy which your superior civilised 'helps' think is self-respect. The excuse of servitude of any kind is its spontaneity and affection. When you know a man hates you and serves you from interest, you know he's a cur and you're a tyrant. It's your blank progress that's made menial service degrading by teaching men to avoid it. Why, Sir, when I first arrived here, Jack Hammersley and myself took turns as cook to the party. I didn't consider myself any the worse master for it. But enough of this." He paused,

and, raising himself on his elbow, gazed for some seconds half cautiously, half doubtfully, upon his companion. "I've got something to tell you, Hathaway," he said slowly. "You've had an easy time with this Trust; your share of the work hasn't worried you, kept you awake nights, or interfered with your career. I understand perfectly," he continued, in reply to Hathaway's deprecating gesture. "I accepted to act as your proxy, and I have. I'm not complaining. But it is time that you should know what I've done, and what you may still have to do. Here is the record. On the day after that interview in the Mayor's office, the El Dorado Bank, of which I was, and still am, president, received seventy-five thousand dollars in trust from Mrs. Howard. Two years afterwards, on that same day, the bank had, by lucky speculations, increased that sum to the credit of the trust one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or double the original capital. In the following year the bank suspended payment."

CHAPTER II.

In an instant the whole situation and his relations to it flashed upon Paul with a terrible, but almost grotesque, completeness. Here he was, at the outset of his career, responsible for the wasted fortune of the daughter of a social outcast, and saddled with her support! He now knew why Colonel Pendleton had wished to see him; for one shameful moment he believed he also knew why he had been content to take his proxy! The

questionable character of the whole transaction, his own carelessness, which sprang from that very confidence and trust that Pendleton had lately extolled—what *would*, what *could* not be made of it! He already heard himself abused by his opponents—perhaps, more terrible still, faintly excused by his friends. All this was visible in his pale face and flashing eyes as he turned them on the helpless invalid.

Colonel Pendleton received his look with the same critical, half-curious scrutiny that had accompanied his speech. At last his face changed slightly, a faint look of disappointment crossed his eyes and a sardonic smile deepened the lines of his mouth.

"There, Sir," he said hurriedly, as if dismissing an unpleasant revelation; "don't alarm yourself! Take a drink of that whisky. You look pale. Well; turn your eyes on those walls. You don't see any of that money laid out here—do you? Look at me. I don't look like a man enriched with other people's money—do I? Well, let that content you. Every dollar of that Trust fund, Hathaway, with all the interests and profits that have accrued to it, is *safe*! Every cent of it is locked up in Government Bonds with Rothschild's agent. There are the receipts, dated a week before the bank suspended. But enough of that—that isn't what I asked you to come and see me for."

The blood had rushed back to Paul's cheeks uncomfortably. He saw now, as impulsively as he had previously suspected his co-trustee, that the man had probably ruined himself to save the Trust. He

stammered that he had not questioned the management of the fund nor asked to withdraw his proxy.

"No matter, Sir," said the Colonel, impatiently; "you had the right, and, I suppose," he added with half-concealed scorn, "it was your duty. But let that pass. The money is safe enough; but, Mr. Hathaway—and this is the point I want to discuss with you—it begins to look as if the *secret* was safe no longer!" He had raised himself with some pain and difficulty to draw nearer to Paul, and had again fixed his eyes eagerly upon him. But Paul's responsive glance was so vague that he added quickly, "You understand, Sir; I believe that there are hounds—I say, hounds!—who would be able to blurt out at any moment that that girl at Santa Clara is Kate Howard's daughter."

At any other moment Paul might have questioned the gravity of any such contingency, but the terrible earnestness of the speaker, his dominant tone, and a certain respect which had lately sprung up in his breast for him, checked him, and he only asked, with as much concern as he could master for the moment—

"What makes you think so?"

"That's what I want to tell you, Hathaway, and how I, and I alone, am responsible for it. When the bank was in difficulty and I made up my mind to guard the Trust with my own personal and private capital, I knew that there might be some comment on my action. It was a delicate matter to show any preference or exclusion at such a moment, and I took two or three of my brother directors whom I thought I could trust into my confidence. I told them the whole story, and how the Trust was sacred. I made a mistake, Sir," continued Pendleton, sardonically, "a grave mistake. I did not take into account that even in three years civilisation and religion had gained ground here. There was a hound there—a blank Judas in the Trust. Well; he didn't see it. I think he talked Scripture and morality. He said something about the wages of sin being infamous, and only worthy of confiscation. He talked about the sins of the father being visited upon the children, and justly. I stopped him. Well! Do you know what's the matter with my ankle? Look!" He stopped and, with some difficulty and invincible gravity, throwing aside his dressing-gown, turned down his stocking, and exposed to Paul's gaze the healed cicatrix of an old bullet-wound. "Troubled me damnably near a year. Where I hit him—hasn't troubled him at all since!"

"I think," continued the Colonel, falling back upon the pillow with an air of relief, "that he told others—of his own kidney, Sir—though it was a secret among gentlemen. But they have preferred to be silent now—than afterwards. They know that I'm ready. But I can't keep this up long; some time, you know, they're bound to improve in practice and hit higher up! As far as I'm concerned," he added, with a grim glance around the faded walls and threadbare furniture, "it don't mind; but mine isn't the mouth to be stopped." He paused, and then abruptly, yet with a sudden and pathetic dropping of his dominant note, said: "Hathaway, you're young, and Hammersley liked you—what's to be done? I thought of passing over my tools to you. You can shoot, and I hear you *have*. But the hell of it is that if you dropped a man or two people would ask *why*, and want to know what it was about; while, when I do, nobody here thinks it anything but *my way*! I don't mean that it would hurt you with the crowd to wipe out one or two of these hounds during the canvass, but the trouble is that they belong to *your Party*, and," he added grimly, "that wouldn't help your career."

"But," said Paul, ignoring the sarcasm, "are you not magnifying the effect of a disclosure? The girl is an heiress, excellently brought up. Who will bother about the antecedents of the mother, who has disappeared, whom she never knew, and who is legally dead to her?"

"In my day, Sir, no one who knew the circumstances," returned the Colonel, quickly. "But we are living in a blessed era of Christian retribution and civilised propriety, and I believe there are a lot of men and women about who have no other way of showing their own virtue than by showing up another's vice. We're in a reaction of reform. It's the old drunkards who are always more clamorous for total abstinence than the moderately temperate. I tell you, Hathaway, there couldn't be an unluckier moment for our secret coming out."

"But she will be of age soon."

"In two months."

"And sure to marry."

"Marry!" repeated Pendleton, with grim irony. "Would you marry her?"

"That's another question," said the young man promptly, "and one of individual taste; but it does not affect my general belief that she could easily find a husband as good and better."

"Suppose she found one *before* the secret came out. Ought he be told?"

"Certainly."

"And that would imply telling *her*?"

"Yes," said Paul, but not so promptly.

"And you consider *that* fulfilling the promise of the Trust—the pledges exchanged with that woman?" continued Pendleton, with glittering eyes and a return to his old dominant tone.

"My dear Colonel," said Paul, somewhat less positively, but still smiling, "you have made a romantic, almost impossible compact with Mrs. Howard,

that, you yourself are now obliged to admit, circumstances may prevent your carrying out substantially. You forget, also, that you have just told me that you have already broken your pledge—under circumstances, it is true, that do you honour—and that now your desperate attempts to retrieve it have failed. Now, I really see nothing wrong in your telling to a presumptive well-wisher of the girl what you have told to her enemy."

There was a dead silence. The prostrate man uttered a slight groan, as if in pain, and drew up his leg to change his position. After a pause, he said, in a restrained voice, "I differ from you, Mr. Hathaway; but enough of this for the present. I have something else to say. It will be necessary for one of us to go at once to Santa Clara and see Miss Yerba Buena."

"Good heavens!" said Paul, quickly. "Do you call *her* that?"

"Certainly, Sir. *You* gave her the name. Have you forgotten?"

"I only suggested it," returned Paul, hopelessly; "but no matter—go on."

"I cannot go there, as you see," continued Pendleton, with a weary gesture towards his crippled ankle; "and I should particularly like you to see her before we make the joint disposition of her affairs with the Mayor, two months hence. I have some papers you can show her, and I have already written a letter introducing you to the Lady Superior at the convent, and to her. You have never seen her?"

"No," said Paul. "But, of course, you have?"

"Not for three years."

Paul's eyes evidently expressed some wonder, for a moment after the Colonel added, "I believe, Hathaway, I am looked upon as a queer survival of a rather lawless and improper past. At least, I have thought it better not socially to compromise her by my presence. The Mayor goes there—at the examinations and exercises, I believe, Sir; they make a sort of reception for him—with a—a—banquet—lemonade and speeches."

"I had intended to leave for Sacramento to-morrow night," said Paul, glancing curiously at the helpless man; "but I will go there if you wish."

"Thank you. It will be better."

There were a few words of further explanation of the papers, and Pendleton placed the packet in his visitor's hands. Paul rose. Somehow, it appeared to him that the room looked more faded and forgotten than when he entered it, and the figure of the man before him more lonely, helpless, and abandoned. With one of his sympathetic impulses he said—

"I don't like to leave you here alone. Are you sure you can help yourself without George? Can I do anything before I go?"

"I am quite accustomed to it," said Pendleton, quietly. "It happens once or twice a year, and when I go out—well—I miss more than I do here."

He took Paul's proffered hand mechanically, with a slight return of the critical, doubting look he had cast upon him when he entered. His voice, too, had quite recovered its old dominance, as he said, with half-patronising conventionalities, "You'll have to find your way out alone. Let me know how you have sped at Santa Clara, will you? Good-bye."

The staircase and passage seemed to have grown shabbier and meaner as Paul, slowly and hesitatingly, descended to the street. At the foot of the stairs he paused irresolutely, and loitered with a vague idea of turning back on some pretence, only that he might relieve himself of the sense of desertion. He had already determined upon making that inquiry into the Colonel's personal and pecuniary affairs which he had not dared to offer personally, and had a half-formed plan of testing his own power and popularity in a certain line of relief that at once satisfied his sympathies and ambitions. Nevertheless, after reaching the street, he lingered a moment, when an odd idea of temporising with his inclinations struck him. At the farther end of the hotel—one of the parasites living on its decayed fortunes—was a small barber's shop. By having his hair trimmed and his clothes brushed, he could linger a little longer beneath the same roof with the helpless solitary, and perhaps come to some conclusion. He entered the clean but scantily furnished shop, and threw himself into one of the nearest chairs, hardly noting that there were no other customers, and that a single assistant, stropping a razor behind a glass door, was the only occupant. But there was a familiar note of exaggerated politeness about the voice of this man as he opened the door and came towards the back of the chair with the formula—

"Mo'nin', Sah! Shall we hab de pleshure of shavin' or hah-cuttin' dis mo'nin'?" Paul raised his eyes quickly to the mirror before him. It reflected the black face and grizzled hair of George.

More relieved at finding the old servant still near his master than caring to comprehend the reason, Hathaway said pleasantly, "Well, George, is this the way you look after your family?"

The old man started; for an instant his full red lips seemed to become dry and ashen, the whites of his eyes were suffused and staring, as he met Paul's smiling face in the glass. But almost as quickly he recovered himself, and, with a polite but deprecating bow, said—"For God sake, Sah! I admit de sarkumstances is agin me, but de simple fack is dat I'm temper'ly occupyin' de place of an ole frien', Sah, who is called round de cornah."

"And I'm devilish glad of any fact, George, that

gives me a chance of having my hair cut by Colonel Pendleton's right-hand man. So fire away!"

The gratified smile which now suddenly overspread the whole of the old man's face, and seemed to quickly stiffen the rugged and wrinkled fingers that had at first trembled in drawing a pair of shears from a ragged pocket, appeared to satisfy Paul's curiosity for the present. But after a few moments' silent snipping, during which he could detect in the mirror some traces of agitation still twitching the negro's face, he said with an air of conviction—

"Look here, George—why don't you regularly use your leisure moments in this trade? You'd make your fortune by your taste and skill at it."

For the next half-minute the old man's frame shook with silent childlike laughter behind Paul's chair. "Well, Marse Hathaway, yo's an ole frien' o' my massa, and a gemman yo'self, Sah, and a Senatah, and I do'an mind tellen' yo—dat's jess what I bin gone done! It makes a little ready money for de ole woman and de chilleren. But de Kernel don' no'. Ah, Sah! de Kernel kill me or hisself if he so much as 'spicioned me. De Kernel is high-toned, Sah!—bein' a gemman yo'self, yo' understand. He wouldn't heah of his niggah worken' for two Massas—for all he's willen' to lemme go and help myself. But, Lord bless yo, Sah, dat ain't in de category! De Kernel couldn't get along widout me."

"You collect his rents, don't you?" said Paul, quietly.

"Yes, Sah."

"Much?"

"Well, no, Sah; not so much as fom'ly, Sah! Yo see, de Kernel's prop'ty lies in de ole parts of de town, where de po' white folks lib, and dey ain't reg'lar. De Kernel dat sof' in his heart, he daren' press 'em; some of 'em is ole fo'ty-niners like hisself, Sah; and some is Spanish, Sah, and dey is sof' too, and ain't no more gumption dan chilleren, and tink it's ole time come agin, an dey's in de ole places like afo' de Mexican Wah! and dey don' bin' payin' noffin'. But we gets along, Sah—we gets along—not in de *prima facie* style, Sah! mebbe not in de modden way dut de Kernel don't like; but we keeps ourself, Sah, and has wine fo' our friends. When yo come again, Sah, yo'll find de Widder Glencoe on de sideboard."

"Has the Colonel many friends here?"

"Mos' de ole ones bin done gone, Sah, and de Kernel don' cotton to de new. He don' mix much in sassiety till de bank settlements bin gone done. Skuse me, Sah!—but yo don' happen to know when dat is? It would be a pow'ful heap off de Kernel's mind if it was done. Bein' a high and mighty man in Committees up dah in Sacramento, Sah, I didn't know but what yo might know as it might come befo' yo."

"I'll see about it," said Paul, with an odd abstracted smile.

"Shampoo dis mornen', Sah?"

"Nothing more in this line," said Paul, rising from his chair, "but something more, perhaps, in the line of your other duties. You're a good barber for the public, George, and I don't take back what I said about your future; but *just now* I think the Colonel wants all your service. He's not at all well. Take this," he said, putting a twenty-dollar gold piece in the astonished servant's hand, "and for the next three or four days drop the shop, and under some pretext or another arrange to be with him. That money will cover what you lose here, and as soon as the Colonel's all right again you can come back to work. But are you not afraid of being recognised by someone?"

"No, Sah, dat's just it. On'y strangers dat don't know no better come yere."

"But suppose your master should drop in? It's quite convenient to his rooms."

"Marse Harry in a barber-shop!" said the old man, with a silent laugh. "Skuse me, Sah," he added with an apologetic mixture of respect and dignity, "but fo' twenty years no man hez touched de Kernel's chin but myself. When Marse Harry hez to go to a barber's shop, it won't make no matter who's dar."

"Let's hope he will not," said Paul, gaily; then, anxious to evade the gratitude which since his munificence he had seen beaming in the old negro's eye and evidently trying to find polysyllabic and elevated expression on his lips, he said hurriedly, "I shall expect to find you with the Colonel when I call again in a day or two," and smilingly departed.

At the end of two hours George's barber-employer returned to relieve his assistant, and, on receiving from him an account and a certain percentage of the afternoon's fees (minus the gift from Paul), was informed by George that he should pretermitt his attendance for a few days. "Udder private and personal affairs," explained the old negro, who made no social distinction in his vocabulary, "peroccupyin' dis niggah's time." The head barber, unwilling to lose a really good assistant, endeavoured to dissuade him by the offer of increased emolument, but George was firm.

As he entered the sitting-room the Colonel detected his step, and called him in.

"Another time, George, never allow a guest of mine to send away wine. If he don't care for it, put it on the sideboard."

"Yes, Sah; but as yo didn't like it yo'self, Marse Harry, and de wine was de most 'xpensive quality ob Glencoe"—

"D—n the expense!" He paused, and gazed searchingly at his old retainer.

"George," he said suddenly, yet in a gentle voice, "don't lie to me, or"—in a still kinder voice—"I'll flog the black skin off you! Listen to me. Have you got any money left?"

"Deed, Sah, dere is," said the negro, earnestly. "I'll jist fetch it wid de accounts."

"Hold on! I've been thinking, lying here, that if the Widow Molloy can't pay because she sold out, and that tobacconist is ruined, and we've had to pay the water tax for old Bill Soames, the rent last week don't amount to much, while there's the month's bill for the restaurant and that blank druggist's account for lotions and medicines to come out of it. It strikes me we're pretty near touching bottom. I've everything I want here, but, by God, Sir, if I find *you* skimping yourself or lying to me, or borrowing money!"

"Yes, Marse Harry, but the Widder Molloy done gone and paid up dis afnoon. I'll bring de books and money to prove it," and he hurriedly re-entered the sitting-room.

Then with trembling hands he emptied his pockets on the table, including Paul's gift and the fees he had just received, and opening a desk-drawer took from it a striped cotton handkerchief, such as negro women wear on their heads, containing a small quantity of silver tied up in a hard knot, and a boy's purse. This he emptied on the table with his own money.

They were the only rents of Colonel Henry Pendleton! They were contributed by "George Washington Thomson"; his wife, otherwise known as "Aunt Dinah," washerwoman; and "Scipio Thomson," their son, aged fourteen, bootblack. It did not amount to much. But in that happy moisture that dimmed the old man's eyes, God knows it looked large enough.

CHAPTER III.

Although the rays of an unclouded sun were hot in the Santa Clara roads and byways, and the dry, bleached dust had become an impalpable powder, the perspiring and parched pedestrian who rashly sought relief in the shade of the wayside oak was speedily chilled to the bone by the north-west trade-winds that on those August afternoons swept through the defiles of the coast range, and even penetrated the pastoral valley of San José. The anomaly of straw hats and overcoats with the occupants of buggies and station wagons was thus accounted for, and even in the sheltered garden of "El Rosario" two young girls in light summer dresses had thrown wraps over their shoulders as they lounged down a broad rose-alley at right angles with the deep long verandah of the *casa*. Yet, in spite of the chill, the old Spanish house and gardens presented a luxurious, almost tropical, picture from the roadside. Banks, beds, and bowers of roses lent their name and colour to the grounds; tree-like clusters of hanging fuchsias, mound-like masses of variegated verbena, and tangled thickets of ceanothus and spreading heliotrope were set in boundaries of venerable olive-, fig-, and pear-trees. The old house itself, a picturesque relief to the glaring newness of the painted villas along the road, had been tastefully modified to suit the needs and habits of a later civilisation; the galleries of the inner courtyard, or *patio*, had been transferred to the outside walls in the form of deep verandahs, while the old adobe walls themselves were hidden beneath flowing Cape jessamine or bestarred passion vines, and topped by roofs of cylindrical red tiles.

"Miss Yerba!" said a dry, masculine voice from the verandah.

The taller young girl started, and drew herself suddenly behind a large Castilian rose-tree, dragging her companion with her, and putting her finger imperatively upon a pretty but somewhat passionate mouth. The other girl checked a laugh, and remained watching her friend's wickedly levelled brows in amused surprise.

The call was repeated from the verandah. After a moment's pause there was the sound of retreating footsteps, and all was quiet again.

"Why, for goodness' sake, didn't you answer, Yerba?" asked the shorter girl.

"Oh, I hate him!" responded Yerba. "He only wanted to bore me with his stupid formal, sham-parental talk. Because he's my official guardian he thinks it necessary to assume this manner towards me when we meet, and treats me as if I were something between his stepdaughter and an almshouse orphan or a police board. It's perfectly ridiculous, for it's only put on while he is in office, and he knows it, and I know it, and I'm tired of making believe. Why, my dear, they change every election; I've had seven of them, all more or less of this kind, since I can remember."

"But I thought there were two others, dear, that were not official," said her companion coaxingly.

Yerba sighed. "No; there was another, who was president of a bank, but that was also to be official if he died. I used to like him, he seemed to be the only gentleman among them; but it appears that he is dreadfully improper; shoots people now and then for nothing at all, and burst up his bank—and, of course, he's impossible, and, as there's no more bank, when he dies there'll be no more trustee."

"And there's the third, you know—a stranger, who never appears?" suggested the younger girl.

"And who do you suppose *he* turns out to be? Do you remember that conceited little wretch—that 'Baby

Senator,' I think they called him—who was in the parlour of the Golden Gate the other morning surrounded by his idiotic worshippers and toadies and ballot-box stuffers? Well, if you please, *that's* Mr. Paul Hathaway—the Honourable Paul Hathaway, who washed his hands of me, my dear, at the beginning!"

"But really, Yerba, I thought that he looked and acted"—

"You thought of nothing at all, Milly," returned Yerba, with authority. "I tell you he's a mass of conceit. What else could you expect of a Man—toadied and fawned upon to that extent? It made me sick! I could have just shaken them!"

As if to emphasise her statement, she grasped one of the long willowy branches of the enormous rose-bush where she stood, and shook it lightly. The action detached a few of the maturer blossoms, and sent down a shower of faded pink petals on her dark hair and yellow dress. "I can't bear conceit," she added.

"Oh, Yerba, just stand as you are! I do wish the girls could see you. You make the *loveliest* picture!"

She certainly did look very pretty as she stood there—a few leaves lodged in her hair, clinging to her dress, and suggesting by reflection the colour that her delicate satin skin would have resented in its own texture. But she turned impatiently away—perhaps not before she had allowed this passing vision to impress the mind of her devoted adherent—and said, "Come along, or that dreadful man will be out on the verandah again."

"But, if you dislike him so, why did you accept the invitation to meet him here at luncheon?" said the curious Milly.

"I didn't accept; the Mother Superior did for me, because he's the Mayor of San Francisco visiting your uncle, and she's always anxious to placate the powers that be. And I thought he might have some information that I could get out of him. And it was better than being in the convent all day. And I thought I could stand *him* if you were here."

Milly gratefully accepted this doubtful proof of affection by squeezing her companion's arm. "And you didn't get any information, dear?"

"Of course not! The idiot knows only the old tradition of his office—that I was a mysterious Trust left in Mayor Hammersley's hands. He actually informed me that 'Buena' meant 'Good'; that it was likely the name of the captain of some whaler, that put into San Francisco in the early days, whose child I was, and that, if I chose to call myself 'Miss Good,' he would allow it, and get a Bill passed in the Legislature to legalise it. Think of it, my dear!—'Miss Good,' like one of Mrs. Barbauld's stories, or a moral governess in the 'Primary Reader.'"

"'Miss Good,' repeated Milly, innocently. "Yes, you might put an *e* at the end—G-double-o-d-e. There are Goodes in Philadelphia. And then you won't have to sacrifice that sweet pretty 'Yerba,' that's so stylish and musical, for you'd still be 'Yerba Good.' But," she added, as Yerba made an impatient gesture, "why do you worry yourself about *that*? You wouldn't keep your own name long, whatever it was. An heiress like you, dear—lovely and accomplished—would have the best names as well as the best men in America to choose from."

"Now, please, don't repeat that idiot's words. That's what *he* says; that's what they *all* say!" returned Yerba, pettishly. "One would really think it was necessary for me to get married to become anybody at all, or have any standing whatever. And, whatever you do, don't go talking of me as if I were named after a vegetable. 'Yerba Buena' is the name of an island in the bay just off San Francisco. I'm named after that."

"But I don't see the difference, dear. The island was named after the vine that grows on it."

"You don't see the difference?" said Yerba, darkly. "Well, I do. But what are you looking at?"

Her companion had caught her arm, and was gazing intently at the house.

"Yerba," she said quickly, "there's the Mayor, and uncle, and a strange gentleman coming down the walk. They're looking for us. And, as I live, Yerba! the strange gentleman is that young Senator, Mr. Hathaway!"

"Mr. Hathaway? Nonsense!"

"Look for yourself."

Yerba glanced at the three gentlemen, who, a hundred yards distant, were slowly advancing in the direction of the ceanothus-hedge behind which the girls had instinctively strayed during their conversation.

"What are you going to do?" said Milly, eagerly. "They're coming straight this way. Shall we stay here and let them pass, or make a run for the house?"

"No," said Yerba, to Milly's great surprise. "That would look as if we cared. Besides, I don't know that Mr. Hathaway has come to see *me*. We'll stroll out and meet them accidentally."

Milly was still more astonished. However, she said, "Wait a moment, dear!" and, with the instinctive deftness of her sex, in three small tugs and a gentle hitch, shook Yerba's gown into perfect folds, passed her fingers across her forehead and over her ears, securing, however, with a hairpin on their passage three of the rose petals where they had fallen. Then, discharging their faces of any previous expression, these two charming hypocrites sallied out innocently into the walk. Nothing could be more natural than their manner: if a criticism might be ventured upon, it was that their elbows were slightly drawn inwards and before them, leaving their hands gracefully advanced in the line of their figures, an attitude accepted throughout the civilised world

of deportment as indicating fastidious refinement not unmingled with permissible hauteur.

The three gentlemen lifted their hats at this ravishing apparition, and halted. The Mayor advanced with great politeness.

"I feared you didn't hear me call you, Miss Yerba, so we ventured to seek you." As the two girls exchanged almost infantile glances of surprise, he continued: "Mr. Paul Hathaway has done us the honour of seeking you here, as he did not find you at the convent. You may have forgotten that Mr. Hathaway is the third one of your trustees."

"And so inefficient and worthless that I fear he doesn't count," said Paul, "but," raising his eyes to Yerba's, "I fancy that I have already had the pleasure of seeing you, and, I fear, the mortification of having disturbed you and your friends in the parlour of the Golden Gate Hotel yesterday."

The two girls looked at each other with the same childlike surprise. Yerba broke the silence by suddenly turning to Milly. "Certainly, you remember how greatly interested we were in the conversation of a party of gentlemen who were there when we came in. I am afraid our foolish prattle must have disturbed *you*. I know that we were struck with the intelligent and eloquent devotion of your friends."

"Oh, perfectly," chimed in the loyal but somewhat infelix Milly; "and it was so kind and thoughtful of Mr. Hathaway to take them away as he did."

"I felt the more embarrassed," continued Hathaway, smiling, but still critically examining Yerba for an indication of something characteristic, beyond this palpable conventionality, "as I unfortunately must present my credentials from a gentleman as much of a stranger as myself—Colonel Pendleton."

The trade-wind was evidently making itself felt even in this pastoral retreat, for the two gentlemen appeared to shrink slightly within themselves, and a chill seemed to have passed over the group. The Mayor coughed. The avuncular Woods gazed abstractedly at a large cactus. Even Paul, prepared by previous experience, stopped short.

"Colonel Pendleton! Oh, do tell me all about him!" flashed out Yerba, suddenly, with clasped hands and eager girlish breath.

Paul cast a quick grateful glance at the girl. Whether assumed or not, her enthusiastic outburst was effective. The Mayor looked uneasily at Woods, and turned to Paul.

"Ah, yes! You and he were original co-trustees. I believe Pendleton is in reduced circumstances. Never quite got over that bank trouble."

"That is only a question of legislative investigation and relief," said Paul, lightly, yet with purposely vague official mystery of manner. Then, turning quickly to Yerba, as if replying to the only real question at issue, he continued pointedly, "I am sorry to say the Colonel's health is so poor that it keeps him quite a recluse. I have a letter from him and a message for you." His bright eyes added plainly—"as soon as we can get rid of those people."

"Then you think that a Bill"—began the Mayor, eagerly.

"I think, my dear Sir," said Paul, plaintively, "that I and my friends have already tried the patience of these two young ladies quite enough yesterday with politics and law-making. I have to catch the six-o'clock train to San Francisco this evening, and have already lost the time I hoped to spend with Miss Yerba by missing her at the convent. Let me stroll on here, if you like, and if I venture to monopolise the attention of this young lady for half an hour, you, my dear Mr. Mayor, who have more frequent access to her, I know will not begrudge it to me."

He placed himself beside Yerba and Milly, and began an entertaining, although, I fear, slightly exaggerated account of his reception by the Lady Superior, and her evident doubts of his identity with the trustee mentioned in Pendleton's letter of introduction. "I confess she frightened me," he continued, "when she remarked that, according to my statement, I could have been only eighteen years old when I became your guardian, and as much in want of one as you were. I think that only her belief that Mr. Woods and the Mayor would detect me as an impostor provoked her at last to tell me your whereabouts."

"But why *did* they ever make you a trustee, for goodness' sake?" said Milly, naively. "Was there no one grown up at that time that they could have called upon?"

"Those were the *early* days of California," responded Paul, with great gravity, although he was conscious that Yerba was regarding him narrowly, "and I probably looked older and more intelligent than I really was. For, candidly," with the consciousness of Yerba's eyes still upon him, "I remember very little about it. I dare say I was selected, as you kindly suggest, 'for goodness' sake.'"

"After all," said the volatile Milly, who seemed inclined, as chaperon, to direct the conversation, "there was something pretty and romantic about it. You two poor young things taking care of each other, for, of course, there were no women here in those days."

"Of course there *were* women here," interrupted Yerba, quickly, with a half-meaning, half-interrogative glance at Paul that made him instinctively uneasy. "You later comers"—to Milly—"always seem to think that there was *nothing* here before you!" She paused,



The object of their devotion, however, turned curiously towards Hathaway. For an instant their eyes met.

and then added, with a naïve mixture of reproach and coquetry that was as charming as it was unexpected, "As to taking care of each other, Mr. Hathaway very quickly got rid of me, I believe."

"But I left you in better hands, Miss Yerba; and let me thank you now," he added in a lower tone, "for recognising it as you did a moment ago. I'm glad that you instinctively liked Colonel Pendleton. Had you known him better, you would have seen how truthful that instinct was. His chief fault in the eyes of our worthy friends is that he reminds them of a great deal they can't perpetuate and much they would like to forget." He checked himself abruptly. "But here is your letter," he resumed, drawing Colonel Pendleton's missive from his pocket, "perhaps you would like to read it now, in case you have any message to return by me. Miss Woods, and I will excuse you."

They had reached the end of the rose-alley, where a summer-house that was in itself a rose-bower partly disclosed itself. The other gentlemen had lagged behind. "I will amuse myself, and console your other guardian, dear," said the vivacious Milly, with a rapid exchange of glances with Yerba, "until this horrid business is over. Besides," she added with cheerful vagueness, "after so long a separation you must have a great deal to say to each other."

Paul smiled as she rustled away, and Yerba, entering the summer-house, sat down and opened the letter. The young man remained leaning against the rustic archway, occasionally glancing at her and at the moving figures in the gardens. He was conscious of an odd excitement which he could trace to no particular cause. It was true that he had been annoyed at not finding the young girl at the convent, and at having to justify himself to the Lady Superior for what he conceived to be an act of gratuitous kindness; nor was he blind to the fact that his persistence in following her was more an act of aggression against the enemies of Pendleton than of concern for Yerba. She was certainly pretty; he could not remember her mother sufficiently to trace any likeness, and he had never admired the mother's pronounced beauty. She had flashed out for an instant into what seemed originality and feeling. But it had passed, and she had asked no further questions in regard to the Colonel.

She had hurriedly skimmed through the letter, which seemed to be composed of certain figures and accounts. "I suppose it's all right," she said: "at least, you can say so if he asks you. It's only an explanation why he has transferred my money from the bank to Rothschild's agent years ago. I don't see why it should interest me now."

Paul made no doubt that it was the same transfer that had shipwrecked the Colonel's fortune and alienated his friends, and could not help replying somewhat pointedly, "But I think it should, Miss Yerba. I don't know what the Colonel explained to you—doubtless, not the whole truth, for he is not a man to praise himself; but, the fact is, the bank was in difficulties at the time of that transfer, and, to make it, he sacrificed his personal fortune, and, I think, awakened some of that ill-feeling you have just noticed." He checked himself too late: he had again lost not only his tact and self-control, but had nearly betrayed himself. He was surprised that the girl's justifiable ignorance should have irritated him. Yet she had evidently not noticed, or misunderstood it, for she said, with a certain precision that was almost studied—

"Yes, I suppose it would have been a terrible thing to him to have been suspected of misappropriating a Trust confided to him by parties who had already paid

him the high compliment of confiding to his care a secret and a fortune."

Paul glanced at her quickly with astonishment. Was this ignorance, or suspicion? Her manner, however, suddenly changed, with the charming capriciousness of youth and conscious beauty. "He speaks of you in this letter," she said, letting her dark eyes rest on him provokingly.

"That accounts for your lack of interest, then," said Paul, gaily, relieved to turn a conversation fraught with so much danger.

"But he speaks very flatteringly," she went on. "He seems to be another one of your admirers. I'm sure, Mr. Hathaway, after that scene in the hotel parlour yesterday, you, at least, cannot complain of having been

have just talked about if he didn't know it? And feared the consequences, perhaps?" she added, with a slight return of her previous expressive manner.

Again Paul was puzzled and irritated, he knew not why. But he only said pleasantly, "I differ from you there. I am afraid that such a thing as fear never entered into Colonel Pendleton's calculations on any subject. I think he would act the same towards the highest and the lowest, the powerful or the most weak." As she glanced at him quickly and mischievously, he added, "I am quite willing to believe that his knowledge of you made his duty pleasanter."

He was again quite sincere, and his slight sympathy had that irresistible quality of tone and look which made him so dangerous. For he was struck with the

pretty soothed self-complacency that had shone in her face since he had spoken of Pendleton's equal disinterestedness. It seemed, too, as if what he had taken for passion or petulance in her manner had been only a resistance to some continual aggression of condition. With that remainder held in check, a certain latent nobility was apparent, as of her true self. In this moment of pleased abstraction she had drawn through the lattice-work of one of the windows a spray of roses still clinging to the vine, and, with her graceful head a little on one side, was softly caressing her cheek with it. She certainly was very pretty. From the crown of her dark little head to the narrow rosetted slippers that had been idly tapping the ground, but now seemed to press it more proudly, with arched insteps and small ankles, she was pleasant to look upon.

"But you surely have something else to think about, Miss Yerba?" said the young man, with conviction. "In a few months you will be of age, and rid of those dreadfully stupid guardians; with your"—

The loosened rose-spray flew from her hand out of the window as she made a gesture, half real, half assumed, of imploring supplication. "Oh, please, Mr. Hathaway, for Heaven's sake don't you begin too! You are going to say that, with my wealth, my accomplishments, my beauty, my friends, what more can I want? What do I care about a secret that can neither add to them nor take them away? Yes, you were! It's the regular thing to say—everybody says it. Why, I should have thought 'the youngest Senator' could afford to have been more original."

"I plead guilty to all the weaknesses of humanity," said Paul, warmly, again beginning to believe that he had been most unjust to her independence.

"Well, I forgive you, because you have forgotten to say that, if I don't like the name of Yerba Buena, I could so easily change that too."

"But you do like it," said Paul, touched with this first hearing of her name in her own musical accents, "or would like it if you heard yourself pronounce it." It suddenly recurred to him, with a strange thrill of pleasure, that he himself had given it to her. It was as if he had created some musical instrument to which she had just given voice. In his enthusiasm he had thrown himself on the bench beside her in an attitude that, I fear, was not as dignified as became his elderly office.

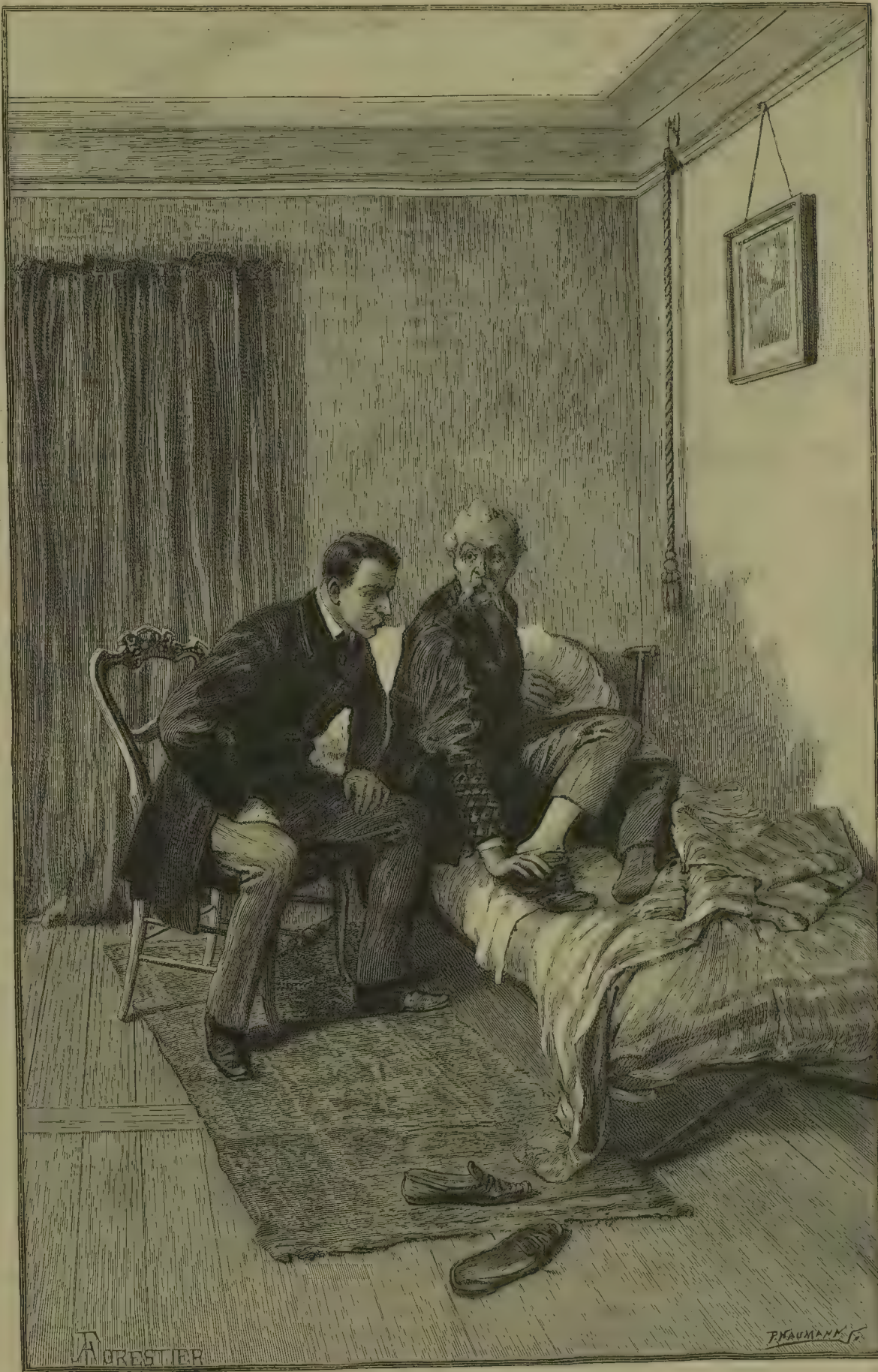
"But you don't think that is my name," said the girl, quickly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Paul, hesitatingly.

"You don't think that anybody would have been so utterly idiotic as to call me after a ground-vine—a vegetable?" she continued petulantly.

"Eh?" stammered Paul.

"A name that could be so easily translated," she went on, half scornfully, "and, when translated, was no



He turned down his stocking, and exposed to Paul's gaze the healed cicatrix of an old bullet-wound.

misrepresented before me. To tell you the truth, I think I hated you a little for it."

"You were quite right," returned Paul. "I must have been insufferable! And I admit that I was slightly piqued against you for the idolatries showered upon you at the same moment by your friends."

Usually, when two young people have reached the point of confidently exchanging their first impressions of each other, some progress has been made in first acquaintance. But it did not strike Paul in that way, and Yerba's next remark was discouraging.

"But I'm rather disappointed, for all that. Colonel Pendleton tells me you know nothing of my family or of the secret."

Paul was this time quite prepared, and withstood the girl's scrutiny calmly. "Do you think," he asked lightly, "that even he knows?"

"Of course he does," she returned quickly. "Do you suppose he would have taken all that trouble you

possible title for anybody? Think of it—Miss Good Herb! It is too ridiculous for anything.”

Paul was not usually wanting in self-possession in an emergency, or in skill to meet attack. But he was so convinced of the truth of the girl's accusation, and now recalled so vividly his own consternation on hearing the result of his youthful and romantic sponsorship for the first time from Pendleton, that he was struck with confusion.

“But what do you suppose it was intended for?” he said at last, vaguely. “It was certainly ‘Yerba Buena’ in the Trust. At least, I suppose so,” he corrected himself hurriedly.

“It is only a supposition,” she said quietly, “for you know it cannot be proved. The Trust was never recorded, and the only copy could not be found among Mr. Hammersley's papers. It is only part of the name, of which the first is lost.”

“Part of the name?” repeated Paul, uneasily.

“Part of it. It is a corruption of *de la Yerba Buena*—of the Yerba Buena—and refers to the island of Yerba Buena in the bay, and not to the plant. That island was part of the property of my family—the Arguellos—you will find it so recorded in the Spanish grants. My name is Arguello de la Yerba Buena.”

It is impossible to describe the timid yet triumphant, the half-appealing yet complacent, conviction of the girl's utterance. A moment before, Paul would have believed it impossible for him to have kept his gravity and his respect for his companion under this egregious illusion. But he kept both. For a sudden conviction that she suspected the truth, and had taken this audacious and original plan of crushing it, overpowered all other sense. The Arguellos, it flashed upon him, were an old Spanish family, former owners of Yerba Buena Island, who had in the last years become extinct. There had been a story that one of them had eloped with an American ship captain's wife at Monterey. The legendary history of early Spanish California was filled with more remarkable incidents, corroborated with little difficulty from Spanish authorities, who, it was alleged, lent themselves readily to any fabrication or forgery. There was no racial pride: on the contrary, they had shown an eager alacrity to ally themselves with their conquerors. The friends of the Arguellos would be proud to recognise and remember in the American heiress the descendant of their countrymen. All this passed rapidly through his mind after the first moment of surprise; all this must have been the deliberate reasoning of this girl of seventeen, whose dark eyes were bent upon him. Whether she was seeking corroboration or complicity he could not tell.

“Have you found this out yourself?” he asked, after a pause.

“Yes. One of my friends at the convent was Josita Castro; she knew all the history of the Arguellos. She is perfectly satisfied.”

For an instant Paul wondered if it was a joint conception of the two schoolgirls. But, on reflection, he was persuaded that Yerba would commit herself to no accomplice—of her own sex. She might have dominated the girl, and would make her a firm partisan, while the girl would be convinced of it herself, and believe herself a free agent. He had had such experience with men himself.

“But why have you not spoken of it before—and to Colonel Pendleton?”

“He did not choose to tell *me*,” said Yerba, with feminine dexterity. “I have preferred to keep it myself a secret till I am of age.”

When Colonel Pendleton and some of the other trustees have no right to say anything, thought Paul quickly. She had evidently trusted him. Yet, fascinated as he had been by her audacity, he did not know whether to be pleased, or the reverse. He would have preferred to be placed on an equal footing with Josita Castro. She anticipated his thoughts by saying, with half-raised eyelids—

“What do *you* think of it?”

“It seems to be so natural and obvious an explanation of the mystery that I only wonder it was not thought of before,” said Paul, with that perfect sincerity that made his sympathy so effective.

“You see”—still under her pretty eyelids, and the tender promise of a smile parting her little mouth—“I'm believing that you tell the truth when you say you don't know anything about it.”

It was a desperate moment with Paul, but his sympathetic instincts, and possibly his luck, triumphed. His momentary hesitation easily simulated the caution of a conscientious man; his knit eyebrows and bright eyes, lowered in an effort of memory, did the rest. “I remember it all so indistinctly,” he said, with literal truthfulness; “there was a veiled lady present, tall and dark, to whom Mayor Hammersley and the Colonel showed a singular, and, it struck me, as an almost superstitious, respect. I remember now, distinctly, I was impressed with the reverential way they both accompanied her to the door at the end of the interview.” He raised his eyes slightly; the young girl's red lips were parted; that illumination of the skin, which was her nearest approach to colour, had quite transfigured her face. He felt, suddenly, that she believed it, yet he had no sense of remorse. He half believed it himself; at least, he remembered the nobility of the mother's self-renunciation and its effect upon the two men. Why should not the daughter preserve this truthful picture of her mother's momentary exaltation? Which was the most

truthful—that, or the degrading facts? “You speak of a secret,” he added. “I can remember little more than that the Mayor asked me to forget, from that moment, the whole occurrence. I did not know at the time how completely I should fulfil his request. You must remember, Miss Yerba, as your Lady Superior has, that I was absurdly young at the time. I don't know but that I may have thought, in my youthful inexperience, that this sort of thing was of common occurrence. And then, I had my own future to make—and youth is brutally selfish. I was quite friendless and unknown when I left San Francisco for the mines, at the time you entered the convent as Yerba Buena.”

She smiled, and made a slight impulsive gesture, as if she would have drawn nearer to him, but checked herself, still smiling, and without embarrassment. It may have been a movement of youthful *camaraderie*, and that occasional maternal rather than sisterly instinct which sometimes influences a young girl's masculine friendship, and elevates the favoured friend to the plane of the doll she has outgrown. As he turned towards her, however, she rose, shook out her yellow dress, and said with pretty petulance—

“Then you must go so soon—and this your first and last visit as my guardian?”

“No one could regret that more than I,” looking at her with undefined meaning.

“Yes,” she said, with a tantalising coquetry that might have suggested an underlying seriousness. “I think you *have* lost a good deal. Perhaps, so have I. We might have been good friends in all these years. But that is past.”

“Why? Surely, I hope, my shortcomings with Miss Yerba Buena will not be remembered by Miss Arguello?” said Paul, earnestly.

“Ah! *She* may be a very different person.”

“I hope not,” said the young man, warmly. “But how different?”

“Well, she may not put herself in the way of receiving such point-blank compliments as that,” said the young girl, demurely.

“Not from her guardian?”

“She will have no guardian then.” She said this gravely, but almost at the same moment turned and sat down again, throwing her linked hands over her knee, and looked at him mischievously. “You see what you have lost, Sir.”

“I see,” said Paul, but with all the gravity that she had dropped.

“No; but you don't see all. I had no brother—no friend. You might have been both. You might have made me what you liked. You might have educated me far better than these teachers, or, at least, given me some pride in my studies. There were so many things I wanted to know that they couldn't teach me; so many times I wanted advice from someone that I could trust. Colonel Pendleton was very good to me when he came; he always treated me like a princess even when I wore short frocks. It was his manner that first made me think he knew my family; but I never felt as if I could tell him anything, and I don't think, with all his chivalrous respect, he ever understood me. As to the others—the Mayors—well, you may judge from Mr. Henderson. It is a wonder that I did not run away or do something desperate. Now, are you not a *little* sorry?”

Her voice, which had as many capricious changes as her manner, had been alternately coquettish, petulant, and serious, had now become playful again. But, like the rest of her sex, she was evidently more alert to her surroundings at such a moment than her companion, for before he could make any reply she said, without apparently looking, “But there is a deputation coming for you, Mr. Hathaway. You see, the case is hopeless. You never would be able to give to one what is claimed by the many.”

Paul glanced down the rose-alley, and saw that the deputation in question was composed of the Mayor, Mr. Woods, a thin, delicate-looking woman—evidently Mrs. Woods—and Milly. The latter managed to reach the summer-house first, with apparently youthful alacrity, but really to exchange, in a single glance, some mysterious feminine signal with Yerba. Then she said with breathless infelicity—

“Before you two get bored with each other now, I must tell you there's a chance of your having more time. Auntie has promised to send off a note excusing you to the Reverend Mother, if she can persuade Mr. Hathaway to stay over to-night. But here they are. [To Yerba] Auntie is most anxious, and won't hear of his going.”

Indeed, it seemed as if Mrs. Woods was, after a refined fashion, most concerned that a distinguished visitor like Mr. Hathaway should have to use her house as a mere accidental meeting-place with his ward, without deigning to accept her hospitality. She was reinforced by Mr. Woods, who enunciated the same idea with more masculine vigour; and by the Mayor, who expressed his conviction that a slight of this kind to Rosario would be felt in the Santa Clara valley. “After dinner, my dear Hathaway,” concluded Mr. Woods, “a few of our neighbours may drop in, who would be glad to shake you by the hand—no formal meeting, my boy—but, hang it! *they* expect it.”

Paul looked around for Yerba. There was really no reason why he shouldn't accept, although an hour ago the idea had never entered his mind. Yet, if he did, he would like the girl to know that it was for *her*

sake. Unfortunately, far from exhibiting any concern in the matter, she seemed to be preoccupied with Milly, and only the charming back of her head was visible behind Mrs. Woods. He accepted, however, with a hesitation that took some of the graciousness from his yielding, and a sense that he was giving a strange importance to a trivial circumstance.

The necessity of attaching himself to his hostess, and making a more extended tour of the grounds, for a while diverted him from an uneasy consideration of his past interview. Mrs. Woods had known Yerba through the school friendship of Milly, and, as far as the religious rules of the convent would allow, had always been delighted to show her any hospitality. She was a beautiful girl—did not Mr. Hathaway think so?—and a girl of great character. It was a pity, of course, that she had never known a mother's care, and that the present routine of a boarding-school had usurped the tender influences of home. She believed, too, that the singular rotation of guardianship had left the girl practically without a counselling friend to rely upon, except, perhaps, Colonel Pendleton; and while she, Mrs. Woods, did not for a moment doubt that the Colonel might be a good friend and a pleasant companion of *men*, really he, Mr. Hathaway, must admit that, with his reputation and habits, he was hardly a fit associate for a young lady. Indeed, Mr. Woods would have never allowed Milly to invite Yerba here if Colonel Pendleton was to have been her escort. Of course, the poor girl could not choose her own guardian, but Mr. Woods said *he* had a right to choose whosoever be his niece's company. Perhaps Mr. Woods was prejudiced—most men were—yet surely Mr. Hathaway, although a loyal friend of Colonel Pendleton's, must admit that when it was an open scandal that the Colonel had fought a duel about a notoriously common woman, and even blasphemously defended her before a party of gentlemen, it was high time, as Mr. Woods said, that he should be remanded to their company exclusively. No; Mrs. Woods could not admit that this was owing to the injustice of her own sex! Men are really the ones who make the fuss over those things, just as they, as Mr. Hathaway well knew, made the laws! No; it was a great pity, as she and her husband had just agreed, that Mr. Hathaway, of all the guardians, could not have been always the help and counsellor—in fact, the elder brother—of poor Yerba! Paul was conscious that he winced slightly, consistently and conscientiously, at the recollection of certain passages of his youth; inconsistently and meanly, at this suggestion of a joint relationship with Yerba's mother.

“I think, too,” continued Mrs. Woods, “she has worried foolishly about this ridiculous mystery of her parentage—as if it could make the slightest difference to a girl with a quarter of a million, or as if that didn't show quite conclusively that she *was* somebody!”

“Certainly,” said Paul, quickly, with a relief that he nevertheless felt was ridiculous.

“And, of course, I dare say it will all come out when she is of age. I suppose you know if any of the family are still living?”

“I really do not.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Mrs. Woods, with a smile, “I forgot it's a profound secret until then. But here we are at the house; I see the girls have walked over to our neighbours'. Perhaps you would like to have a few moments to yourself before you dress for dinner, and your portmanteau, which has been sent for, comes from your hotel. You must be tired of seeing so many people.”

Paul was glad to accept any excuse for being alone, and, thanking his hostess, followed a servant to his room—a low-ceilinged but luxuriously furnished apartment on the first floor. Here he threw himself on a cushioned lounge that filled the angle of the deep embrasure—the thickness of the old adobe walls—that formed a part of the wooden-latticed window. A Cape jessamine climbing beside it filled the room with its subtle, intoxicating perfume. It was so strong, and he felt himself so irresistibly overpowered and impelled towards a merely idle reverie, that, in order to think more clearly and shut out some strange and unreasoning enthrallment of his senses, he rose and sharply closed the window. Then he sat down and reflected.

What was he doing here? and what was the meaning of all this? He had come simply to fulfil a duty to his past, and please a helpless and misunderstood old acquaintance. He had performed that duty. But he had incidentally learned a certain fact that might be important to this friend, and clearly his duty was simply to go back and report it. He would gain nothing more in the way of corroboration of it by staying now, if further corroboration were required. Colonel Pendleton had already been uselessly and absurdly perplexed about the possible discovery of the girl's parentage, and its effect upon her fortunes and herself. She had just settled that of her own accord, and, without committing herself or others, had suggested a really sensible plan by which all trouble would be avoided in future. That was the common-sense way of looking at it. He would lay the plan before the Colonel, have him judge of its expediency and its ethics—and even the question whether she already knew the real truth, or was self-deceived. That done, he would return to his own affairs in Sacramento. There was nothing difficult in this, or that need worry him, only he could have done it just as well an hour ago.

He opened the window again. The scent of the

jessamine came in as before, but mingled with the cooler breath of the roses. There was nothing intoxicating or unreal in it now; rather it seemed a gentle aromatic stimulant—of thought. Long shadows of unseen poplars beyond barred the garden lanes and alleys with bands of black and yellow. A slanting pencil of sunshine through the trees was for a moment focussed on a bed of waxen callas before a hedge of ceanothus, and struck into dazzling relief the cold white chalices of the flowers and the vivid shining green of their background. Presently it slid beyond to a tiny fountain, before invisible, and wrought a blinding miracle out of its flashing and leaping spray. Yet even as he gazed the fountain seemed to vanish slowly, the sunbeam slipped on, and beyond it moved the shimmer of white and yellow dresses. It was Yerba and Milly returning to the house. Well, he would not interrupt his reflections by idly watching them; he would, probably, see a great deal of Yerba that evening, and by that time he would have come to some conclusion in regard to her.

But he had not taken into consideration her voice, which, always musical in its Southern intonation and

quite audible in the quiet garden, struck him now as being full of joyous sweetness. Well, she was certainly very happy—or very thoughtless. She was actually romping with Milly, and was now evidently being chased down the rose-alley by that volatile young woman. Then these swift Camillas apparently neared the house, there was the rapid rustle of skirts, the skurrying of little feet on the verandah, a stumble, a mouse-like shriek from Milly, and her voice, exhausted, dying, happy, broken with half-hushed laughter, rose to him on the breath of the jessamine and rose.

Surely she was a child, and, if a child, how he had misjudged her! What if all that he had believed was mature deliberation was only the innocent imaginings of a romantic girl, all that he had taken seriously only a schoolgirl's foolish dream! Instead of combating it, instead of reasoning with her, instead of trying to interest her in other things, he had even helped on her illusions. He had treated her as if the taint of her mother's worldliness and knowledge of evil was in her pure young flesh. He had recognised her as the daughter of an adventuress, and not as his ward, appealing to his

chivalry through her very ignorance—it might be her very childish vanity. He had brought to a question of tender and pathetic interest only his selfish opinion of the world and the weaknesses of mankind. The blood came to his cheeks—with all his experienced self-control, he had not lost the youthful trick of blushing—and he turned away from the window as if it had breathed a reproach.

But ought he have even contented himself with destroying her illusions—ought he not have gone further and told her the whole truth? Ought he not first have won her confidence—he remembered bitterly, now, how she had intimated that she had no one to confide in—and, after revealing her mother's history, have still pledged himself to keep the secret from all others, and assisted her in her plan? It would not have altered the state of affairs, except so far as she was concerned: they could have combined together, his ready wit would have helped him, and his sympathy would have sustained her; but—

How and in what way could he have told her? Leaving out the delicate and difficult periphrase by



The gratified smile which suddenly overspread the old man's face appeared to satisfy Paul's curiosity for the present.

which her mother's shame would have to be explained to an innocent schoolgirl—what right could he have assumed to tell it? As the guardian who had never counselled or protected her? As an acquaintance of hardly an hour ago? Who would have such a right? A lover—on whose lips it would only seem a tacit appeal to her gratitude or her fears, and whom no sensitive girl could accept thereafter? No. A husband? Yes! He remembered, with a sudden start what Pendleton had said to him. Good Heavens! Had Pendleton that idea in his mind? And yet—it seemed the only solution.

A knock at his door was followed by the appearance of Mr. Woods. Mr. Hathaway's portmanteau had come, and Mrs. Woods had sent a message, saying that in view of the limited time that Mr. Hathaway would have with his ward, Mrs. Woods would forego her right to keep him at her side at dinner, and yield her place to Yerba. Paul thanked him with a grave inward smile. What if he made his dramatic disclosure to her confidentially over the soup and fish? Yet, in his constantly recurring conviction of the girl's independence, he made no doubt she would have met his brutality with unflinching pride and self-possession. He began to dress slowly, at times almost forgetting himself in a new kind of pleasant apathy, which he attributed to the

odour of the flowers, and the softer hush of twilight that had come on with the dying away of the trade winds, and the restful spice of the bay-trees near his window. He presently found himself not so much thinking of Yerba as seeing her. A picture of her in the summer-house caressing her cheek with the roses seemed to stand out from the shadows of the blank wall opposite him. When he passed into the dressing-room beyond, it was not his own face he saw in the glass, but hers. It was with a start, as if he had heard her voice, that he found upon his dressing-table a small vase containing a flower for his coat, with the pencilled words on a card in a schoolgirl's hand, "From Yerba, with thanks for staying." It must have been placed there by a servant while he was musing at the window.

Half a dozen people were already in the drawing-room when Paul descended. It appeared that Mr. Woods had invited certain of his neighbours—among them a Judge Baker and his wife, and Don Caesar Briones, of the adjacent Rancho of Los Pajaros, and his sister, the Doña Anna. Milly and Yerba had not yet appeared. Don Caesar, a young man of a toreador build, roundly bland in face and murky in eye, seemed to notice their absence, and kept his glances towards the door, while Paul engaged in conversation with Doña Anna—if that word could convey an impression of a

conventionality which that good-humoured young lady converted into an animated flirtation at the second sentence with a single glance and two shakes of her fan. And then Milly fluttered in—a vision of schoolgirl freshness and white tulle, and a moment later—with a pause of expectation—a tall, graceful figure, that at first Paul scarcely recognised.

It is a popular conceit of our sex that we are superior to any effect of feminine adornment, and that a pretty girl is equally pretty in the simplest frock. Yet there was not a man in the room who did not believe that Yerba in her present attire was not only far prettier than before, but that she indicated a new and more delicate form of beauty. It was not the mere revelation of contour and colour of an ordinary décolleté dress, it was a perfect presentment of pure symmetry and carriage. In this black grenadine dress, trimmed with jet, not only was the delicate satin sheen of her skin made clearer by contrast, but she looked every inch her full height, with an ideal exaltation of breeding and culture. She wore no jewellery except a small necklace of pearls—so small it might have been a child's—that fitted her slender throat so tightly that it could scarcely be told from the flesh that it clasped. Paul did not know that it was the gift of the mother to the child, that she had forsworn only a few weeks before she

parted from her for ever; but he had a vague feeling that, in that sable dress that seemed like mourning, she walked at the funeral of her mother's past. A few white flowers in her corsage, the companions of the solitary one in his button-hole, were the only relief.

Their eyes met for a single moment, the look of admiration in Paul's being answered by the naïve consciousness in Yerba's of a woman looking her best; but the next moment she appeared preoccupied with the others, and the eager advances of Don Cæsar.

"Your brother seems to admire Miss Yerba," said Paul.

"Ah, ye-es," returned Doña Anna. "And you?"

"Oh!" said Paul, gaily. "I? I am her guardian—with me it is simple egotism, you know."

"Ah!" returned the arch Doña Anna, "you are then already so certain of her? Good! I shall warn him."

A precaution that did seem necessary; as later, when Paul, at a signal from his hostess, offered his arm to Yerba, the young Spaniard regarded him with a look of startled curiosity.

"I thank you for selecting me to wear your colours," said Paul, with a glance at the flowers in her corsage, as they sat at table, "and I think I deserve them, since, but for you, I should be on my way to San Francisco at this moment. Shall I have an opportunity of talking to you a few moments later in the evening?" he added, in a lower tone.

"Why not now?" returned Yerba, mischievously. "We are set here expressly for that purpose."

"Surely not to talk of our own business—I should say, of our *family* affairs," said Paul, looking at her with equal playfulness; "though I believe your friend Don Cæsar, opposite, would be more pleased if he were sure that was all we did."

"And you think his sister would share in that pleasure," retorted Yerba. "I warn you, Mr. Hathaway, that you have been quite justifying the Reverend Mother's doubts about your venerable pretensions. Everybody is staring at you now."

Paul looked up mechanically. It was true. Whether from some occult sympathy, from a human tendency to admire obvious fitness and symmetry, or the

innocent love with which the world regards youthful lovers, they were all observing Yerba and himself with undisguised attention. A good talker, he quickly led the conversation to other topics. It was then that he discovered that Yerba was not only accomplished, but that this convent-bred girl had acquired a singular breadth of knowledge apart from the ordinary routine of the school curriculum. She spoke and thought with independent perceptions and clearness, yet without the tactlessness and masculine abruptness that is apt to detract from feminine originality of reflection. By some tacit understanding that had the charm of mutual confidence they both exerted themselves to please the company rather than each other, and Paul, in the interchange of sallies with Doña Anna, had a certain pleasure in hearing Yerba converse in Spanish with Don Cæsar. But in a few moments he observed, with some uneasiness, that they were talking of the old Spanish occupation, and presently of the old Spanish families. Would she prematurely expose an ignorance that might be hereafter remembered against her, or invite some dreadful genealogical reminiscence that would destroy



This he emptied on the table with his own money.

her hopes and raze her Spanish castles? Or was she simply collecting information? He admired the dexterity with which, without committing herself, she made Don Cæsar openly and even confidentially communicative. And yet he was on thorns: at times it seemed as if he himself were playing a part in this imposture of Yerba's. He was aware that his wandering attention was noticed by the quick-witted Doña Anna, when he regained his self-possession by what appeared to be a happy diversion. It was the voice of Mrs. Judge Baker calling across the table to Yerba. By one of the peculiar accidents of general conversation, it was the one apparently trivial remark that in a pause challenged the ears of all.

"We were admiring your necklace, Miss Yerba."

Every eye was turned upon the slender throat of the handsome girl. The excuse was so natural.

Yerba put her hand to her neck with a smile. "You are joking, Mrs. Baker. I know it is ridiculously small, but it is a child's necklace, and I wear it because it was a gift from my mother."

Paul's heart sank again with consternation. It was the first time that he had heard the girl distinctly connect herself with her actual mother, and for an instant he felt as startled as if the forgotten Outcast herself had returned and taken a seat at the board.

"I told you it couldn't be so?" said Mrs. Baker, turning to her husband.

Everybody naturally looked inquiringly upon the couple, and Mrs. Baker explained with a smile: "Bob thinks he's seen it before; men are so obstinate."

"Pardon me, Miss Yerba," said the Judge blandly, "would you mind showing it to me, if it is not too much trouble?"

"Not at all," said Yerba, smiling, and detaching the circlet from her neck. "I'm afraid you'll find it rather old-fashioned."

"That's just what I hope to find it," said Judge Baker, with a triumphant glance at his wife. "It was eight years ago when I saw it in Tucker's jewellery shop. I wanted to buy it for my little Minnie, but as the price was steep I hesitated, and when I did make up my mind he had disposed of it to another customer. Yes," he added, examining the necklace that Yerba had handed to him, "I am certain it is the same: it was unique, like this. Odd, isn't it?"

Everybody said it *was* odd, and looked upon the occurrence with that unreasoning satisfaction with which average humanity receives the most trivial and unmeaning coincidences. It was left to Don Cæsar to give it a gallant application.

"I have not-a the pleasure of knowing-a the Miss

Minnie, but the jewellery, when she arrives, to the throat-a of Miss Yerba, she has not lost the value—the beauty—the charm."

"No," said Woods, cheerily. "The fact is, Baker, you were too slow. Miss Yerba's folks gobbled up the necklace while you were thinking. You were a new comer. Old 'forty-niners' did not hesitate over a thing they wanted."

"You never knew who was your successful rival, eh?" said Doña Anna, turning to Judge Baker with a curious glance at Paul's pale face in passing.

"No," said Baker, "but"—he stopped with a hesitating laugh and some little confusion. "No, I've mixed it up with something else. It's so long ago. I never knew, or if I did I've forgotten. But the necklace I remember." He handed it back to Yerba with a bow, and the incident ended.

Paul had not looked at Yerba during this conversation, an unreasoning instinct that he might confuse her, an equally unreasoning dread that he might see her confused by others, possessing him. And when he did glance at her calm, untroubled face, that seemed only a little surprised at his own singular coldness, he was by no means relieved. He was only convinced of one thing. In the last five minutes he had settled upon the irrevocable determination that his present relations with

the girl could exist no longer. He must either tell her everything, or see her no more. There was no middle course. She was on the brink of an exposure at any moment, either through her ignorance or her unhappy pretension. In his intolerable position, he was equally unable to contemplate her peril, accept her defence, or himself defend her.

As if, with some feminine instinct, she had attributed his silence to some jealousy of Don Caesar's attentions, she more than once turned from the Spaniard to Paul with an assuring smile. In his anxiety, he half accepted the rather humiliating suggestion, and managed to say to her, in a lower tone—

"On this last visit of your American guardian, one would think, you need not already anticipate your Spanish relations."

He was thrilled with the mischievous yet faintly tender pleasure that sparkled in her eyes as she said—

"You forget it is my American guardian's first visit, as well as his last."

"And as your guardian," he went on, with half-veiled seriousness, "I protest against your allowing your treasures, the property of the Trust," he gazed directly into her beautiful eyes, "being handled and commented upon by everybody."

When the ladies had left the table, he was, for a moment, relieved. But only for a moment. Judge Baker drew his chair beside Paul's, and, taking his cigar from his lips, said, with a perfunctory laugh—

"Isay, Hathaway, I pulled up just in time to save myself from making an awful speech, just now, to your ward."

Paul looked at him with cold curiosity.

"Yes. Gad! Do you know *who* was my rival in that necklace transaction?"

"No," said Paul, with frigid carelessness.

"Why, Kate Howard! Fact, Sir. She bought it right under my nose—and overbid me, too."

Paul did not lose his self-possession. Thanks to the fact that Yerba was not present, and that Don Caesar, who had overheard the speech, moved forward with a suggestive and unpleasant smile, his agitation congealed into a coldly placid fury.

"And I suppose," he returned, with perfect calmness, "that, after the usual habit of this class of women, the necklace very soon found its way back, through the pawnbroker, to the jeweller again. It's a common fate."

"Yes, of course," said Judge Baker, cheerfully. "You're quite right. That's undoubtedly the solution of it. But," with a laugh, "I had a narrow escape from saying something—eh?"

"A very narrow escape from an apparently gratuitous insult," said Paul, gravely, but fixing his eyes, now more luminous than ever with anger, not on the speaker, but

on the face of Don Caesar, who was standing at his side. "You were about to say"—

"Eh—oh—ah! this Kate Howard? So! I have heard of her—yees! And Miss Yerba—ah—she is of my country—I think. Yes—we shall claim her—of a truth—yes."

"Your countrymen, I believe, are in the habit of

But Don Caesar, albeit smiling lividly, did not seem inclined to pick up the gauntlet, and Woods interfered hastily. "Don Caesar means that your ward has some idea herself that she is of Spanish origin—at least, Milly says so. But of course, as one of the oldest trustees, *you* know the facts."

In another moment Paul would have committed himself. "I think we'll leave Miss Yerba out of the question," he said coldly. "My remark was a general one, though, of course, I am responsible for any personal application of it."

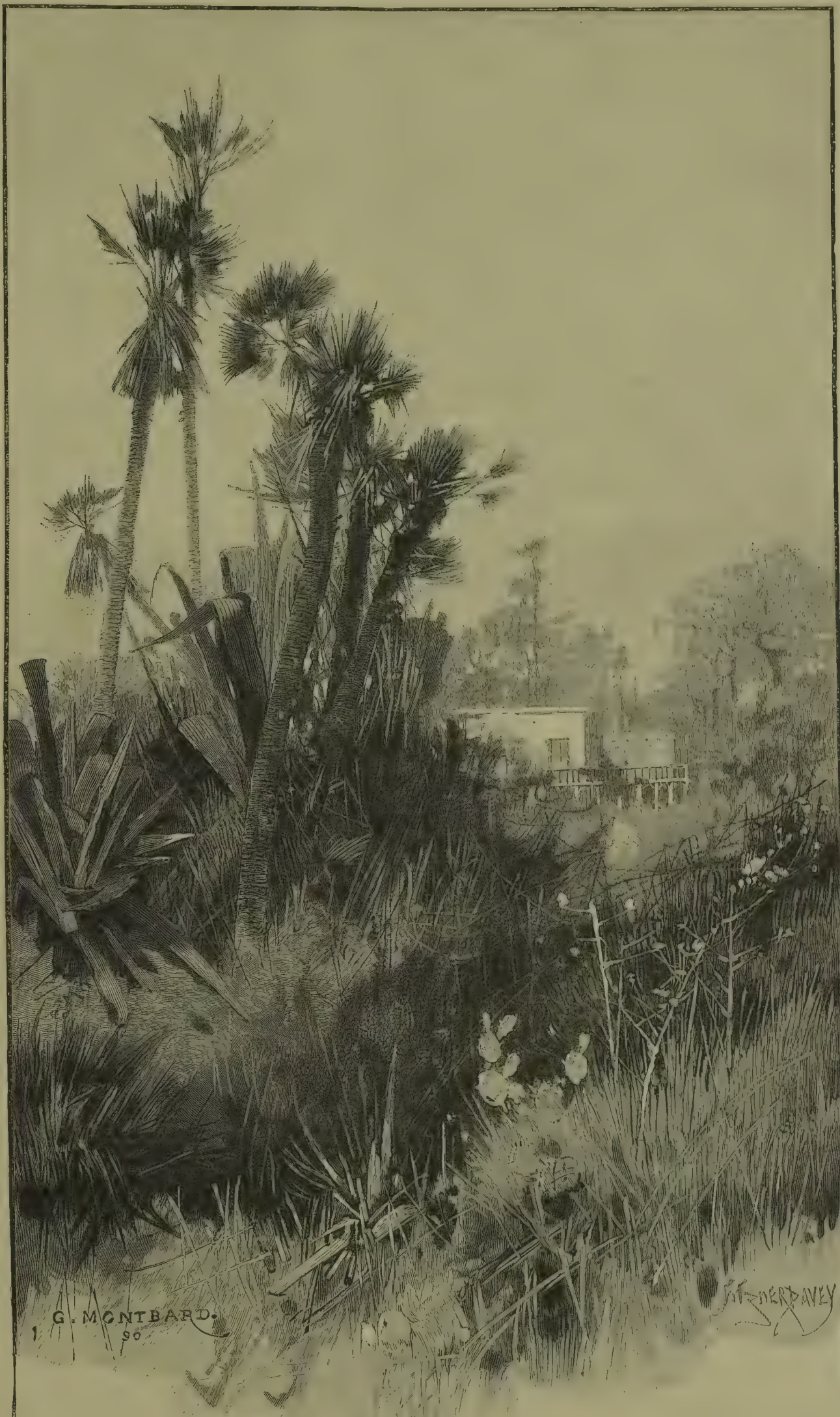
"Spoken like a politician, Hathaway," said Judge Baker, with an effusive enthusiasm which he hoped would atone for the alarming results of his infelicitous speech. "That's right, gentlemen! You can't get the facts from him before he is ready to give them. Keep your secret, Mr. Hathaway, the Court is with you."

Nevertheless, as they passed out of the room to join the ladies, the Mayor lingered a little behind with Woods. "It's easy to see the influence of that Pendleton on our young friend," he said significantly. "Somebody ought to tell him that it's played out down here—as Pendleton is. It's quite enough to ruin his career."

Paul was too observant not to notice this, but it brought him no sense of remorse; and his youthful belief in himself and his power kept him from concern. He felt as if he had done something, if only to show Don Caesar that the girl's weakness or ignorance could not be traded upon with impunity. But he was still undecided as to the course he should pursue. But he should determine that to-night. At present there seemed no chance of talking to her alone—she was unconcernedly conversing with Milly and Mrs. Woods, and already the visitors who had been invited to this hurried *levée* in his honour were arriving. In view of his late indiscretion, he nervously exerted his fullest powers, and in a very few minutes was surrounded by a breathless and admiring group of worshippers. A ludicrous resemblance to the scene in the Golden Gate Hotel passed through his mind: he involuntarily turned his eyes to seek Yerba in the half-fear, half-expectation

of meeting her mischievous smile. Their glances met: to his surprise hers was smileless, and instantly withdrawn, but not until he had been thrilled by an unconscious prepossession in its luminous depths that he scarcely dared to dwell upon. What mattered now his passage with Don Caesar or the plaudits of his friends? *She* was proud of him!

Yet, after that glance she was shy, preoccupied herself with Milly, or even listening sweetly to Judge Baker's somewhat practical and unromantic reminiscences of



The Garden of El Rosario.

making claims that are more often founded on profit than verity," said Paul, with smileless and insulting deliberation. He knew perfectly what he was saying, and the result he expected. Only twenty-four hours before he had smiled at Pendleton's idea of averting scandal and discovery by fighting, yet he was endeavouring to pick a quarrel with a man, merely on suspicion, for the same purpose, and he saw nothing strange in it. A vague idea, too, that this would irrevocably confirm him in opposition to Yerba's illusions probably determined him.

the deprivations and the hardships of Californian early days, as if to condone his past infelicity. She was pleasantly unaffected with Don Caesar, although she managed to draw Doña Anna into the conversation; she was unconventional, Paul fancied, to all but himself. Once or twice, when he had artfully drawn her towards the open French windows that led to the moonlit garden and shadowed verandah, she had managed to link Milly's arm in her own, and he was confident that a suggestion to stroll with him in the open air would be followed by her invitation to Milly to accompany them. Disappointed and mortified as he was, he found some solace in her manner, which he still believed suggested the hope that she might be made accessible to his persuasions. Persuasions to what? He did not know.

The last guest had departed; he lingered on the verandah with a cigar, begging his host and hostess not to trouble themselves to keep him company. Milly and Yerba had retired to the former's boudoir, but, as they had not yet formally bade him good-night, there was a chance of their returning. He still stayed on in this hope for half an hour, and then, accepting Yerba's continued absence as a tacit refusal of his request, he turned abruptly away. But as he glanced around the garden before re-entering the house, he was struck by a singular circumstance—a white patch, like a forgotten shawl, which he had observed on the distant ceanothus hedge, and which had at first thrilled him with expectation, had certainly *changed its position*. Before, it seemed to be near the summer-house; now it was, undoubtedly, farther away. Could they, or *she* alone, have slipped from the house and be awaiting him there? With a muttered exclamation at his stupidity he stepped hastily from the verandah and walked towards it. But he had scarcely proceeded a dozen yards before it disappeared. He reached the summer-house—it was empty; he followed the line of hedge—no one was there. It could not have been her, or she would have waited—unless he were the victim of a practical joke. He turned impatiently back to the house, re-entered the drawing-room by the French window, and was crossing the half-lit apartment, when he heard a slight rustle in the shadow of the window. He looked around quickly, and saw that it was Yerba, in a white loose gown, for which she had already exchanged her black evening dress, leaning back composedly on the sofa, her hands clasped behind her shapely head.

"I am waiting for Milly," she said, with a faint smile on her lips. He fancied, in the moonlight that streamed upon her, that her beautiful face was pale. "She has gone to the other wing to see one of the servants who is ill. We thought you were on the verandah smoking and I should have company, until I saw you start off, and rush up and down the hedge like mad."

Paul felt that he was losing his self-possession, and becoming nervous in her presence. "I thought it was *you*," he stammered.

"Me! Out in the garden at this hour, alone, and in the broad moonlight? What are you thinking of, Mr. Hathaway? Do you know anything of convent rules, or is that your idea of your ward's education?"

He fancied that, though she smiled faintly, her voice was as tremulous as his own.

"I want to speak with you," he said, with awkward directness. "I even thought of asking you to stroll with me in the garden."

"Why not talk here?" she returned, changing her position, pointing to the other end of the sofa, and drawing the whole overflow of her skirt to one side. "It is not so very late, and Milly will return in a few moments."

Her face was in shadow now, but there was a glow-worm light in her beautiful eyes that seemed faintly to illuminate her whole face. He sank down on the sofa at her side, no longer the brilliant and ambitious politician, but, it seemed to him, as hopelessly a dreaming, inexperienced boy as when he had given her the name that now was all he could think of, and the only word that rose to his feverish lips.

"Yerba!"

"I like to hear you say it," she said quickly, as if to gloss over his first omission of her formal prefix, and leaning a little forward, with her eyes on his. "One would think you had created it. You almost make me regret to lose it."

He stopped! He felt that the last sentence had saved him. "It is of that I want to speak," he broke out suddenly and almost rudely. "Are you satisfied that it means nothing, and can mean nothing, to you? Does it awaken no memory in your mind—recall nothing you care to know? Think! I beg you, I implore you to be frank with me!"

She looked at him with surprise.

"I have told you already that my present name must be some absurd blunder, or some intentional concealment. But why do you want to know *now*?" she continued, adding her faint smile to the emphasis.

"To help you!" he said eagerly. "For that alone! To do all I can to assist you, if you really believe, and want to believe, that you have another. To ask you to confide in me; to tell me all you have been told, all that you know, think you know, or *want* to know about your relationship to the Arguellos—or to—anyone! And then to devote myself entirely to proving what you shall say is your desire. You see, I am frank with you, Yerba! I only ask you to be as frank with me: to let me know your doubts, that I may counsel you; your fears, that I may give you courage."

"Is that all that you came here to tell me?" she asked quietly.

"No, Yerba," he said eagerly, taking her unresisting but indifferent hand, "not all; but all that I must say, all that I have the right to say, all that you, Yerba, would permit me to tell you *now*. But let me hope that the day is not far distant when I can tell you *all*, when you will understand that this silence has been the hardest sacrifice of the man who now speaks to you."

"And yet not unworthy of a rising politician," she added, quickly withdrawing her hand. "I agree," she went on, looking towards the door, yet without appearing to avoid his eager eyes, "and when I have settled upon 'a local habitation and a name' we shall renew this interesting conversation. Until then, as my fourth official guardian used to say—he was a lawyer, Mr. Hathaway, like yourself—when he was winding up his conjectures on the subject—all that has passed is to be considered 'without prejudice'!"

"But, Yerba"—began Paul, bitterly.

She slightly raised her hand as if to check him with a warning gesture. "Yes, dear," she said suddenly, lifting her musical voice, with a mischievous side-glance at Paul, as if to indicate her conception of the irony of a possible application, "this way! Here we are waiting for you!" Her listening ear had detected Milly's step in the passage, and in another moment that cheerful young woman discreetly stopped on the threshold of the room, with every expression of apologetic indiscretion in her face.

"We have finished our talk, and Mr. Hathaway has been so concerned about my having no real name that he has been promising me everything, but his own, for a suitable one. Haven't you, Mr. Hathaway?" She rose slowly and, going over to Milly, put her arm around her waist and stood for one instant gazing at him between the curtains of the doorway. "Good-night. My very proper chaperon is dreadfully shocked at this midnight interview, and is taking me away. Only think of it, Milly: he actually proposed to me to walk in the garden with him! Good night, or, as my ancestors—don't forget, *my ancestors*—used to say: '*Buena noche—hasta mañana!*'" She lingered over the Spanish syllables with an imitation of Doña Anna's lisp, and with another smile, but more faint and more ghost-like than before, vanished with her companion.

At eight o'clock the next morning Paul was standing beside his portmanteau on the verandah.

"But this is a sudden resolution of yours, Hathaway," said Mr. Woods. "Can you not possibly wait for the next train? The girls will be down then, and you can breakfast comfortably."

"I have much to do—more than I imagined—in San Francisco before I return," said Paul, quickly. "You must make my excuses to them and to your wife."

"I hope," said Woods, with an uneasy laugh, "you have had no more words with Don Caesar, or he with you?"

"No," said Paul, with a reassuring smile, "nothing more, I assure you."

"For you know you're a devilish quick fellow, Hathaway," continued Woods, "quite as quick as your friend Pendleton. And, by the way, Baker is awfully cut up about that absurd speech of his, you know. Came to me last night and wondered if anybody could think it was intentional. I told him it was d—d stupid, that was all. I guess his wife had been at him. Ha! ha! You see, he remembers the old times, when everybody talked of these things, and that woman Howard was quite a character. I'm told she went off to the States years ago."

"Possibly," said Paul, carelessly. After a pause, as the carriage drove up to the door, he turned to his host. "By the way, Woods, have you a ghost here?"

"The house is old enough for one. But, no. Why?"

"I'll swear I saw a figure moving yonder, in the shrubbery, late last evening; and when I came up to it, it most unaccountably disappeared."

"One of Don Caesar's servants, I dare say. There is one of them, an Indian, prowling about here, I've been told, at all hours. I'll put a stop to it. Well, you must go, then? Dreadfully sorry you couldn't stop longer! Good-bye!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was two months later that Mr. Tony Shear, of Marysville, but lately confidential clerk to the Hon. Paul Hathaway, entered his employer's chambers in Sacramento, and handed the latter a letter.

"I only got back from San Francisco this morning; but Mr. Slate said I was to give you that, and if it satisfied you, and was what you wanted, you would send it back to him."

Paul took the envelope and opened it. It contained a printer's proof-slip, which he hurriedly glanced over. It read as follows:—

Those of our readers who are familiar with the early history of San Francisco will be interested to know that an eccentric and irregular trusteeship, vested for the last eight years in the Mayor of San Francisco and two of our oldest citizens, was terminated yesterday by the majority of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, a pupil of the Convent of Santa Clara. Very few, except the original trustees, were cognisant of the fact that the administration of the trustees has been a recognised function of the successive Mayors of San Francisco during this period; and the mystery surrounding it has been only lately divulged. It offers a touching and romantic instance of a survival of the old patriarchal duties of the former *Alcaldes*

and the simplicity of pioneer days. It seems that, in the unsettled conditions of the Mexican land-titles that followed the American occupation, the consumptive widow of a scion of one of the oldest Californian families entrusted her property and the custody of her infant daughter virtually to the City of San Francisco, as represented by the trustees specified, until the girl should become of age. Within a year, the invalid mother died. With what loyalty, sagacity, and prudence these gentlemen fulfilled their trust may be gathered from the fact that the property left in their charge has not only been secured and protected, but increased a hundredfold in value; and that the young lady who yesterday attained her majority is not only one of the richest landed heiresses on the Pacific Slope, but one of the most accomplished and thoroughly educated of her sex. It is now no secret that this favoured child of Chrysopolis is the Doña Maria Concepcion de Arguello de la Yerba Buena, so called from her ancestral property on the island, now owned by the Federal Government. But it is an affecting and poetic tribute to the parent of her adoption that she has preferred to pass under the old, quaintly typical name of the city, and has been known to her friends simply as "Miss Yerba Buena." It is a no less pleasant and suggestive circumstance that our "youngest Senator," the Honourable Paul Hathaway, formerly private secretary to Mayor Hammersley, is one of the original unofficial trustees; while the chivalry of the older days is perpetuated in the person of Colonel Harry Pendleton, the remaining trustee.

As soon as he had finished, Paul took a pencil and crossed out the last six lines; but instead of laying the proof aside, or returning it to the waiting secretary, he remained with it in his hand, his silent, set face turned towards the window. Whether the merely human secretary was tired of waiting, or the devoted partisan saw something on his young chief's face that disturbed him, he turned to Paul with that exaggerated respect which his functions as secretary had grafted upon his affection for his old associate, and said—

"I hope nothing's wrong, Sir. Not another of those scurrilous attacks on you for putting that Bill through to relieve Colonel Pendleton? Yet it was a risky thing for you, Sir."

Paul started, recovered himself as if from some remote abstraction, and, with a smile, said: "No—nothing. Quite the reverse. Write to Mr. Slate, thank him, and say that it will do very well—with the exception of the lines I have marked out. Then bring me the letter, and I will add this enclosure. Did you call on Colonel Pendleton?"

"Yes, Sir. He was at Santa Clara, and had not yet returned—at least, that's what that dandy nigger of his told me. The airs and graces that that creature puts on since the Colonel's affairs have been straightened out is a little too much for a white man to stand. Why, Sir! d—d if he didn't want to patronise *you*, and allowed to me that 'de Kernel' had a 'fah ideah' of you, 'and thought you a promisin' young man.' The fact is, Sir, the Party is making a big mistake trying to give votes to that kind of cattle—it would only be giving two votes to the other side, for, slave or free, they're the chattels of their old masters. And as to the masters' gratitude for what you've done affecting a single vote of their Party—you're mistaken."

"Colonel Pendleton belongs to no Party," said Paul, curtly; "but if his old constituents ever try to get into power again, they've lost their only independent martyr."

He presently became abstracted again, and Shear produced from his overcoat pocket a series of official-looking documents.

"I've brought the reports, Sir."

"Eh?" said Paul, absently.

The secretary stared. "The reports of the San Francisco Chief of Police that you asked me to get." His employer was certainly very forgetful to-day.

"Oh, yes; thank you. You can lay them on my desk. I'll look them over in Committee. You can go now, and if anyone calls to see me say I am busy."

The secretary disappeared in the adjoining room, and Paul leaned back in his chair, thinking. He had, at last, effected the work he had resolved upon when he left Rosario two months ago; the article he had just read, and which would appear as an editorial in the San Francisco paper the day after to-morrow, was the culmination of quietly persistent labour, inquiry, and deduction, and would be accepted, hereafter, as authentic history, which, if not thoroughly established, at least could not be gainsaid. Immediately on arriving at San Francisco, he had hastened to Pendleton's bedside, and laid the facts and his plan before him. To his mingled astonishment and chagrin, the Colonel had objected vehemently to this "saddling of anybody's offspring to a gentleman who couldn't defend himself," and even Paul's explanation that the putative father was a myth scarcely appeased him. But Paul's timely demonstration, by relating the scene he had witnessed of Judge Baker's infelicitous memory, that the secret was likely to be revealed at any moment, and that if the girl continued to cling to her theory, as he feared she would, even to the parting with her fortune, they would be forced to accept it, or be placed in the hideous position of publishing her disgrace, at last convinced him. On the other hand, there was less danger of her *positive* imposition being discovered than of the *vague and impositive* truth. The real danger lay in the present uncertainty and mystery, which courted surmise and invited discovery. Paul, himself, was willing to take all the responsibility, and at last extracted from the Colonel a promise of passive assent. The only revelation he feared was from the interference of the mother, but Pendleton was strong in the belief that she had not only utterly abandoned the girl to the care of her guardians, but that she would never rescind her resolution to

disclaim her relationship; that she had gone into self-exile for that purpose; and that if she *had* changed her mind he would be the first to know of it. On this they had parted. Meantime, Paul had not forgotten another resolution he had formed on his first visit to the Colonel, and had actually succeeded in getting Legislative relief for the Golden Gate Bank, and restoring to the Colonel some of his private property that had been in the hands of a Receiver.

This had been the background of Paul's meditation, which only threw into stronger relief the face and figure that moved before him as persistently as it had once before in the twilight of his room at Rosario. There were times when her moonlit face, with its faint strange smile, stood out before him as it had stood out of the shadows of the half-darkened drawing-room that night; as he had seen it—he believed for the last time—framed for an instant in the parted curtains of the doorway, when she bade him "Good-night." For he had never visited her since, and, on the attainment of her majority, had delegated his passing functions to Pendleton, whom he had induced to accompany the Mayor to Santa Clara for the final and formal ceremony. For the present she need not know how much she had been indebted to him for the accomplishment of her wishes.

With a sigh he at last recalled himself to his duty, and, drawing the pile of reports which Shear had handed him, he began to examine them. These, again, bore reference to his silent, unobtrusive inquiries. In his function as Chairman of Committee he had taken advantage of a kind of advanced moral legislation then in vogue, and particularly in reference to a certain social reform, to examine statistics, authorities, and witnesses, and in this indirect but exhaustive manner had satisfied himself that the woman "Kate Howard," alias "Beverley," alias "Durfrey," had long passed beyond the ken of local police supervision, and that in the record there was no trace or indication of her child. He was going over those infelix records of early transgressions with the eye of trained experience, making notes from time to time for his official use, and yet always watchful of his secret quest, when suddenly he stopped with a quickened pulse. In the record of an affray at a gambling-house, one of the parties had sought refuge in the rooms of "Kate Howard," who was represented before the magistrate by *her* protector, *Juan de Arguello*. The date given was contemporary with the beginning of the Trust, but that proved nothing. But the name—had it any significance, or was it a grim coincidence, that spoke even more terribly and hopelessly of the woman's promiscuous frailty? He again attacked the entire report, but there was no other record of her name. Even that would have passed any eye less eager and watchful than his own.

He laid the reports aside, and took up the proof-slip again. Was there any man living but himself and Pendleton who would connect these two statements? That her relations with this Arguello were brief and not generally known was evident from Pendleton's ignorance of the fact. But he must see him again, and at once. Perhaps he might have acquired some information from Yerba; the young girl might have given to his age that confidence she had withheld from the younger man; indeed, he remembered with a flush it was partly in that hope that he had induced the Colonel to go to Santa Clara. He put the proof-slip in his pocket and stepped to the door of the next room.

"You need not write that letter to Slate, Tony. I will see him myself. I am going to San Francisco to-night."

"And do you want anything copied from the reports, Sir?"

Paul quickly swept them from the table into his drawer, and locked it. "Not now, thank you. I'll finish my notes later."

The next morning Paul was in San Francisco, and had again crossed the portals of the Golden Gate Hotel. He had been already told that the doom of that palatial edifice was sealed by the laying of the cornerstone of a new erection in the next square that should utterly eclipse it; he even fancied that it had already lost its freshness, and its meretricious glitter had been tarnished. But when he had ordered his breakfast he made his way to the public parlour, happily deserted at

that early hour. It was here that he had first seen her. She was standing there, by that mirror, when their eyes first met in a sudden instinctive sympathy. She herself had remembered and confessed it. He recalled the pleased yet conscious girlish superiority with which she had received the adulation of her friends; his memory of her was broad enough now even to identify Milly, as it repeopled the vacant and silent room.

An hour later he was making his way to Colonel Pendleton's lodgings, and half expecting to find the St. Charles' Hotel itself transformed by the eager spirit of improvement. But it was still there in all its barbaric and provincial incongruity. Public opinion had evidently recognised that nothing save the absolute razing of its warped and flimsy walls could effect a change, and waited for it to collapse suddenly like the house of cards

of de hotel since we came. But we uses it temper'ly, Sah, fo' de present, and in a dissolatory fashion."

It struck Paul that the contiguity of a certain barber's shop and its dangerous reminiscences had something to do with George's lofty depreciation of his surroundings, and he could not help saying—

"Then you don't find it necessary to have it convenient to the barber's shop any more? I am glad of that, George."

The shot told. The unfortunate George, after an endeavour to collect himself by altering his pose two or three times in rapid succession, finally collapsed, and, with an air of mingled pain and dignity, but without losing his ceremonious politeness or unique vocabulary, said—

"Yo got me dah, Sah! Yo got me dah! De infirmities o' human natcheh, Sah, is de common p'operty ob man, and a gemplum like yo'self, Sah, a legislato' and a pow'ful speakah, is de lass one to hol' it agin de individual pusson. I confess, Sah, de circumstances was propiskuous, de fees fahly good, and de risks inferior. De gemplum who kept de shop was an artess hisself, and had been niggah to Kernel Henderson of Tennessee, and de gemplum I relieved was a Mr. Johnson. But de Kernel, he wouldn't see it in dat light, Sah, and if yo don' mind, Sah."

"I haven't the slightest idea of telling the Colonel or anybody, George," said Paul, smiling; "and I am glad to find on your own account that you are able to put aside any work beyond your duty here."

"Thank you, Sah. If yo'll let me introduce yo to de refreshment, yo'll find it all right now. De Glencoe is dah. De Kernel will be here soon, but he would be pow'ful mo'tified, Sah, if yo didn't hab something afo' he come." He opened a well-filled sideboard as he spoke. It was the first evidence Paul had seen of the Colonel's restored fortunes. He would willingly have contented himself with this mere outward manifestation, but in his desire to soothe the ruffled dignity of the old man he consented to partake of a small glass of spirits. George at once became radiant and communicative. "De Kernel bin gone to Santa Clara to see de young lady dat's finished her edercation dah—de Kernel's only ward, Sah. She's one o' dose million-heiresses and highly connected, Sah, wid de old Mexican Gobbermen, I understand. And I reckon dey's bin big goin's on down dar, foh de Mayer kem hisself fo' de Kernel. Looks like des might bin a proeceshon, Sah. Yo don' know of a young lady bin hab a title, Sah? I won't be shuah, his Honah de Mayer or de Kernel didn't say someting about a 'Donna.'"

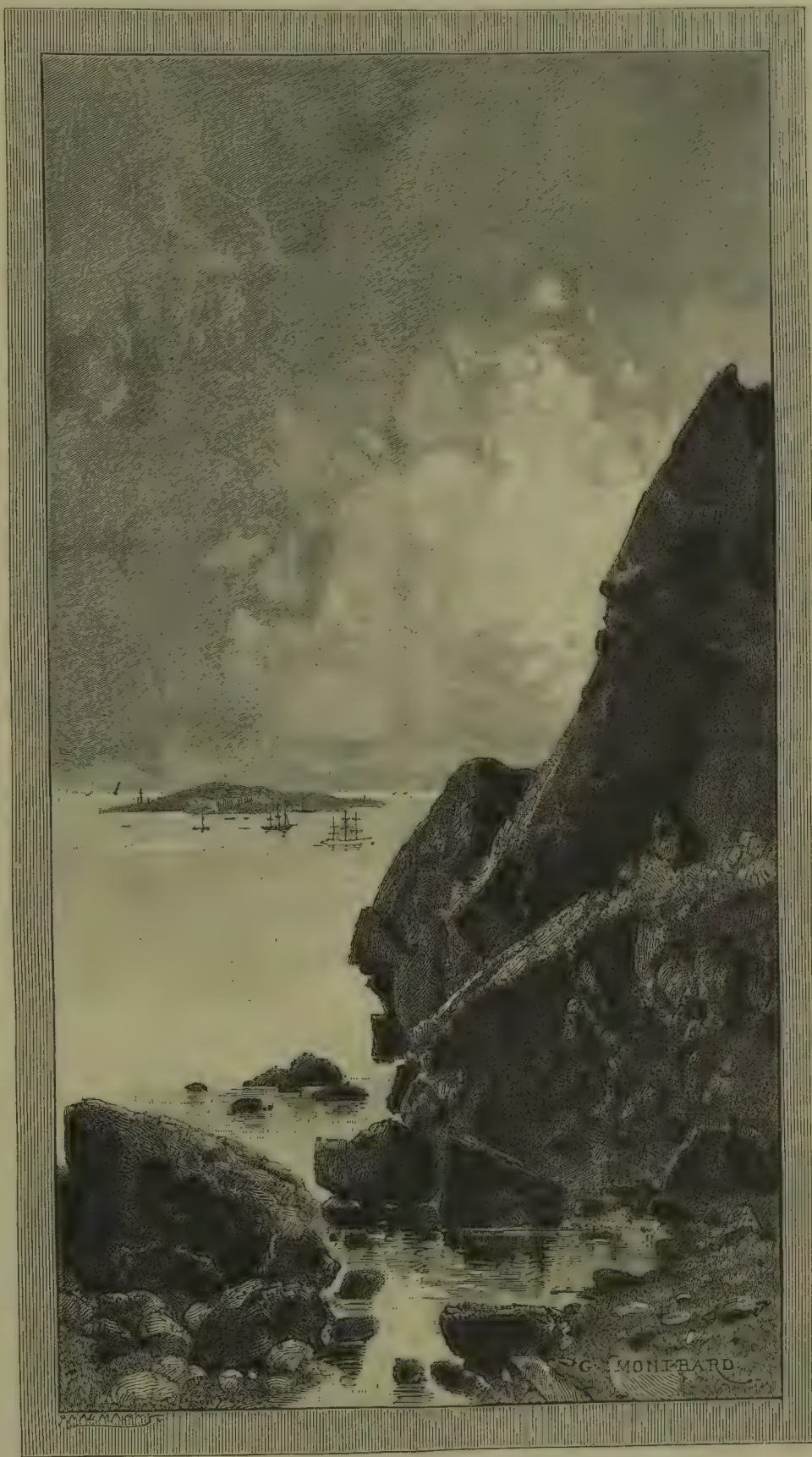
"Very likely," said Paul, turning away with a faint smile. So it was already in the air! Setting aside the old negro's characteristic exaggeration, there had already been some conversation between the Colonel and the Mayor, which George had vaguely overheard. He might be too late, the alternative might be no longer in his hands. But his discomposure was heightened a moment later by the actual apparition of the returning Pendleton.

He was dressed in a tightly buttoned blue frockcoat, which fairly accented his tall, thin military figure, although the top lappel was thrown far enough back to show a fine

ruffled cambric shirt and checked gingham necktie, and was itself adorned with a white rosebud in the button-hole. Fawn-coloured trousers strapped over narrow patent-leather boots, and a tall white hat, whose broad mourning-band was a perpetual memory of his mother, who had died in his boyhood, completed his festal transformation. Yet his erect carriage, high aquiline nose, and long grey drooping moustache lent a distinguishing grace to this survival of a bygone fashion, and over-rode any irreverent comment. Even his slight limp seemed to give a peculiar character to his massive gold-headed stick, and made it a part of his formal elegance.

Handing George his stick and a military cape he carried easily over his left arm, he greeted Paul warmly, yet with a return of his old dominant manner.

"Glad to see you, Hathaway, and glad to see the boy has served you better than the last time. If I had known you were coming, I would have tried to get back in time to have breakfast with you. But your friends at 'Rosario'—I think they call it; in my time it was owned by Colonel Briones, and he called it 'The Devil's



The Island of Yerba Buena.

it resembled. Paul wondered for a moment if it were not ominous of its lodgers' hopeless inability to accept changed conditions, and it was with a feeling of doubt that he even now ascended the creaking staircase. But it was instantly dissipated on the threshold of the Colonel's sitting-room by the appearance of George and his reception of his master's guest.

The grizzled negro was arrayed in a surprisingly new suit of blue cloth with a portentous white waistcoat and an enormous crumpled white cravat, that gave him the appearance of suffering from a glandular swelling. His manner had, it seemed to Paul, advanced in exaggeration with his clothes. Dusting a chair and offering it to the visitor, he remained gracefully posed with his hand on the back of another.

"Yo finds us heah yet, Marse Hathaway," he began, elegantly toying with an enormous silver watch-chain, "fo' de Kernel he don' bin find contagious apartments dat at all approximate, and he don' build, for his mind's not dat settled dat he ain't goin' to trabbel. De place is low down, Sah, and de fo'ks is low down, and dah's a heap o' white trash dat has congested under de roof

Little Cañon'—detained me with some d—d civilities. Let's see—his name is Woods, isn't it? Used to sell rum to runaway sailors on Long Wharf, and take stores in exchange? Or was it Baker?—Judge Baker? I forget which. Well, Sir, they wished to be remembered."

It struck Paul, perhaps unreasonably, that the Colonel's indifference and digression were both a little assumed, and he asked abruptly—

"And you fulfilled your mission?"

"I made the formal transfer, with the Mayor, of the property to Miss Arguello."

"To Miss Arguello?"

"To the Doña Maria Concepcion de Arguello de la Yerba Buena—to speak precisely," said the Colonel, slowly. "George, you can take that hat to that blank hatter—what's his blanked name? I read it only yesterday in a list of the prominent citizens here—and tell him, with my compliments, that I want a gentleman's mourning band around my hat, and not a child's shoelace. It may be his idea of the value of his own parents—if he ever had any—but I don't care for him to appraise mine. Go!"

As the door closed upon George, Paul turned to the Colonel—

"Then am I to understand that you have agreed to her story?"

The Colonel rose, picked up the decanter, poured out a glass of whisky, and, holding it in his hand, said—

"My dear Hathaway, let us understand each other. As a gentleman, I have made a point through life never to question the age, name, or family of any lady of my acquaintance. Miss Yerba Buena came of age yesterday, and, as she is no longer my ward, she is certainly entitled to the consideration I have just mentioned. If she, therefore, chooses to tack to her name the whole Spanish directory, I don't see why I shouldn't accept it."

Characteristic as this speech appeared to be of the Colonel's ordinary manner, it struck Paul as being only an imitation of his usual frank independence, and made him uneasily conscious of some vague desertion on Pendleton's part. He fixed his bright eyes on his host, who was ostentatiously sipping his liquor, and said—

"Am I to understand that you have heard nothing more from Miss Yerba, either for or against her story? That you still do not know whether she has deceived herself, has been deceived by others, or is deceiving us?"

"After what I have just told you, Mr. Hathaway," said the Colonel, with an increased exaggeration of manner which Paul thought must be apparent even to himself, "I should have but one way of dealing with questions of that kind from anybody but yourself."

This culminating extravagance—taken in connection with Pendleton's passing doubts—actually forced a laugh from Paul in spite of his bitterness.

Colonel Pendleton's face flushed quickly. Like most positive one-idea'd men, he was restricted from any possible humorous combination, and only felt a mysterious sense of being detected in some weakness. He put down his glass.

"Mr. Hathaway," he began, with a slight vibration in his usual dominant accents, "you have lately put me under a sense of personal obligation for a favour which I felt I could accept without derogation from a younger man, because it seemed to be one not only of youthful

generosity but of justice, and was not unworthy the exalted ambition of a young man like yourself or the simple deserts of an old man such as I am. I accepted it, Sir, the more readily, because it was entirely unsolicited by me, and seemed to be the spontaneous offering of your own heart. If I have presumed upon it to express myself freely on other matters in a way that only excites your ridicule, I can but offer you an apology, Sir. If I have accepted a favour I can neither renounce nor return, I must take the consequences to myself, and even beg you, Sir, to put up with them."

"Perhaps not, but I don't think, if you will allow me to say so, my dear Colonel, that you have been treating the whole affair very seriously. I left you two months ago utterly opposed to views which you are now treating as of no importance. And yet you wish me to believe that nothing has happened, and that you have no further information than you had then. That this is so, and that you are really no nearer the facts, I am willing to believe from your ignorance of what I have just told you, and your concern at it. But that you have not been influenced in your judgment of what you do know,

I cannot believe?" He drew nearer Pendleton, and laid his hand upon his arm. "I beg you to be frank with me, for the sake of the person whose interests I see you have at heart. In what way will the discovery I have just made affect them? You are not so far prejudiced as to be blind to the fact that it may be dangerous because it seems corroborative."

Pendleton coughed, rose, took his stick, and limped up and down the room, finally dropping into an armchair by the window, with his cane between his knees, and the drooping grey silken threads of his long moustache curled nervously between his fingers.

"Mr. Hathaway, I will be frank with you. I know nothing of this blank affair—blank it all!—but what I've told you. Your discovery may be a coincidence, nothing more. But I have been influenced, Sir—influenced by one of the most perfect goddess-like—yes, Sir; one of the most simple girlish creatures that God ever sent upon earth. A woman that I should be proud to claim as my daughter, a woman that would always be the superior of any man who dare aspire to be her husband! A young lady as peerless in her beauty as she is in her accomplishments, and whose equal don't walk this planet! I know, Sir, you don't follow me; I know, Mr. Hathaway, your Puritan prejudices; your Church proclivities; your worldly sense of propriety; and, above all, Sir, the blanked hypocritical Pharisaic doctrines of your party—I mean no offence to you, Sir, personally—blind you to that girl's perfections. She, poor child, herself has seen it and felt it; but never, in her blameless innocence and purity, suspecting the cause. 'There is,' she said to me last night, confidentially, 'something strangely antagonistic and repellent in our natures, some undefined and nameless barrier between our ever understanding each other.' You comprehend, Mr. Hathaway, she does full justice to your intentions and your unquestioned abilities: 'I am not blind,' she said, 'to Mr. Hathaway's gifts, and it is very possible the fault lies with me.' Her very words, Sir."

"Then you believe she is perfectly ignorant of her real mother?" asked Paul, with a steady voice, but a whitening face.

"As an unborn child," said the Colonel, emphatically. "The snow on the Sierras is not more spotlessly pure of any trace or contamination of the mud of the mining ditches, than she of her mother and her past. The knowledge of it, the mere breath of suspicion of it, in her presence would be a profanation, Sir! Look at her eye—open as the sky and as clear; look at her face and figure—as clean, Sir, as a Blue-Grass thoroughbred! Look at the way she carries herself, whether in those white frillings of her simple school-gown, or that



The taller young girl started, and drew herself suddenly behind a large Castilian rose-tree.

Remorseful as Paul felt, there was a singular resemblance between the previous reproachful pose of George and this present attitude of his master, as if the mere propinquity of personal sacrifice had made them alike, that struck him with a mingled pathos and ludicrousness. But he said warmly: "It is I who must apologise, my dear Colonel. I am not laughing at your conclusions, but at this singular coincidence with a discovery I have made."

"As how, Sir?"

"I find in the report of the Chief of the Police for the year 1850 that Kate Howard was under the protection of a man named Arguello."

The Colonel's exaggeration instantly left him. He stared blankly at Paul. "And you call this a laughing matter, Sir?" he said sternly, but in his more natural manner.



It was Yerba and Milly returning to the house.

black evening dress that makes her look like a Princess! And, blank me, if she isn't one! There's no poor stock there—no white trash—no mixed blood, Sir. Blank it all, Sir, if it comes to *that*—the Arguellos—if there's a hound of them living—might go down on your knees to have their name borne by such a creature! By the eternal, Sir, if one of them dared to cross her path with a word that wasn't abject—yes, Sir, *abject*, I'd wipe his dust off the earth and send it back to his ancestors before he knew where he was, or my name isn't Harry Pendleton!"

Hopeless and inconsistent as all this was, it was a wonderful sight to see the Colonel, his dark stern face illuminated with a zealot's enthusiasm, his eyes on fire, the ends of his grey moustache curling around his set jaw, his head thrown back, his legs astride, and his gold-headed stick held in the hollow of his elbow, like a lance at rest! Paul saw it, and knew that this Quixotic transformation was part of her triumph, and yet had a miserable consciousness that the charms of this Dulcinea del Toboso had scarcely been exaggerated. He turned his eyes away, and said quietly—

"Then you don't think this coincidence will ever awaken any suspicion in regard to her real mother?"

"Not in the least, Sir—not in the least," said the Colonel, yet, perhaps, with more doggedness than conviction of accent. "Nobody but yourself would ever notice that police report, and the connection of that woman's name with his was not notorious, or I should have known it."

"And you believe," continued Paul, hopelessly, "that Miss Yerba's selection of the name was purely accidental?"

"Purely—a schoolgirl's fancy. Fancy, did I say? No, Sir; by Jove, an inspiration!"

"And," continued Paul, almost mechanically, "you do not think it may be some insidious suggestion of an enemy who knew of this transient relation that no one suspected?"

To his final amazement Pendleton's brow cleared! "An enemy? Gad! you may be right. I'll look into it; and, if that is the case, which I scarcely dare hope for, Mr. Hathaway, you can safely leave him to me."

He looked so supremely confident in his fatuous heroism that Paul could say no more. He rose and, with a faint smile upon his pale face, held out his hand. "I think that is all I have to say. When you see Miss Yerba again—as you will, no doubt—you may tell her that I am conscious of no misunderstanding on my part, except, perhaps, as to the best way I could serve her, and that, but for what she has told you, I should certainly have carried away no remembrance of any misunderstanding of hers."

"Certainly," said the Colonel, with cheerful philosophy, "I will carry your message with pleasure. You understand how it is, Mr. Hathaway. There is no accounting for these instincts—we can only accept them as they are. But I believe that your intentions, Sir, were strictly according to what you conceived to be your duty. You won't take something before you go? Well, then—good-bye."

Two weeks later Paul found among his morning letters an envelope addressed in Colonel Pendleton's boyish scrawling hand. He opened it with an eagerness that no studied self-control nor rigid preoccupation of his duties had yet been able to subdue, and glanced hurriedly at its contents:—

Dear Sir,—As I am on the point of sailing for Europe to-morrow to escort Miss Arguello and Miss Woods on an extended visit to England and the Continent, I am desirous of informing you that I have thus far been unable to find any foundation for the suggestions thrown out by you in our last interview. Miss Arguello's Spanish acquaintances have been very select, and limited to a few school friends and Don Caesar and Doña Anna Briones, tried friends, who are also fellow-passengers with us to Europe. Miss Arguello suggests that some political difference between you and Don Caesar, which occurred during your visit to Rosario three months ago, may have, perhaps, given rise to your supposition. She joins me in best wishes for your public career, which even in the distractions of foreign travel and the obligations of her position she will follow from time to time with the greatest interest.—Very respectfully yours, HARRY PENDLETON.

CHAPTER V.

It was on the 3rd of August, 1863, that Paul Hathaway resigned himself and his luggage to the care of the gold-laced, ostensible porter of the Strudle Bad Hof, not without some uncertainty, in a land of uniforms, whether he would eventually be conducted to the barracks, the police office, or the Conservatoire. He was relieved when the omnibus drove into the courtyard of the Bad Hof, and the gold-chained chamberlain, flanked by two green tubs of oleanders, received him with a gravity calculated to check any preconceived idea he might have that travelling was a trifling affair, or that an arrival at the Bad Hof was not of serious moment. His letters had not yet arrived, for he had, in a fit of restlessness, shortened his route, and he strolled listlessly into the reading-room. Two or three English guests were evidently occupied in eminently respectable reading and writing; two were sitting by the window engaged in subdued but profitable conversation; and two Americans from Boston were contentedly imitating them on the other side of the room. A decent restraint, as of people who were not for a moment to be led into any foreign idea of social gaiety at a watering-place, was visible everywhere. A spectacled Prussian officer in full uniform passed along the hall, halted for a moment at the doorway as if contemplating an armed invasion,

thought better of it, and took his uniform away into the sunlight of the open square, where it was joined by other uniforms, and became by contrast a miracle of unbraced levity. Paul stood the Polar silence for a few moments, until one of the readers arose and, taking his book—a Murray—in his hand, walked slowly across the room to a companion, mutely pointed to a passage in the book, remained silent until the other had dumbly perused it, and then walked back again to his seat, having achieved the incident without a word. At which Paul, convinced of his own incongruity, softly withdrew with his hat in his hand, and his eyes fixed devotionally upon it.

It was good after that to get into the slanting sunlight and chequered linden shadows of the *Allée*; to see even a tightly jacketed cavalryman naturally walking with Clärchen and her two round-faced and drab-haired young charges; to watch the returning invalid procession, very real and very human, each individual intensely involved in the atmosphere of his own symptoms; and very good after that to turn into the Thiergarten, where the animals were, however, chiefly of his own species, and shamelessly and openly amusing themselves. It was pleasant to contrast it with his first visit to the place three months before, and correct his crude impressions. And it was still more pleasant suddenly to recognise, under the round flat cap of a general officer, a former traveller who was fond of talking with him about America with an intelligence and understanding of it that Paul had often missed among his own travelled countrymen. It was pleasant to hear his unaffected and simple greeting, to renew their old acquaintance, and to saunter back to the hotel together through the long twilight.

They were only a few squares from the hotel, when Paul's attention was attracted by the curiosity and delight of two or three children before him, who appeared to be following a quaint-looking figure that was evidently not unfamiliar to them. It appeared to be a servant in a striking livery of green with yellow facings and crested silver buttons, but still more remarkable for the indescribable mingling of jaunty ease and conscious dignity with which he carried off his finery. There was something so singular and yet so vaguely reminiscent in his peculiar walk and the exaggerated swing of his light bamboo cane that Paul could not only understand the childish wonder of the passers-by, who turned to look after him, but was stirred with a deeper curiosity. He quickened his pace, but was unable to distinguish anything of the face or features of the stranger, except that his hair under his cocked hat appeared to be tightly curled and powdered. Paul's companion, who was amused at what seemed to be the American's national curiosity, had seen the figure before. "A servant in the suite of some Eastern *Altesse* visiting the baths. You will see stranger things, my friend, in the Strudle Bad. *Par example*, your own countrymen, too; the one who has enriched himself by that pork of Chicago, or that soap, or this candle, in a carriage with the crest of the title he has bought in Italy with his dollars, and his beautiful daughters, who are seeking more titles with possible matrimonial contingencies."

After an early dinner, Paul found his way to the little theatre. He had already been struck by a highly coloured poster near the *Bahnhof*, purporting that a distinguished German company would give a representation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and certain peculiarities in the pictorial advertisement of the tableaux gave promise of some entertainment. He found the theatre fairly full: there was the usual contingent of *abonnirte* officers, a fair sprinkling of English and German travellers, but apparently none of his own countrymen. He had no time to examine the house more closely, for the play, commencing with simple punctuality, not only far exceeded the promise of the posters, but of any previous performance of the play he had witnessed. Transported at once to a gorgeous tropical region—the slave States of America—resplendent with the fruits and palms of Mauritius, and peopled exclusively with Paul and Virginia's companions in striped cotton, Hathaway managed to keep a composed face, until the arrival of the good Southern planter St. Clair as one of the earlier portraits of Goethe, in top boots, light kerseymer breeches, redingote and loose Byron collar, compelled him to shrink into the upper corner of the box with his handkerchief to his face. Luckily, the action passed as the natural effect upon a highly sympathetic nature of religious interviews between a round-faced flaxen-haired "Kleine Eva" and "Onkeel Tome," occasionally assisted by a Dissenting clergyman in Geneva bands; of excessive brutality with a cattle whip by a Zamiel-like Legree; of the sufferings of a runaway negro *Zimmermädchen* with a child three shades lighter than herself; and of a painted canvas "man-hunt," where apparently four well-known German composers on horseback, with flowing hair, top boots, and a *Cor de chasse*, were pursuing, with the aid of a pack of foxhounds, "the much too deeply abused and yet spiritually elevated Onkeel Tome." Paul did not wait for the final apotheosis of "der Kleine Eva," but, in the silence of a hushed audience, made his way into the corridor and down the staircase. He was passing an open door marked "Direction," when his attention was sharply attracted by a small gathering around it, and the sounds of indignant declamation. It was the voice of a countryman—more than that, it was a familiar voice, that he had not heard for three years—the voice of Colonel Harry Pendleton!

"Tell him," said Pendleton, in scathing tones, to some invisible interpreter—"tell him, Sir, that a more infamous caricature of the blankest caricature that ever maligned a free people, Sir, I never before had the honour of witnessing. Tell him that I, Sir—I, Harry Pendleton, of Kentucky, a Southerner, Sir—an old slaveholder, Sir, declare it to be a tissue of falsehoods unworthy the credence of a Christian civilisation like this—unworthy the attention of the distinguished ladies and gentlemen that are gathered here to-night. Tell him, Sir, he has been imposed upon. Tell him I am responsible—give him my card and address—personally responsible for what I say. If he wants proofs—blank it all!—tell him you yourself have been a slave—*my* slave, Sir! Take off your hat, Sir! Ask him to look at you—ask him if he thinks you ever looked or could look like that lop-eared, psalm-singing, white-headed hypocrite on the stage! Ask him, Sir, if he thinks that blank ringmaster they call St. Clair looks like *Me*!"

At this astounding exordium Paul eagerly pressed forward and entered the bureau. There certainly was Colonel Pendleton, in spotless evening dress; erect, flashing, and indignant; his aquiline nose lifted like a hawk's beak over his quarry, his iron-grey moustache, now white and waxed, parted like a swallow's tail over his handsome mouth, and between him and the astounded "Direction" stood the apparition of the *Allée*—George! There was no mistaking him now. What Paul had thought was a curled wig or powder was the old negro's own white knotted wool, and the astounding livery he wore was carried off as no one but George could carry it.

But he was still more amazed when the old servant, in a German as exaggerated, as incoherent, but still as fluent and persuasive as his own native speech, began an extravagant but perfectly dignified and diplomatic translation of his master's protests. Where and when, and by what instinct, he had assimilated and made his own the grotesque inversions and ponderous sentimentalities of Teutonic phrasing, Paul could not guess; but it was with breathless wonder that he presently became aware that, so perfect and convincing was the old man's style and deportment, not only the simple officials but even the bystanders were profoundly impressed by this farrago of absurdity. A happy word here and there, the full title and rank given, even with a slight exaggeration, to each individual, brought a deep and guttural "So!" from lips that would have found it difficult to repeat a line of his ceremonious idiocy.

In their preoccupation neither the Colonel nor George had perceived Paul's entrance, but, as the old servant turned with magnificent courtesy towards the bystanders, his eyes fell upon Paul. A flash of surprise, triumph, and satisfaction lit up his rolling eyes. Paul instantly knew that he not only recognised him, but that he had already heard of and thoroughly appreciated a certain distinguished position that Paul had lately held, and was quick to apply it. Intensifying for a moment the grandiloquence of his manner, he called upon his master's most distinguished and happily arrived old friend, the Lord Lieutenant Governor of the Golden Californias, to corroborate his statement. Colonel Pendleton started, and grasped Paul's hand warmly. Paul turned to the already half-mollified Director with the diplomatic suggestion that the vivid and realistic acting of the admirable company which he himself had witnessed had perhaps unduly excited his old friend, even as it had undoubtedly thrown into greater relief the usual exaggerations of dramatic representation, and the incident terminated with a profusion of apologies, and the most cordial expressions of international good feeling on both sides.

Yet, as they turned away from the theatre together, Paul could not help noticing that, although the Colonel's first greeting had been spontaneous and unaffected, it was succeeded by an uneasy reserve. Paul made no attempt to break it, and confined himself to a few general inquiries, ending by inviting the Colonel to sup with him at the hotel. Pendleton hesitated. "At any other time, Mr. Hathaway, I should have insisted upon you, as the stranger, supping with me; but since the absence of—of—the rest of my party—I have given up my suite of rooms at the Bad Hof, and have taken smaller lodgings for myself and the boy at the Schwartze Adler. Miss Woods and Miss Arguello have accepted an invitation to spend a few days at the villa of the Baron and Baroness von Schilprecht—an hour or two from here." He lingered over the title with an odd mingling of impressiveness and inquiry, and glanced at Paul. But Hathaway exhibiting neither emotion nor surprise at the mention of Yerba's name or the title of her host, he continued, "Miss Arguello, I suppose you know, is immensely admired: she has been, Sir, the acknowledged belle of Strudle Bad."

"I can readily believe it," said Paul, simply.

"And has taken the position—the position, Sir, to which she is entitled."

Without appearing to notice the slight challenge in Pendleton's tone, Paul returned, "I am glad to hear it. The more particularly as, I believe, the Germans are great sticklers for position and pedigree."

"You are right, Sir—quite right: they are," said the Colonel, proudly—"although"—with a certain premeditated deliberation—"I have been credibly informed that the King can, in certain cases, if he chooses, supply—yes, Sir—*supply* a favoured person with ancestors—yes, Sir, with *ancestors*!"

Paul cast a quick glance at his companion,

"Yes, Sir—that is, we will say, in the case of a lady of inferior rank—or even birth, the King of these parts can, on her marriage with a nobleman—blank it all!—ennoble her father and mother, and their fathers and mothers, though they've been dead, or as good as dead, for years."

"I am afraid that's a slight exaggeration of the rare custom of granting 'noble lands,' or estates that carry hereditary titles with them," said Paul, more emphatically, perhaps, than the occasion demanded.

"Fact, Sir—George there knows it all," said Pendleton. "He gets it from the other servants. I don't speak the language, Sir, but *he* does. Picked it up in a year."

"I must compliment him on his fluency, certainly," said Paul, looking at George.

The old servant smiled, yet not without a certain condescension. "Yes, Sah; I don't say to a scholar like yo'self, Sah, dat I've got de grandmatrical presichion; but as fah, Sah—as fah as de *idiotisms* ob de language goes, Sah—it's gen'lly allowed I'm dar! As to what Marse Harry says ob de ignobling ob predecesors, I've had it, Sah, from de best authority, Sah—de furst, I may say, Sah—de real *prima facie* men—de gemplum ob his Serene Highness, in de korse ob ordinary conversashun, Sah."

"That'll do, George," said Pendleton, with paternal brusqueness. "Run on ahead and tell that blank chamberlain that Mr. Hathaway is one of my friends—and have supper accordingly." As the negro hastened away he turned to Paul: "What he says is true: he's the most popular man or boy in all Strudle Bad—a devilish sight more than his master—and goes anywhere where I can't go. Princes and Princesses stop and talk to him in the street; the Grand Duke asked permission to have him up in his carriage at the races the other day; and, by the Eternal, Sir, he gives the style to all the flunkies in town!"

"And, I see, he dresses the character," observed Paul.

"His own idea—entirely. And, by Jove! he proves to be right. You can't do anything here without a uniform. And they tell me he's got everything correct, down to the crest on the buttons."

They walked on in silence for a few moments, Pendleton retaining a certain rigidity of step and bearing which Paul had come to recognise as indicating some uneasiness or mental disturbance on his part. Hathaway had no intention of precipitating the confidence of his companion. Perhaps experience had told him it would come soon enough. So he spoke carelessly of himself. How the need of a year's relaxation and change had brought him abroad, his journeyings, and, finally, how he had been advised by his German physician to spend a few weeks at Strudle Bad preparatory to the voyage home. Yet he was perfectly aware that the Colonel from time to time cast a furtive glance at his face. "And *you*," he said in conclusion—"when do you intend to return to California?"

The Colonel hesitated slightly. "I shall remain in Europe until Miss Arguello is—settled—I mean," he added hurriedly, "until she has—ahem!—completed her education in foreign ways and customs. You see, Hathaway, I have constituted myself, after a certain fashion, I may say—still, her guardian. I am an old man, with neither kith nor kin myself, Sir—I'm a little too old-fashioned for the boys over there"—with a vague gesture towards the West, which, however, told Paul how near it still was to him. "But then, among the old fogeys here—blank it all!—it isn't noticed. So I look after her, you see, or rather make myself responsible for her generally—although, of course, she has

other friends and associates, you understand, more of her own age and tastes."

"And I've no doubt she's perfectly satisfied," said Paul, in a tone of conviction.

"Well, yes, Sir, I presume so," said the Colonel, slowly; "but I've sometimes thought, Mr. Hathaway, that it would have been better if she'd have had a woman's care—the protection, you understand, of an elderly woman of society. That seems to be the style here, you know—a chaperon, they call it. Now, Milly Woods, you see, is about the same age, and the Doña Anna, of course, is older, but—blank it!—she's as big a flirt as the rest—I mean," he added, correcting him-

and remembering his own sensations at first seeing George—thought the popular belief not so wonderful. He was even forced to admit that the perfect unconsciousness on the part of master and man of any incongruity or peculiarity in themselves assisted the public misconception. And it was, I fear, with a feeling of wicked delight that, on entering the hotel, he hailed the evident consternation of those correct fellow-countrymen from whom he had lately fled, at what they apparently regarded as a national scandal. He overheard their hurried assurance to their English friends that his companions were *not* from Boston, and enjoyed their mortification that this explanation did

not seem to detract from the interest and relief with which the Britons surveyed them, or the open admiration of the Germans.

Although Pendleton somewhat unbent during supper, he did not allude to the secret of Yerba's parentage, nor of any tardy confidence of hers. To all appearance the situation remained as it was three years ago. He spoke of her great popularity as an heiress and a beautiful woman, and the marked attentions she received. He doubted not that she had rejected very distinguished offers, but she kept that to herself. She was perfectly competent to do so. She was no giddy girl, to be flattered or deceived: on the contrary, he had never known a cooler or more sensible woman. She knew her own worth. When she met the man who satisfied her ambition and understanding, she would marry, and not before. He did not know what that ambition was: it was something exalted, of course. He could only say, of his own knowledge, that last year, when they were on the Italian lakes, there was a certain Prince—Mr. Hathaway would understand why he did not mention names—who was not only attentive to her, but attentive to *him*, Sir, by Jove! and most significant in his inquiries. It was the only occasion when he, the Colonel, had ever spoken to her on such subjects; and, knowing that she was not indifferent to the fellow who was not bad of his kind, he had asked her why she had not encouraged his suit. She had said, with a laugh, that he couldn't marry her unless he gave up his claim of succession to a certain reigning house; and she wouldn't accept him *without it*. Those were her words, Sir, and he could only say that the Prince left a few days afterwards, and they had never seen him since. As to the Princelings and Counts and Barons, she knew to a day the date of their patents of nobility, and what privileges they were entitled to: she could tell to a dot the value of their estates, the amount of their debts,

and, by Jove! Sir, the amount of mortgages she was expected to pay off before she married them. She knew the amount of income she had to bring to the Prussian Army, from the General to the Lieutenant. She understood her own value and her rights. There was a young English Lordling she met on the Rhine, whose boyish ways and simplicity seemed to please her. They were great friends; but he wanted him—the Colonel—to induce her to accept an invitation for both to visit his mother's home in England, that his people might see her. But she declined, Sir! She declined to pass in review before his mother. She said it was for *him* to pass in review before *her* mother.

"Did she say that?" interrupted Paul, fixing his bright eyes upon the Colonel.

"If she had one, Sir, if she had one," corrected the Colonel, hastily. "Of course it was only an illustration. That she is an orphan is generally known, Sir."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. The Colonel leant back in his chair and pulled his moustache.



The young man remained leaning against the rustic archway.

self sharply, "she lacks balance, Sir, and—what shall I call it?—self-abnegation."

"Then Doña Anna is still of your party?" asked Paul.

"She is, Sir, and her brother, Don Caesar. I have thought it advisable, on Yerba's account, to keep up as much as possible the suggestion of her Spanish relationship—although, by reason of their absurd ignorance of geography and political divisions out here, there is a prevailing impression that she is a South American. A fact, Sir. I have myself been mistaken for the Dictator of one of those infernal Republics, and I have been pointed out as ruling over a million or two of niggers like George!"

There was no trace of any conception of humour in the Colonel's face, although he uttered a short laugh, as if in polite acceptance of the possibility that Paul might have one. Far from that, his companion, looking at the striking profile and erect figure at his side—at the long white moustache which drooped from his dark cheeks,



A few white flowers in her corsage, the companions of the solitary one in his buttonhole, were the only relief.



He looked around quickly, and saw that it was Yerba, in a white loose gown, leaning back composedly on the sofa, her hands clasped behind her shapely head

Paul turned away his eyes, and seemed absorbed in reflection. After a moment the Colonel coughed, pushed aside his glass, and, leaning across the table, said, "I have a favour to ask of you, Mr. Hathaway."

There was such a singular change in the tone of his voice, an unexpected relaxation of some artificial tension—a relaxation which struck Paul so pathetically as being as much physical as mental, as if he had suddenly been overtaken in some exertion by the weakness of age—that he looked up quickly. Certainly, although still erect and lightly grasping his moustache, the Colonel looked older.

"By all means, my dear Colonel," said Paul, warmly.

"During the time you remain here you can hardly help meeting Miss Arguello, perhaps frequently. It would be strange if you did not: it would appear to everybody still stranger. Give me your word as a gentleman that you will not make the least allusion to her of the past—nor reopen the subject."

Paul looked fixedly at the Colonel. "I certainly had no intention of doing so," he said after a pause, "for I thought it was already settled by you beyond disturbance or discussion. But do I understand you, that *she* has shown any uneasiness regarding it? From what you have just told me of her plans and ambition, I can scarcely imagine that she has any suspicion of the real facts."

"Certainly not," said the Colonel, hurriedly. "But I have your promise."

"I promise you," said Paul, after a pause, "that I shall neither introduce nor refer to the subject myself, and that if *she* should question me again regarding it, which is hardly possible, I will reveal nothing without your consent."

"Thank you," said Pendleton, without, however, exhibiting much relief in his face. "She will return here to-morrow."

"I thought you said she was absent for some days," said Paul.

"Yes; but she is coming back to say good-bye to Doña Anna, who arrives here with her brother the same day, on their way to Paris."

It flashed through Paul's mind that the last time he had seen her was in the company of the Briones. It was not a pleasant coincidence. Yet he was not aware that it had affected him, until he saw the Colonel watching him.

"I believe you don't fancy the brother," said Pendleton.

For an instant Paul was strongly tempted to avow his old vague suspicions of Don Caesar, but the utter hopelessness of reopening the whole subject again, and his recollection of the passage in Pendleton's letter that purported to be Yerba's own theory of his dislike, checked him in time. He only said, "I don't remember whether I had any cause for disliking Don Caesar; I can tell better when I see him again," and changed the subject. A few moments later the Colonel summoned George from some lower region of the hotel, and rose to take his leave. "Miss Arguello, with her maid and courier, will occupy her old suite of rooms here," he remarked, with a return of his old imperiousness. "George has given the orders for her. I shall not change my present lodgings, but, of course, will call every day. Good night!"

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning Paul could not help noticing an increased and even exaggerated respect paid him by the hotel attendants. He was asked if his *Excellency* would be served with breakfast in a private room, and his condescension in selecting the public coffee-room struck the obsequious chamberlain, but did not prevent him from preceding Paul backwards to the table, and summoning a waiter to attend specially upon "milor." Surmising that George and the Colonel might be in some way connected with this extravagance, he postponed an investigation till he should have seen them again. And, although he hardly dared to confess it to himself, the unexpected prospect of meeting Yerba again fully preoccupied his thoughts. He had believed that he would eventually see her in Europe, in some vague and indefinite way and hour: it had been in his mind when he started from California. That it would be so soon, and in such a simple and natural manner, he had never conceived.

He had returned from his morning walk to the *Brunnen*, and was sitting idly in his room, when there was a knock at the door. It opened to a servant bearing a salver with a card. Paul lifted it with a slight tremor, not at the engraved name of "Maria Concepcion de Arguellos de la Yerba Buena," but at the remembered schoolgirl hand that had pencilled underneath the words "wishes the favour of an audience with his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant Governor of the Californias."

Paul looked inquiringly at the servant. "The *gnädige Fräulein* was in her own salon. Would *Excellency* walk that way? It was but a step; in effect, the next apartment."

Paul followed him into the hall with wondering steps. The door of the next room was open, and disclosed a handsomely furnished salon. A tall graceful figure rose quickly from behind a writing-table, and advanced with outstretched hands and a frank yet mischievous smile. It was Yerba.

Standing there in a greyish hat, mantle, and travelling dress, all of one subdued yet alluring tone, she

looked as beautiful as when he had last seen her—and yet—unlike. For a brief bitter moment his instincts revolted at this familiar yielding up in his fair countrywomen of all that was distinctively original in them to alien tastes and habits, and he resented the plastic yet characterless mobility which made Yerba's Parisian dress and European manner fit her so charmingly and yet express so little. For a brief critical moment he remembered the placid, unchanging simplicity of German and the inflexible and ingrained reserve of English girlhood, in opposition to this indistinctive cosmopolitan grace. But only for a moment. As soon as she spoke, a certain flavour of individuality seemed to return to her speech.

"Confess," she said, "it was a courageous thing for me to do. You might have been somebody else—a real Excellency—or Heaven knows what! Or, what is worse, in your new magnificence you might have forgotten one of your oldest, most humble, but faithful subjects." She drew back and made him a mock ceremonious curtsy, that even in its charming exaggeration suggested to Paul, however, that she had already made it somewhere seriously.

"But what does it all mean?" he asked, smiling; feeling not only his doubts and uneasiness vanish, but even the years of separation melt away in her presence. "I know I went to bed last night a very humble individual, and yet I seem to awaken this morning a very exalted personage. Am I really Commander of the Faithful, or am I dreaming? Might I trouble you, as my predecessor Abou Hassan did Sweetlips, to bite my little finger?"

"Do you mean to say you have not seen the *Anzeiger*?" she returned, taking a small German printed sheet from the table and pointing to a paragraph. Paul took the paper. Certainly there was the plain announcement among the arrivals of "His Excellency Paul Hathaway, Lord Lieutenant Governor of the Californias." A light flashed upon him.

"This is George's work. He and Colonel Pendleton were here with me last night."

"Then you have seen the Colonel already?" she said, with a scarcely perceptible alteration of expression, which, however, struck Paul.

"Yes. I met him at the theatre last evening." He was about to plunge into an animated description of the Colonel's indignation, but checked himself, he knew not why. But he was thankful the next moment that he had.

"That accounts for everything," she said, lifting her pretty shoulders with a slight shrug of weariness. "I had to put a stop to George's talking about *me* three months ago—his extravagance is something *too* awful. And the Colonel, who is completely in his hands—trusting him for everything, even the language—doesn't see it."

"But he is extravagant in the praise of his friends only, and you certainly justify all he can say."

She was taking off her hat, and stopped for a moment to look at him thoughtfully, with the soft tendrils of her hair clinging to her forehead. "Did the Colonel talk much about me?"

"A great deal. In fact, I think we talked of nothing else. He has told me of your triumphs and your victims; of your various campaigns and your conquests. And yet I dare say he has not told me all—and I am dying to hear more."

She had laid down her hat and unloosed a large bow of her mantle, but stopped suddenly in the midst of it and sat down again. "I wish you'd do something for me."

"You have only to name it."

"Well, drop all this kind of talk! Try to think of me as if I had just come from California—or, better, as if you had never known anything of me at all—and we met for the first time. You could, I dare say, make yourself very agreeable to such a young lady who was willing to be pleased—why not to me? I venture to say you have not ever troubled yourself about me since we last met. No—hear me through—why, then, should you wish to talk over what didn't concern you at the time? Promise me you will stop this reminiscent gossip, and I promise you I will not only not bore you with it, but take care that it is not intruded upon you by others. Make yourself pleasant to me by talking about yourself and your prospects—anything but *me*—and I will throw over those Princes and Barons that the Colonel has raved about and devote myself to you while you are here. Does that suit your Excellency?" She had crossed her knees, and, with her hands clasped over them, and the toe of her small boot advanced beyond her skirt, leaned forward in the attitude he remembered to have seen her take in the summer-house at Rosario.

"Perfectly," he said.

"How long will you be here?"

"About three weeks: that, I believe, is the time allotted for my cure."

"Are you really ill," she said quietly, "or imagine yourself so?"

"It amounts to about the same thing. But my cure may not take so long," he added, fixing his bright eyes upon her.

She returned his gaze thoughtfully, and they remained looking at each other silently.

"Then you are stronger than you give yourself credit for. That is very often the case," she said quietly. "There," she added in another tone, "it is settled. You will come and go as you like, using this salon as your own. Stay, we can do something to-day. What do you say to a ride in the forest this afternoon? Milly isn't here yet, but it will be quite proper for you

to accompany me on horseback, though, of course, we couldn't walk a hundred yards down the *Allée* together unless we were *verlobt*."

"But," said Paul, "you are expecting company this afternoon. Don Caesar—I mean, Miss Briones and her brother are coming here to say good-bye."

She regarded him curiously, but without emotion.

"Colonel Pendleton should have added that they were to remain here overnight as my guests," she said composedly. "And, of course, we shall be back in time for dinner. But that is nothing to you. You have only to be ready at three o'clock. I will see that the horses are ordered. I often ride here, and the people know my tastes and habits. We will have a pleasant ride and a good long talk together, and I'll show you a ruin and a distant view of the villa where I have been staying." She held out her hand with a frank girlish smile, and even a girlish anticipation of pleasure in her brown eyes. He bent over her slim fingers for a moment, and withdrew.

When he was in his own room again, he was conscious only of a strong desire to avoid the Colonel until after his ride with Yerba. He would keep his word so far as to abstain from allusion to her family or her past: indeed, he had his own opinion of its futility. But it would be strange if, with his past experience, he could not find some other way to determine her convictions or win her confidence during those two hours of companionship. He would accept her terms fairly; if she had any ulterior design in her advances, he would detect it; if she had the least concern for him, she could not continue long an artificial friendship. But he must not think of that!

By absenting himself from the hotel he managed to keep clear of Pendleton until the hour arrived. He was gratified to find Yerba in the simplest and most sensible of habits, as if she had already divined his tastes and had wished to avoid attracting undue attention. Nevertheless, it very prettily accented her tall graceful figure, and Paul, albeit, like most artistic admirers of the sex, not recognising a woman on a horse as a particularly harmonious spectacle, was forced to admire her. Both rode well, and naturally—having been brought up in the same Western school—the horses recognised it, and instinctively obeyed them, and their conversation had the easy deliberation and inflection of a *tête-à-tête*. Paul, in view of her previous hint, talked to her of himself and his fortunes—of which she appeared, however, to have some knowledge. His health had obliged him lately to abandon politics and office; he had been successful in some ventures, and had become a junior partner in a bank with foreign correspondence. She listened to him for some time with interest and attention, but at last her face became abstracted and thoughtful. "I wish I were a man!" she said suddenly.

Paul looked at her quickly. For the first time he detected in the ring of her voice something of the passionate quality he fancied he had always seen in her face.

"Except that it might give you better control of your horse, I don't see why," said Paul. "And I don't entirely believe you."

"Why?"

"Because no woman really wishes to be a man unless she is conscious of her failure as a woman."

"And how do you know I'm not?" she said, checking her horse and looking in his face. A quick conviction that she was on the point of some confession sprang into his mind, but unfortunately showed in his face. She beat back his eager look with a short laugh. "There, don't speak, and don't look like that. That remark was worthy the usual artless maiden's invitation to a compliment, wasn't it? Let us keep to the subject of yourself. Why, with your political influence, don't you get yourself appointed to some diplomatic position over here?"

"There are none in our service. You wouldn't want me to sink myself in some absurd social functions, which are called by that name, merely to become the envy and hatred of a few rich Republicans, like your friends who haunt foreign Courts?"

"That's not a pretty speech—but I suppose I invited *that* too. Don't apologise. I'd rather see you flare out like that than pay compliments. Yet I fancy you're a diplomatist, for all that."

"You did me the honour to believe I was one once, when I was simply the most palpable ass and bungler living," said Paul, bitterly.

She was still sweetly silent, apparently preoccupied in smoothing out the mane of her walking horse. "Did I?" she said softly. He drew close beside her.

"How different the vegetation is here from what it is with us!" she said with nervous quickness, directing his attention to the grass road beneath them, without lifting her eyes. "I don't mean what is cultivated—for I suppose it takes centuries to make the lawns they have in England—but even here the blades of grass seem to press closer together, as if they were crowded or overpopulated, like the country; and this forest, which has been always wild and was a hunting park, has a blasé look, as if it was already tired of the unchanging traditions and monotony around it. I think over there Nature affects and influences us: here, I fancy, it is itself affected by the people."

"I think a good deal of Nature comes over from America for that purpose," he said dryly.

"And I think you are breaking your promise—besides being a goose!" she retorted smartly. Nevertheless, for some occult reason they both seemed

relieved by this exquisite witticism, and trotted on amicably together. When Paul lifted his eyes to hers he could see that they were suffused with a tender mischief, as of a reproving yet secretly admiring sister, and her strangely delicate complexion had taken on itself that faint Alpine glow that was more of an illumination than a colour. "There," she said gaily, pointing with her whip as the wood opened upon a glade through which the parted trees showed a long blue curvature of distant hills, "you see that white thing lying like a snowdrift on the hills?"

"Or the family washing on a hedge."

"As you please. Well, that is the villa."

"And you were very happy there?" said Paul, watching her girlishly animated face.

"Yes; and as you don't ask questions, I'll tell you why. There is one of the sweetest old ladies there that

I ever met—the perfection of old-time courtliness with all the motherishness of a German woman. She was very kind to me, and, as she had no daughter of her own, I think she treated me as if I was one. At least, I can imagine how one would feel to her, and what a woman like that could make of any girl. You laugh, Mr. Hathaway, you don't understand—but you don't know what an advantage it would be to a girl to have a mother like that, and know that she could fall back on her and hold her own against anybody. She's equipped from the start, instead of being handicapped. It's all very well to talk about the value of money. It can give you everything but one thing—the power to do without it."

"I think its purchasing value would include even the *gnädige Frau*," said Paul, who had laughed only to hide the uneasiness that Yerba's approach to the tabooed

subject had revived in him. She shook her head; then, recovering her tone of gentle banter, said: "There—I've made a confession. If the Colonel talks to you again about my conquests, you will know that at present my affections are centred on the Baron's mother. I admit it's a strong point in his—in *anybody's*—favour, who can show an unblemished maternal pedigree. What a pity it is you are an orphan, like myself, Mr. Hathaway! For I fancy your mother must have been a very perfect woman. A great deal of her tact and propriety has descended to you. Only it would have been nicer if she had given it to you, like pocket money, as occasion required—which you might have shared with me—than leaving it to you in one thumping legacy."

It was impossible to tell how far the playfulness of her brown eyes suggested any ulterior meaning, for, as



Offering a chair to the visitor, he remained gracefully posed with his hand on the back of another.

Paul again eagerly drew towards her, she sent her horse into a rapid canter before him. When he was at her side again, she said: "There is still the ruin to see on our way home. It is just off here to the right. But if you wish to go over it we will have to dismount at the foot of the slope and walk up. It hasn't any story or legend that I know of; I looked over the guide-book to cram for it before you came—but there was nothing. So you can invent what you like."

They dismounted at the beginning of a gentle acclivity, where an ancient waggon-road, now grass-grown, rose smooth as a glacis. Tying their horses to two moplike bushes, they climbed the slope hand in hand like children. There were a few winding broken steps, part of a fallen archway, a few feet of vaulted corridor, a sudden breach—the sky beyond—and that was all! Not all—for before them, overlooked at first, lay a chasm covering half an acre, in which the whole of the original edifice—tower turrets, walls, and battlements—had been apparently cast, inextricably mixed and mingled at different depths and angles, with here and there, like mushrooms from a dustheap, a score of trees upspringing.

"This is not Time—but gunpowder," said Paul,

leaning over a parapet of the wall and gazing at the abyss, with a slight grimace.

"It don't look very romantic, certainly," said Yerba. "I only saw it from the road before. I'm dreadfully sorry," she added, with mock penitence. "I suppose, however, *something* must have happened here."

"There may have been nobody in the house at the time," said Paul, gravely. "The family may have been at the baths."

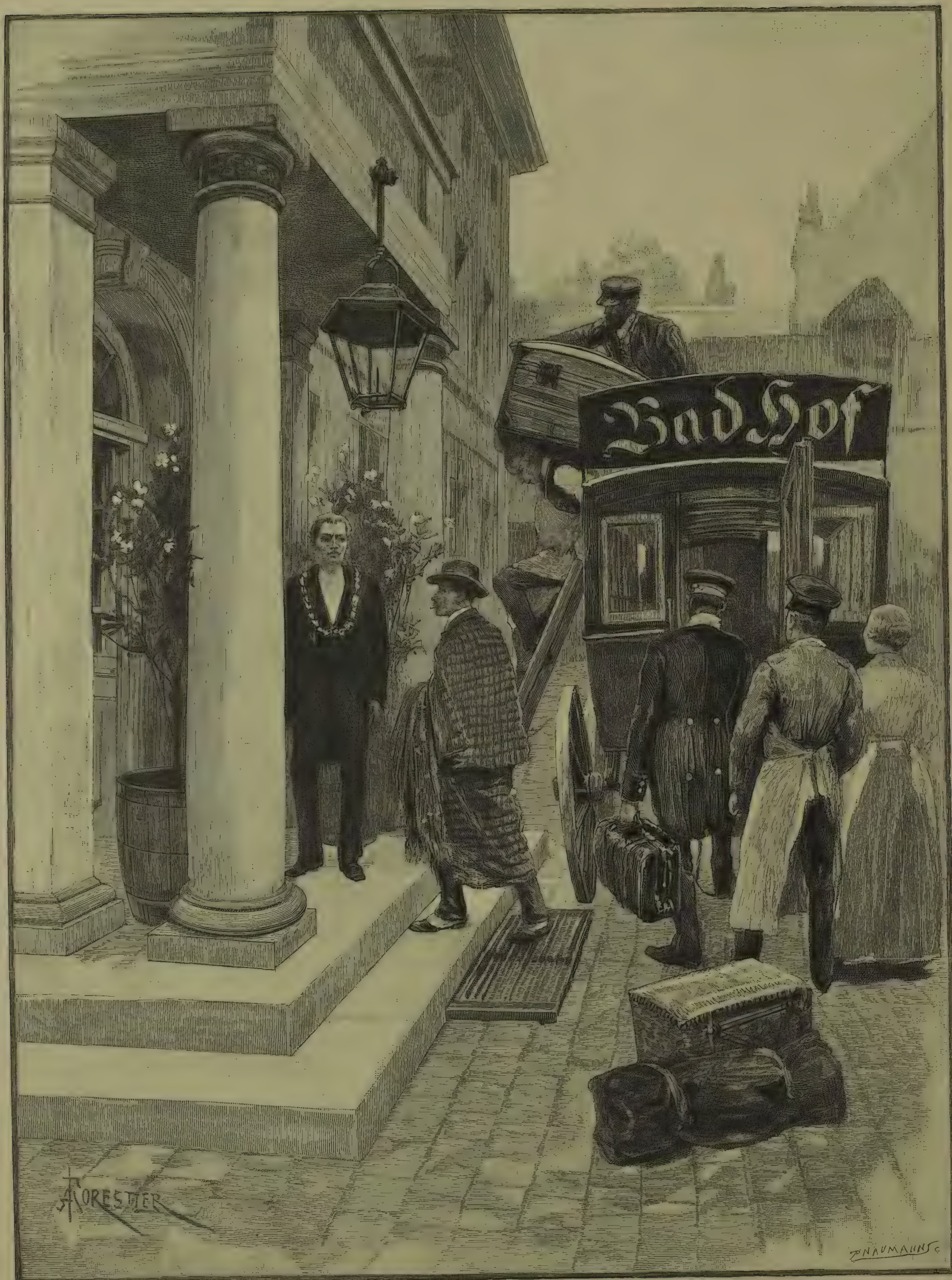
They stood close together, their elbows resting upon the broken wall, and almost touching. Beyond the abyss and darker forest they could see the more vivid green and regular lines of the plane-trees of Strudle Bad, the glitter of a spire, or the flash of a dome. From the abyss itself arose a cool odour of moist green leaves, the scent of some unseen blossoms, and around the baking vines on the hot wall the hum of apparently taskless and disappointed bees. There was nobody in sight in the forest road, no one working in the bordering fields, and no suggestion of the present. There might have been three or four centuries between them and Strudle Bad.

"The legend of this place," said Paul, glancing at the long brown lashes and oval outline of the cheek

so near his own, "is simple, yet affecting. A cruel, remorseless, but fascinating Hexie was once loved by a simple shepherd. He had never dared to syllable his hopeless affection, or claim from her a syllable—perhaps I should say a one-syllable—reply. He had followed her from remote lands, dumbly worshipping her, building in his foolish brain an air-castle of happiness, which by reason of her magic power she could always see plainly in his eyes. And one day, beguiling him in the depths of the forest, she led him to a fair-seeming castle, and, bidding him enter its portals, offered to show him a realisation of his dream. But, lo! even as he entered the stately corridor it seemed to crumble away before him, and disclosed a hideous abyss beyond, in which the whole of that goodly palace lay in heaped and tangled ruins—the fitting symbol of his wrecked and shattered hopes."

She drew back a little way from him, but still holding on to the top of the broken wall with one slim gauntleted hand, and swung herself to one side, while she surveyed him with smiling parted lips and conscious eyelids. He promptly covered her hand with his own, but she did not seem to notice it.

"That is not the story," she said, in a faint voice



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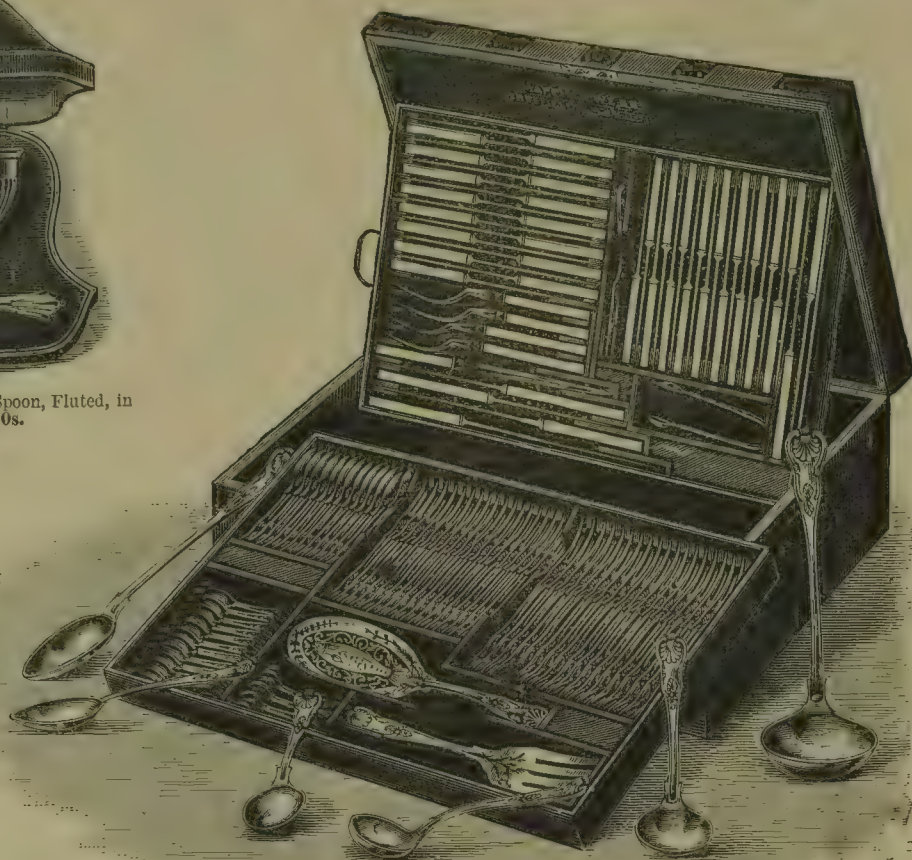
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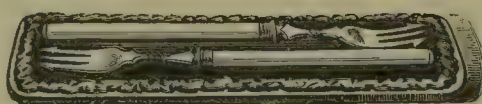
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that even her struggling sauciness could not make steadier. "The true story is called 'The Legend of the Goose Girl of Strudle Bad, and the enterprising Gosling.' There was once a goose-girl of the plain who tried honestly to drive her geese to market, but one eccentric and wilful gosling—Mr. Hathaway! Stop—please—I beg you let me go!"

He had caught her in his arms—the one encircling her waist, the other hand still grasping hers. She struggled, half laughing; yielded for a breathless moment as his lips brushed her cheek, and—threw him off. "There!" she said, "that will do: the story was not illustrated."

"But, Yerba," he said, with passionate eagerness, "hear me—it is all God's truth—I love you!"

She drew back farther, shaking the dust of the wall from the folds of her habit. Then, with a lower voice and a paler cheek, as if his lips had sent her blood and utterance back to her heart, she said: "Come, let us go."

"But not until you've heard me, Yerba."

"Well, then—I believe you—there!" she said, looking at him.

"You believe me?" he repeated eagerly, attempting to take her hand again.

She drew back still farther. "Yes," she said, "or I shouldn't be here now. There! that must suffice you. And if you wish me still to believe you, you will not speak of this again while we are out together. Come, let us go back to the horses."

He looked at her with all his soul. She was pale, but composed, and—he could see—determined. He followed her without a word. She accepted his hand to support her again down the slope without embarrassment or reminiscent emotion. The whole scene through which she had just passed might have been buried in the abyss and ruins behind her. As she placed her foot in his hand to remount, and for a moment rested her weight on his shoulder, her brown eyes met his frankly and without a tremor.

Nor was she content with this. As Paul at first rode on silently, his heart filled with unsatisfied yearning, she rallied him mischievously. Was it kind in him on this, their first day together, to sulk in this fashion? Was it a promise for their future excursions? Did he intend to carry this lugubrious visage through the *Allée* and up to the courtyard of the hotel to proclaim his sentimental condition to the world? At least, she trusted he would not show it to Milly, who might remember that this was only the *second time* they had met each other. There was something so sweetly reasonable in this, and withal not without a certain hopefulness for the future, to say nothing of the half-mischievous, half-reproachful smile that accompanied it, that Paul exerted himself, and eventually recovered his lost gaiety. When they at last drew up in the courtyard, with the flush of youth and exercise in their faces, Paul felt he was the object of envy to the loungers, and of fresh gossip to Strudle Bad. It struck him less pleasantly that two dark faces, which had been previously regarding him in the gloom of the corridor and vanished as he approached, reappeared some moments later in Yerba's salon as Don Caesar and Doña Anna, with a benignly different expression. Doña Anna especially greeted him with so much of the ostentatious archness of a confident and forgiving woman to a momentarily recant lover that he felt absurdly embarrassed in Yerba's presence. He was thinking how he could excuse himself, when he noticed a beautiful basket of flowers on the table and a tiny note bearing a Baron's crest. Yerba had put it aside with—as it seemed to him at the moment—an almost too pronounced indifference—and an indifference that was strongly contrasted to Doña Anna's eagerly expressed enthusiasm over the offering, and her ultimate supplications to Paul and her brother to admire its beauties and the wonderful taste of the donor.

All this seemed so incongruous with Paul's feelings, and above all with the recollection of his scene with Yerba, that he excused himself from dining with the party, alleging an engagement with his old fellow-traveller the German officer, whose acquaintance he had renewed. Yerba did not press him; he even fancied she looked relieved. Colonel Pendleton was coming; Paul was not loth, in his present frame of mind, to dispense with his company. A conviction that the Colonel's counsel was not the best guide for Yerba, and that in some vague way their interests were antagonistic, had begun to force itself upon him. He had no intention of being disloyal to her old guardian, but he felt that Pendleton had not been frank with him since his return from Rosario. Had he ever been so with her? He sometimes doubted his disclaimer.

He was lucky in finding the General disengaged, and together they dined at a restaurant and spent the evening at the *Kursaal*. Later, at the Residenz Club, the General leaned over his beer-glass and smilingly addressed his companion.

"So I hear you, too, are a conquest of the beautiful South American."

For an instant Paul, recognising only Doña Anna under that epithet, looked puzzled.

"Come, my friend," said the General, regarding him with some amusement, "I am an older man than you, yet I hardly think I could have ridden out with such a goddess without becoming her slave."

Paul felt his face flush in spite of himself. "Ah! you mean Miss Arguello," he said hurriedly, his colour increasing at his own mention of that name as if he

were imposing it upon his honest companion. "She is an old acquaintance of mine—from my own State—California."

"Ah, so," said the General, lifting his eyebrows in profound apology. "A thousand pardons."

"Surely," said Paul, with a desperate attempt to recover his equanimity. "You ought to know our geography better."

"So, I am wrong. But still the name—Arguello—surely that is not American? Still, they say she has no accent, and does not look like a Mexican."

For an instant Paul was superstitiously struck with the fatal infelicity of Yerba's selection of a foreign name, that now seemed only to invite that comment and criticism which she should have avoided. Nor could he explain it at length to the General without assisting and accenting the deception, which he was always hoping in some vague way to bring to an end. He was sorry he had corrected the General; he was furious that he had allowed himself to be confused.

Happily his companion had misinterpreted his annoyance, and with impulsive German friendship threw himself into what he believed to be Paul's feelings. "*Donnerwetter!* Your beautiful countrywoman is made the subject of curiosity just because that stupid Baron is persistent in his serious attentions. That is quite enough, my good friend, to make *Klatschen* here among those animals who do not understand the freedom of an American girl, or that an heiress may have something else to do with her money than to expend it on the Baron's mortgages. But"—he stopped, and his simple, honest face assumed an air of profound and sagacious cunning—"I am glad to talk about it with you, who, of course, are perfectly familiar with the affair. I shall now be able to know what to say. My word, my friend, has some weight here, and I shall use it. And now you shall tell me *who* is our lovely friend, and *who* were her parents and her kindred in her own home. Her associates here, you possibly know, are an impossible Colonel and his never-before-approached valet, with some South American Indian planters, and, I believe, a pork-butcher's daughter. But of *them*—it makes nothing. Tell me of *her* people."

With his kindly serious face within a few inches of Paul's, and sympathising curiosity beaming from his pince-nez, he obliged the wretched and conscious-stricken Hathaway to respond with a detailed account of Yerba's parentage as projected by herself and indorsed by Colonel Pendleton. He dwelt somewhat particularly on the romantic character of the Trust, hoping to draw the General's attention away from the question of relationship, but he was chagrined to find that the honest warrior evidently confounded the Trust with some cleemosynary institution and sympathetically glossed it over. "Of course," he said, "the Mexican Minister at Berlin would know all about the Arguello family: so there would be no question there."

Paul was not sorry when the time came to take leave of his friend; but, once again in the clear moonlight and fresh, balmy air of the *Allée*, he forgot the unpleasantness of the interview. He found himself thinking only of his ride with Yerba. Well! he had told her that he loved her. She knew it now, and, although she had forbidden him to speak further, she had not wholly rejected it. It must be her morbid consciousness of the mystery of her birth that withheld a return of her affections—some half-knowledge, perhaps, that she would not divulge, yet that kept her unduly sensitive of accepting his love. He was satisfied there was no entanglement; her heart was virgin. He even dared to hope that she had *always* cared for him. It was for him to remove all obstacles—to prevail upon her to leave this place and return to America with him as her husband, the guardian of her good name, and the custodian of her secret. At times the strains of a dreamy German waltz, played in the distance, brought back to him the brief moment that his arm had encircled her waist by the crumbling wall, and his pulses grew languid, only to leap firmer the next moment with more desperate resolve. He would win her, come what may! He could never have been in earnest before: he loathed and hated himself for his previous passive acquiescence to her fate. He had been a weak tool of the Colonel's from the first: he was even now handicapped by a preposterous promise he had given him! Yes, she was right to hesitate—to question his ability to make her happy! He had found her here, surrounded by stupidity and cupidity—to give it no other name—so patent that she was the common gossip, and had offered nothing but a boyish declaration! As he strode into the hotel that night, it was well that he did not meet the unfortunate Colonel on the staircase!

It was very late, although there was still visible a light in Yerba's salon, shining on her balcony, which extended before and included his own window. From time to time he could hear the murmur of voices. It was too late to avail himself of the invitation to join them, even if his frame of mind had permitted it. He was too nervous and excited to go to bed, and, without lighting his candle, he opened the French window that gave upon the balcony, drew a chair in the recess behind the curtain, and gazed upon the night. It was very quiet; the moon was high, the square was sleeping in a trance of chequered shadows, like a gigantic chessboard, with a black foreshortened trees for pawns. The click of a cavalry sabre, the sound of a footfall on the pavement of the distant Königsstrasse were distinctly audible; a far-off railway whistle was startling in its abruptness.

In the midst of this calm the opening of the door of the salon, with the sudden uplifting of voices in the hall, told Paul that Yerba's guests were leaving. He heard Doña Anna's arch accents—arch even to Colonel Pendleton's monotonous baritone!—Milly's high, rapid utterances, the suave falsetto of Don Caesar, and *her* voice, he thought a trifle wearied—the sound of retiring footsteps, and all was still again.

So still that the rhythmic beat of the distant waltz returned to him, with a distinctiveness that he could idly follow. He thought of Rosario and the rose-breath of the open windows with a strange longing, and remembered the half-stifled sweetness of her happy voice rising with it from the verandah. Why had he ever let it pass from him then, and waft its fragrance elsewhere? Why—What was that?

The slight turning of a latch! The creaking of the French window of the salon, and somebody had slipped softly half out on the balcony. His heart stopped beating. From his position in the recess of his own window, with his back to the partition of the salon, he could see nothing. Yet he did not dare to move. For with the quickened senses of a lover he felt the diffused and perfumed aura of *her* presence, of *her* garments, of *her* flesh flow in upon him through the open window, and possess his whole breathless being! It was *she*! Like him, perhaps, longing to enjoy the perfect night—like him, perhaps, thinking of—

"So you arrange to get rid of me—ha! lik thees? To tur-n me off from your heels like a dog who have follow you—but without a word—without a—thanks—without a 'ope! Ah!—we have ser-rved you—me and my sister; we are the orange dry—now we can go! Like the old shoe, we are to be flung away! Good! But I am here again—you see. I shall speak, and you shall hear-r."

Don Caesar's voice—alone with her! Paul gripped his chair and sat upright.

"Stop! Stay where you are! How dared you return here?" It was Yerba's voice, on the balcony, low and distinct.

"Shut the window! I shall speak with you what you will not the world to hear."

"I prefer to keep where I am, since you have crept into this room like a thief!"

"A thief! Good!" He broke out in Spanish, and, as if no longer fearful of being overheard, had evidently drawn nearer to the window. "A thief. Ha! *muy bueno*—but it is not I, you understand—I, Caesar Briones, who am the thief! No! It is that swaggering *espadachin*—that *fanfarron* of a Colonel Pendleton—that pattern of an official, Mr. Hathaway—that most beautiful heiress of the Californias, Miss Arguello—that are thieves! Yes—of a name—Miss Arguello—of a name! The name of Arguello!"

Paul rose to his feet.

"Ah, so! You start—you turn pale—you flash your eyes, Señora, but you think you have deceived me all these years. You think I did not see your game at Rosario—yes, even when that foolish Castro *muchacha* first put that idea in your head. Who furnished you the facts you wanted? I—Mother of God!—*such facts*!—I, who knew the Arguello pedigree—I, who know it was as impossible for you to be a daughter of them as—what? let me think—as—as it is impossible for you to be the wife of that Baron whom you would deceive with the rest! Ah, yes; it was a high flight for you, Mees—Mees—Doña Fulana—a noble game for you to bring down!"

Why did she not speak? What was she doing? If she had but uttered a single word of protest, of angry dismissal, Paul would have flown to her side. It could not be the paralysis of personal fear: the balcony was wide; she could easily pass to the end; she could even see his open window.

"Why did I do this? Because I loved you, Señora—and you knew it! Ah! you can turn your face away now; you can pretend to misunderstand me, as you did a moment ago; you can part from me now like a mere acquaintance—but it was not always so! No, it was *you* who brought me here; your eyes that smiled into mine—and drove home the Colonel's request that I and my sister should accompany you. God! I was weak then! You smile, Señora; you think you have succeeded—you and your pompous Colonel and your clever Governor! You think you have compromised me, and perjured me, because of this. You are wrong! You think I dare not speak to this puppet of a Baron, and that I have no proofs. You are wrong!"

"And even if you can produce them, what care I?" said Yerba, unexpectedly, yet in a voice so free from excitement and passion that the weariness which Paul had at first noticed seemed to be the only dominant tone. "Suppose you prove that I am not an Arguello. Good! You have yet to show that a connection with any of your race would be anything but a disgrace."

"Ah! you defy me, little one! *Caramba!* Listen, then! You do not know all! When you thought I was only helping you to fabricate your claim to the Arguellos' name, I was finding out *who you really were!* Ah! It was not so difficult as you fondly hope, Señora. We were not all brutes and fools in the early days, though we stood aside to let your people run their vulgar course. It was your hired bully—your respected guardian—this dog of an *espadachin*, who let out a hint of the secret—with a prick of his blade—and a scandal. One of my *peon* women was a servant at the convent when you were a child, and recognised the

woman who put you there and came to see you as a friend. She overheard the Mother Superior say it was your mother, and saw a necklace that was left for you to wear. Ah! you begin to believe! When I had put this and that together I found that Pepita could not identify you with the child that she had seen. But you, Señora, you *yourself* supplied the missing proof! Yes! you supplied it with the *necklace* that you wore that evening at Rosario, when you wished to do honour to this young Hathaway—the guardian who had always thrown you off! Ah!—you now suspect why, perhaps! It was your mother's necklace that you wore, and you said so! That night I sent the good Pepita to identify it; to watch through the window from the garden when you were wearing it; to make it sure as the Creed. I sent her to your room late that night when you had

changed your dress that she might examine it among your jewels. And she did—and will swear—look you!—*swear* that it is the one given you as a child by the woman at the convent, who was your mother! And who was that woman—eh? Who was the mother of the Arguello de la Yerba Buena?—who this noble ancestress?"

"Excuse me—but perhaps you are not aware that you are raising your voice in a lady's drawing-room, and that, although you are speaking a language no one here understands, you are disturbing the hotel."

It was Paul, quiet, pale in the moonlight, erect on the balcony before the window. As Yerba, with a start, retreated quickly into the room, Don Caesar stepped forward angrily and suspiciously towards the window. He had his hand reached forward towards the handle

as if to close the swinging sash against the intruder, when in an instant he was seized by Paul, tightly locked in a desperate grip, and whirled out on the balcony. Before he could gain breath to utter a cry, Hathaway had passed his right arm around the Mexican's throat, effectively stopping his utterance, and, with a supreme effort of strength, dragged him along the wall, falling with him into the open window of his own room. As he did so, to his inexpressible relief he heard the sash closed and the bolt drawn of the salon window, and regained his feet, collected, quiet, and triumphant.

"I am sorry," he said, coolly dusting his clothes, "to have been obliged to change the scene of this discussion so roughly, but you will observe that you can speak more freely *here*, and that any altercation *we* may have in this room will be less likely to attract comment."



He threw himself on a cushioned lounge that filled the angle of the deep embrasure.

"Assassin!" said Don Caesar, chokingly, as he struggled to his feet.

"Thank you. Relieve your feelings as much as you like here; in fact, if you would speak a little louder you would oblige me. The guests are beginning to be awake," continued Paul, with a wicked smile, indicating the noise of an opening door and footsteps in the passage, "and are now able to locate without difficulty the scene of the disturbance."

Briones apparently understood his meaning, and the success of his stratagem. "You think you have saved *her* from disgrace," he said, with a livid smile, in a lower tone and a desperate attempt to imitate Paul's coolness. "For the present—ah—yees! perhaps in this hotel and this evening. But you have not stop my mouth for—a—to-morrow—and the whole world, Mr. Hathaway."

"Well," said Paul, looking at him critically, "I don't know about that. Of course, there's the equal chance that you may kill me—but that's a question for to-morrow, too."

The Mexican cast a quick glance at the door and

window. Paul, as if carelessly, changed the key of the former from one pocket to the other, and stepped before the window.

"So this is a plot to murder me! Have a care! You are not in your own brigand California!"

"If you think so, alarm the house. They will find us quarrelling, and you will only precipitate matters by receiving the insult that will make you fight—before them."

"I am r-ready, Sir, when and where you will," said Briones, with a swaggering air but a shifting, furtive eye. "Open—a—the door."

"Pardon me. We will leave this room *together* in an hour for the station. We will board the night express that will take us in three hours beyond the frontier, where we can each find a friend."

"But my affairs here—my sister—I must see her."

"You shall write a note to her at that table, saying that important business—a despatch—has called you away, and we will leave it with the porter to be delivered *in the morning*. Or—I do not restrict you—you can say what you like, provided she don't get it until we have left."

"And you make of me a prisoner, Sir?"

"No; a visitor, Don Caesar—a visitor whose conversation is so interesting that I am forced to detain him to hear more. You can pass the time pleasantly by finishing the story I was obliged to interrupt a moment ago. Do you know this mother of Miss Yerba, of whom you spoke?"

"That's m—my affair."

"That means you don't know her. If you did, you'd have had her within call. And, as she is the only person who is able to say that Miss Yerba is *not* an Arguello, you have been very remiss."

"Ah, bah! I am not one of your—a—lawyers."

"No; or you would know that, with no better evidence than you have, you might be sued for slander."

"Ah! Why does not Miss Yerba sue, then?"

"Because she probably expects that somebody will shoot you."

"As *you*, for instance?"

"Perhaps."

"And if you do *not*—eh?—you have not stop my

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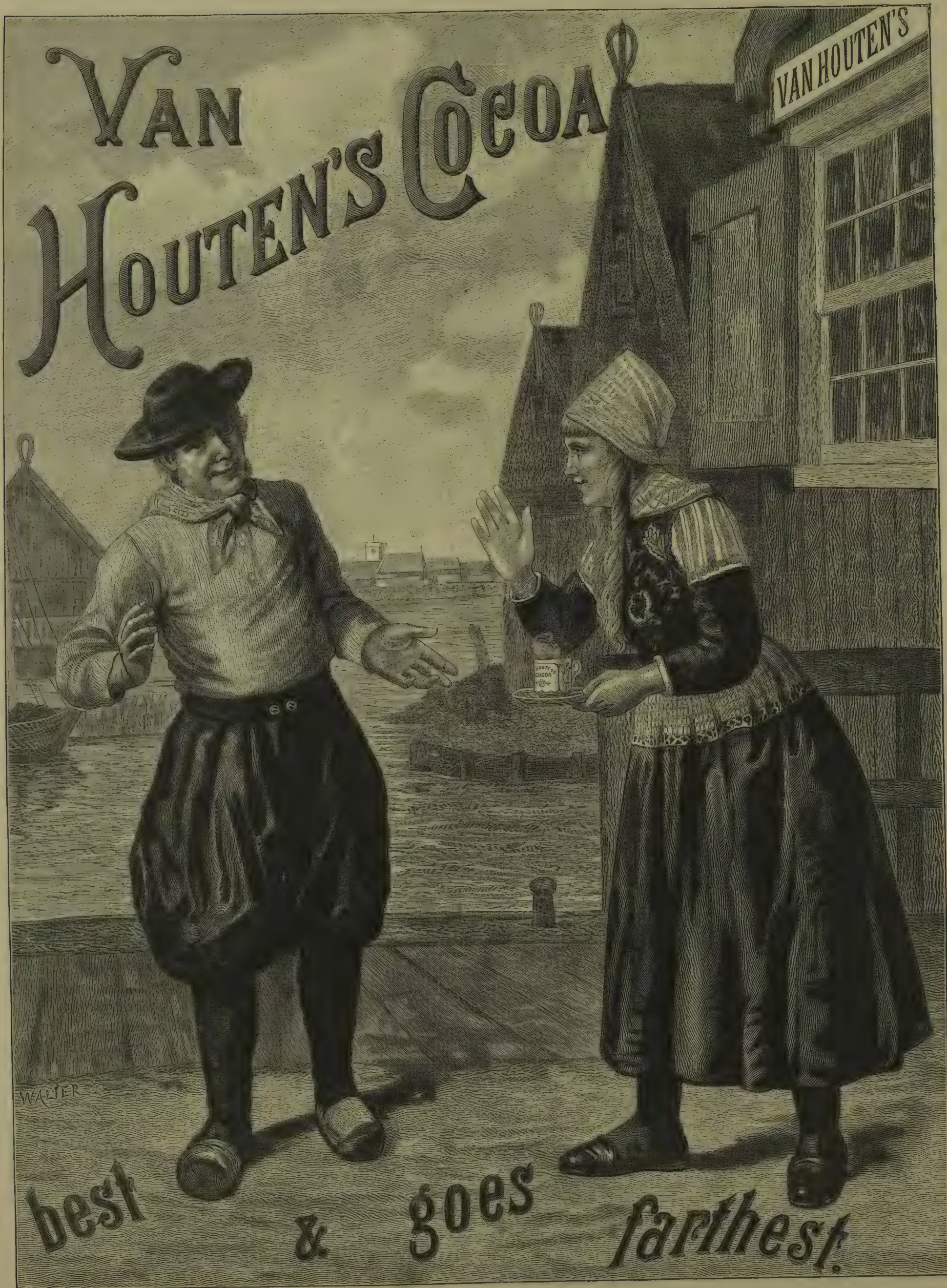
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mouth, but your own. And if you *do*, you help her to marry the Baron, your rival. You are not wise, friend Hathaway."

"May I remind you that you have not yet written to your sister, and you may prefer to do it carefully and deliberately?"

Don Caesar arose with a vindictive glance at Paul, and pulled a chair before the table, as the latter placed pen, ink, and paper before him. "Take your time," he added, folding his arms and walking towards the window. "Say what you like, and don't let my presence restrain you."

The Mexican began to write furiously, then spasmodically, then slowly and reluctantly. "I war-r-n you, I shall expose all," he said suddenly.

"As you please."

"And shall say that if I disappear, you are my murderer—you understand—my *murderer*!"

"Don't consult me on a question of epithets, but go on."

Don Caesar recommenced his writing with a malign smile. There was a sudden sharp rap at the door.

Don Caesar leaped to his feet, grasped his papers, and rushed to the door; but Paul was before him. "Who is there?" he demanded.

"Pendleton."

At the sound of the Colonel's voice Don Caesar fell back. Paul opened the door, admitted the tall figure of the Colonel, and was about to turn the key again. But Pendleton lifted his hand in grim deprecation.

"That will do, Mr. Hathaway. I know all. But I wish to speak with Briones elsewhere, alone."

"Excuse me, Colonel Pendleton," said Paul, firmly, "but I have the prior claim. Words have passed between this gentleman and myself which we are now on our way to the station and the frontier to settle. If

you are willing to accompany us, I shall give you every opportunity to converse with him alone, and arrange whatever business you may have with him, provided it does not interfere with mine."

"My business," said Pendleton, "is of a personal nature, that will not interfere with any claim of yours that Mr. Briones may choose to admit, but is of a private quality that must be transacted between us now." His face was pale, and his voice, although steady and self-controlled, had that same strange suggestion of sudden age in it which Paul had before noticed. Whether Don Caesar detected it, or whether he had some other instinctive appreciation of greater security, Paul could not tell. He seemed to recover his swagger again, as he said—

"I shall hear what Colonel Pendleton has to say first. But I shall hold myself in readiness to meet you afterwards—you shall not fear, Sir!"



"George, you can take that hat to that blank hatter, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want a 'gentleman's' mourning band around my hat."

Paul remained looking from the one to the other without speaking. It was Don Caesar who returned his glance boldly and defiantly, Colonel Pendleton who, with thin white fingers pulling his moustache, evaded it. Then Paul unlocked the door, and said slowly: "In five minutes I leave this house for the station. I shall wait there until the train arrives. If this gentleman does not join me, I shall be better able to understand all this and take measures accordingly."

"And I tell to you, Meester Hathaway, Sir," said Don Caesar, striking an attitude in the doorway, "you shall do as I please—*Caramba!*—and shall beg"—

"Hold your tongue, Sir—or, by the eternal"—burst out Pendleton, suddenly, bringing down his thin hand on the Mexican's shoulder. He stopped as suddenly. "Gentlemen, this is childish. Go, Sir!" to Don Caesar, pointing with a gaunt white finger into the darkened hall. "I will follow you. Mr. Hathaway, as an older man, and one who has seen a good deal of foolish altercation, I regret, Sir, deeply regret, to be a witness to this belligerent quality in a law-maker and a public man; and I must deprecate, Sir—deprecate, your demand on that gentleman for what, in the folly of youth, you are pleased to call personal satisfaction."

As he moved with dignity out of the room, Paul

remained blankly staring after him. Was it all a dream?—or was this Colonel Pendleton, the duellist? Had the old man gone crazy, or was he merely acting to veil some wild purpose? His sudden arrival showed that Yerba must have sent for him and told him of Don Caesar's threats: would he be wild enough to attempt to strangle the man in some remote room or in the darkness of the passage? He stepped softly into the hall: he could still hear the double tread of the two men: they had reached the staircase—they were *descending*! He heard the drowsy accents of the night porter and the swinging of the door—they were in the street!

Wherever they were going, or for what purpose, he must be at the station, as he had warned them he would be. He hastily threw a few things into his valise, and prepared to follow them. When he went downstairs he informed the porter that owing to an urgent call of business he should try to catch the through express at three o'clock, but they must retain his room and luggage until they heard from him. He remembered Don Caesar's letter. Had either of the gentlemen, his friends who had just gone out, left a letter or message? No, Excellency; the gentlemen were talking earnestly—he believed, in the South American language—and had not spoken to him.

Perhaps it was this that reminded Paul, as he crossed the square again, that he had made no preparation for any possible fatal issue to himself in this adventure. *She* would know it, however, and why he had undertaken it. He tried to think that perhaps some interest in himself had prompted her to send the Colonel to him. Yet, mingled with this was an odd sense of a certain ridiculousness in his position: there was the absurdity of his prospective antagonist being even now in confidential consultation with his own friend and ally, whose functions he had usurped, and in whose interests he was about to risk his life. And as he walked away through the silent streets the conviction more than once was forced upon him that he was going to an appointment that would not be kept.

He reached the station some ten minutes before the train was due. Two or three half-drowsy, wrapped-up passengers were already on the platform; but neither Don Caesar nor Colonel Pendleton was among them. He explored the waiting-rooms and even the half-lit buffet, but with no better success. Telling the *Bahnhof* Inspector that his passage was only contingent upon the arrival of one or two companions, and describing them minutely to prevent mistakes, he began gloomily to pace before the ticket-office. Five minutes passed—



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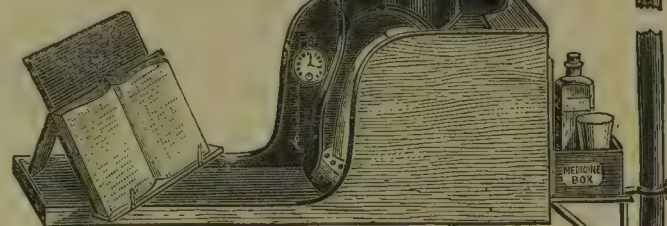
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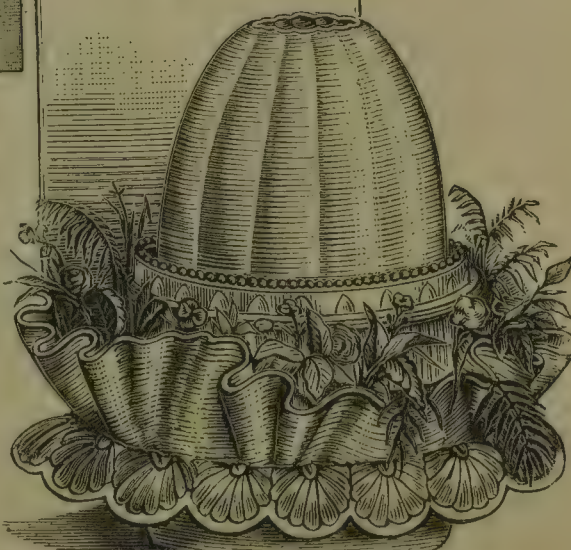
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the number of passengers did not increase; ten minutes; a distant shriek—the hoarse inquiry of the inspector—had the Herr's companions yet *gekommen*? the sudden glare of a Cyclopean eye in the darkness, the on-gliding of the long-jointed and gleaming-spotted serpent, the train—a hurried glance around the platform, one or two guttural orders, the slamming of doors, the remounting of black-uniformed figures like caryatides along the *marcchepieds*, a puff of vapour, and the train had come and gone without them.

Yet he would give his adversary fifteen minutes more to allow for accident or delay, or the possible arrival of the Colonel with an explanation, and recommenced his gloomy pacing, as the *Bahnhof* sank back into half-lit repose. At the end of five minutes there was another shriek. Paul turned quickly to the inspector. Ah, then, there was another train? No; it was only the *up express* for Basle, going the other way and stopping at the *Nord Station*, half a mile away. It would not stop here, but the Herr would see it pass in a few moments at full speed.

It came presently, with a prolonged despairing shriek, out of the darkness; a flash, a rush and roar at his side, a plunge into the darkness again with the same despairing cry; a flutter of something white from one of the windows, like a loosened curtain, that at last seemed to detach itself, and, after a wild attempt to follow, suddenly soared aloft, whirled over and over, dropped, and drifted slowly, slantwise, to the ground.

The inspector had seen it, ran down the line, and picked it up. Then he returned with it to Paul with a look of sympathising concern. It was a lady's handkerchief, evidently some signal waved to the well-born Herr, who was the only passenger on the platform. So, possibly, it might be from his friends, who by some stupid mischance had gone to the wrong station, and—*Gott im Himmel!*—it was hideously stupid, yet possible, got on the wrong train!

The Herr, a little pale, but composed, thought it *was* possible. No; he would not telegraph to the next station—not yet—he would inquire.

He walked quickly away, reaching the hotel breathlessly, yet in a space that seemed all too brief for his disconnected thought. There were signs of animation in the hall, and an empty carriage was just re-entering the courtyard. The hall-porter met him with demonstrative concern and apology. Ah! if he had only understood his Excellency better, he could have saved him all this trouble. Evidently his Excellency was going with the Arguello party, who had ordered a carriage, doubtless, for the same important journey, an hour before, yet had left only a few moments after his Excellency. And his Excellency, it would appear, had gone to the wrong station.

Paul pushed hurriedly past the man and ascended to his room. Both windows were open, and in the faint moonlight he could see that something white was pinned to his pillow. With nervous fingers he relit his candles, and found it was a note in Yerba's handwriting. As he opened it, a tiny spray of the vine that had grown on the crumbling wall fell at his feet. He picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and read, with dim eyes, as follows:—

You know now why I spoke to you as I did to-day, and why the other half of this precious spray is the only memory I care to carry with me out of this crumbling ruin of all my hopes. You were right, Paul: my taking you there *was an omen*—not to you, who can never be anything but proud, beloved, and true—but to *me* of all this shame and misery. Thank you for all you have done—for all you would do, my friend, and don't think me ungrateful, only because I am unworthy of it. Try to forgive me, but don't forget me, even if you must hate me. Perhaps, if you knew all—you might still love a little the poor girl to whom you have already given the only name she can ever take from you—YERBA BUENA!

CHAPTER VII.

It was already autumn, and in the city of New York an early Sunday morning breeze was sweeping up the leaves that had fallen from the regularly planted aiantus trees before the brown-stone frontage of a row of monotonously alike five-storeyed houses on one of the principal avenues. The Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, that uplifted its double towers on the corner, stopped before one of these dwellings, ran up the dozen broad steps, and rang the bell. He was presently admitted to the sombre richness of a hall and drawing-room with high-backed furniture of dark carved woods, like cathedral stalls, and, hat in hand, somewhat impatiently awaited the arrival of his hostess and parishioner. The door opened to a tall, white-haired woman in lustreless black silk. She was regular and resolute in features, of fine but unbending presence, and, though somewhat past middle age, showed no signs of either the weakness or mellowness of years.

"I am sorry to disturb your Sabbath morning meditations, Sister Argalls, nor would I if it were not in the line of Christian duty; but Sister Robbins is unable to-day to make her usual Sabbath hospital visit, and I thought if you were excused from the Foreign Missionary class and Bible instruction at three you might undertake her functions. I know, my dear old friend," he continued, with bland deprecation of her hard-set eyes, "how distasteful this promiscuous mingling with the rough and ungodly has always been to you, and how reluctant you are to be placed in the position of being liable to hear coarse, vulgar, or irreverent speech. I think, too, in our long and pleasant pastoral relations, you have always found me mindful of it. I admit I have sometimes regretted that your late husband had not more generally familiarised you with the ways of

the world. But so it is—we all have our weaknesses. If not one thing, another. And as Envy and Uncharitableness sometimes find their way in even Christian hearts, I should like you to undertake this office for the sake of example. There are some, dear Sister Argalls, who think that the rich widow who is most liberal in the endowment of the goods that Providence has entrusted to her hands claims therefore to be exempt from labour in the Christian vineyard. Let us teach them how unjust they are."

"I am willing," said the lady, with a dry, determined air. "I suppose these patients are not professedly bad characters?"

"By no means. A few, perhaps; but the majority are unfortunate—dependent either upon public charity or some small provision made by their friends."

"Very well."

"And you understand that though they have the privilege of rejecting your Christian ministrations, dear Sister Argalls, you are free to judge when you may be patient or importunate with them?"

"I understand."

The Pastor was not an unkindly man, and, as he glanced at the uncompromising look in Mrs. Argalls's eyes, felt for a moment some inconsistency between his humane instincts and his Christian duty. "Some of them may require, and be benefited by, a stern monitress, and Sister Robbins, I fear, was weak," he said consolingly to himself, as he descended the steps again.

At three o'clock Mrs. Argalls, with a reticule and a few tracts, was at the door of St. John's Hospital. As she displayed her testimonials and announced that she had taken Mrs. Robbins's place, the officials received her respectfully, and gave some instructions to the attendants, which, however, did not stop some individual comments.

"I say, Jim, it doesn't seem the square thing to let that grim old girl loose among them poor convalescents."

"Well, I don't know: they say she's rich and gives a lot of money away, but if she tackles that swearing old Kentuckian in No. 3, she'll have her hands full."

However, the criticism was scarcely fair, for Mrs. Argalls, although moving rigidly along from bed to bed of the ward, equipped with a certain formula of phrases, nevertheless dropped from time to time some practical common-sense questions that showed an almost masculine intuition of the patients' needs and requirements. Nor did she betray any of that over-sensitive shrinking from coarseness which the good Pastor had feared, albeit she was quick to correct its exhibition. The languid men listened to her with half-aggressive, half-amused interest, and some of the satisfaction of taking a bitter but wholesome tonic. It was not until she reached the bed at the farther end of the ward that she seemed to meet with any check.

It was occupied by a haggard man, with a long white moustache and features that seemed wasted by inward struggle and fever. At the first sound of her voice he turned quickly towards her, lifted himself on his elbow, and gazed fixedly in her face.

"Kate Howard—by the Eternal!" he said, in a low voice.

Despite her rigid self-possession the woman started, glanced hurriedly around, and drew nearer to him.

"Pendleton!" she said, in an equally suppressed voice. "What, in God's name, are you doing here?"

"Dying, I reckon—sooner or later," he said grimly, "that's what they do here."

"But—what," she went on hurriedly, still glancing over her shoulder as if she suspected some trick—"what has brought you to this?"

"You!" said the Colonel, dropping back exhaustedly on his pillow. "You and your daughter."

"I don't understand you," she said quickly, yet regarding him with stern rigidity. "You know perfectly well I have no daughter. You know perfectly well that I've kept the word I gave you ten years ago, and that I have been dead to her as she has been to me."

"I know," said the Colonel, "that within the last three months I have paid away my last cent to keep the mouth of an infernal scoundrel shut who *knows* that you are her mother, and threatens to expose her to her friends. I know that I'm dying here of an old wound that I got when I shut the mouth of another hound who was ready to bark at her two years after you disappeared. I know that between you and her I've let my old nigger die of a broken heart, because I couldn't keep him to suffer with me, and I know that I'm here a pauper on the State. I know that, Kate, and when I say it I don't regret it. I've kept my word to *you*, and, by the Eternal, your daughter's worth it! For if there ever was a fair and peerless creature—it's your child!"

"And she—a rich woman—unless she squandered the fortune I gave her—lets you lie here!" said the woman, grimly.

"She don't know it."

"She *should* know it! Have you quarrelled?" She was looking at him keenly.

"She distrusts me, because she half suspects the secret, and I hadn't the heart to tell her all."

"All? What does she know? What does this man know? What has been told her?" she said rapidly.

"She only knows that the name she has taken she has no right to."

"Right to? Why, it was written on the Trust—Yerba Buena."

"No, not that. She thought it was a mistake. She took the name of Arguello."

"What?" said Mrs. Argalls, suddenly grasping

the invalid's wrist with both hands. "What name?" Her eyes were startled from their rigid coldness, her lips were colourless.

"Arguello! It was some foolish schoolgirl fancy which that hound helped to foster in her. Why—what's the matter, Kate?"

The woman dropped the helpless man's wrist, then, with an effort, recovered herself sufficiently to rise, and, with an air of increased decorum, as if the spiritual character of their interview excluded worldly intrusion, adjusted the screen around his bed, so as partly to hide her own face and Pendleton's. Then, dropping into the chair beside him, she said, in her old voice, from which the burden of ten long years seemed to have been lifted—

"Harry, what's that you're playing on me?"

"I don't understand you," said Pendleton, amazedly. "Do you mean to say you don't know it, and didn't tell her yourself?" she said curtly.

"What? Tell her what?" he repeated impatiently.

"That Arguello *was* her father!"

"Her father?" He tried to struggle to his elbow again, but she laid her hand masterfully upon his shoulder and forced him back. "Her father!" he repeated hurriedly. "José Arguello! Great God!—are you sure?"

Quietly and yet mechanically gathering the scattered tracts from the coverlet, and putting them back, one by one, in her reticule, she closed it and her lips with a snap as she uttered—"Yes."

Pendleton remained staring at her silently. "Yes," he muttered, "it may have been some instinct of the child's, or some diabolical fancy of Briones'. But," he said bitterly, "true or not, she has no right to his name."

"And I say she *has*."

She had risen to her feet, with her arms folded across her breast, in an attitude of such Puritan composure that the distant spectators might have thought she was delivering an exordium to the prostrate man.

"I met José Arguello, for the second time, in New Orleans," she said slowly, "eight years ago. He was still rich, but ruined in health by dissipation. I was tired of my way of life. He proposed that I should marry him to take care of him and legitimatise our child. I was forced to tell him what I had done with her, and that the Trust could not be disturbed until she was of age and her own mistress. He assented. We married, but he died within a year. He died, leaving with me his acknowledgment of her as his child, and the right to claim her if I chose."

"And?"—interrupted the Colonel with sparkling eyes.

"I don't choose."

"Hear me!" she continued firmly. "With his name and my own mistress, and the girl, as I believed, properly provided for and ignorant of my existence, I saw no necessity for reopening the past. I resolved to lead a new life as his widow. I came north. In the little New England town where I first stopped, the country people contracted my name to Mrs. Argalls. I let it stand so. I came to New York and entered the service of the Lord and the bonds of the Church, Henry Pendleton, as Mrs. Argalls, and have remained so ever since."

"But you would not object to Yerba knowing that you lived, and rightly bore her father's name?" said Pendleton, eagerly.

The woman looked at him with compressed lips. "I should. I have buried all my past, and all its consequences. Let me not seek to reopen it or recall them."

"But if you knew that she was as proud as yourself, and that this very uncertainty as to her name and parentage, although she has never known the whole truth, kept her from taking the name and becoming the wife of a man whom she loves?"

"Whom she loves!"

"Yes; one of her guardians—Hathaway—to whom you entrusted her when she was a child."

"Paul Hathaway—but *he* knew it."

"Yes. But *she* does not know he does. He has kept the secret faithfully, even when she refused him."

She was silent for a moment, and then said—

"So be it. I consent."

"And you'll write to her?" said the Colonel, eagerly.

"No. But *you* may, and if you want them I will furnish you with such proofs as you may require."

"Thank you." He held out his hand with such a happy yet childish gratitude upon his worn face that her own trembled slightly as she took it. "Good-bye!"

"I shall see you soon," she said.

"I shall be here," he said grimly.

"I think not," she returned, with the first relaxation of her smileless face, and moved away.

As she passed out she asked to see the house surgeon. How soon did he think the patient she had been conversing with could be removed from the hospital with safety? Did Mrs. Argalls mean "far"? Mrs. Argalls meant as far as *that*—tendering her card and eminently respectable address. Ah!—perhaps in a week. Not before? Perhaps before, unless complications ensued; the patient had been much run down physically, though, as Mrs. Argalls had probably noticed, he was singularly strong in nervous will force. Mrs. Argalls *had* noticed it, and considered it an extraordinary case of conviction—worthy of the closest watching and care. When he was able to be moved she would send her own carriage and her own physician to superintend his transfer. In the meantime he was to wait for nothing. Certainly, he had given very little trouble, and, in fact, wanted very little. Just now he had only asked for paper, pens, and ink.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Mrs. Argalls's carriage rolled into Fifth Avenue, it for a moment narrowly grazed another carriage, loaded with luggage, driving up to a hotel. The abstracted traveller within it was Paul Hathaway, who had returned from Europe that morning.

Paul entered the hotel, and, going to the register mechanically, turned its leaves for the previous arrivals, with the same hopeless patience that had for the last six weeks accompanied this habitual preliminary performance on his arrival at the principal European hotels. For he had lost all trace of Yerba, Pendleton, Milly, and the Briones from the day of their departure. The entire party seemed to have separated at Basle, and, in that eight-hours start they had of him, to have disappeared to the four cardinal points. He had lingered a few days in London to transact some business; he would linger a few days longer in New York before returning to San Francisco.

The daily papers already contained his name in the list of the steamer passengers who arrived that morning. It might meet her eye, although he had been haunted during the voyage by a terrible fancy that she was still in Europe, and had either hidden herself in some obscure provincial town with the half-crazy Pendleton, or had entered a convent, or even, in reckless despair, had accepted the name and title of some penniless nobleman. It was this miserable doubt that had made his homeward journey at times seem like a cruel desertion of her, while at other moments the conviction that Milly's Californian relatives might give him some clue to her whereabouts made him feverishly fearful of delaying an hour on his way to San Francisco. He did not believe that she had tolerated the company of Briones a single moment after the scene at the Bad Hof, and yet he had no confidence in the Colonel's attitude towards the Mexican. Hopeless of the future as her letter seemed, still its naïve and tacit confession of her feelings at the moment was all that sustained him.

Two days passed, and he still lingered aimlessly in New York. In two days more the Panama steamer would sail—yet in his hesitation he had put off securing his passage. He visited the offices of the different European steamer lines, and examined the recent passenger lists, but there was no record of any of the party. What made his quest seem the more hopeless was his belief that, after Briones' revelation, she had cast off the name of Arguello and taken some other. She might even be in New York under that new name now.

On the morning of the third day, among his letters, was one that bore the postmark of a noted suburban settlement of wealthy villa-owners on the Hudson River. It was from Milly Woods, stating that her father had read of his arrival in the papers, and begged he would dine and stay the next night with them at "Under Cliff," if he "still had any interest in the fortunes of old friends. Of course," added the perennially incoherent Milly, "if it bores you we sha'n't expect you." The quick colour came to Paul's careworn cheek. He telegraphed assent, and at sunset that afternoon stepped off the train at a little private woodland station—so abnormally rustic and picturesque in its brown-bark walls covered with scarlet Virginia creepers that it looked like a theatrical erection.

Mr. Woods's station wagon was in waiting, but Paul, handing the driver his valise, and ascertaining the general direction of the house, and that it was not far distant, told him to go on and he would follow afoot. The tremor of vague anticipation had already come upon him; something that he knew not whether he feared or longed for, only that it was inevitable, had begun to possess him. He would soon recover himself in the flaring glory of this woodland, and the invigoration of this hale October air.

It was a beautiful and brilliant sunset, yet not so beautiful and brilliant but that the whole opulent forest around him seemed to challenge and repeat its richest as well as its most delicate dyes. The reddening west, seen through an opening of scarlet maples, was no longer red; the golden glory of the sun, sinking over a promontory of gleaming yellow sumach that jutted out into the noble river, was shorn of its intense radiance; at times in the thickest woods he seemed surrounded by a yellow nimbus; at times so luminous was the glow of these translucent leaves that the position of the sun itself seemed changed, or the shadows cast in defiance of its glory. As he walked on, long reaches of the lordly placid stream at his side were visible, as far as the terraces of the opposite shore, lifted on basaltic columns, themselves streaked and veined with gold and fire. Paul had seen nothing like this since his boyhood; for an instant the great heroics of the Sierran landscape were forgotten in this magnificent harlequinade.

A dim footpath crossed the road in the direction of the house, which for the last few moments had been slowly etching itself as a soft vignette in a tinted aureole of walnut and maple upon the steel blue of the river. He was hesitating whether to take this short cut or continue on by the road, when he heard the rustling of quick footsteps among the fallen leaves of the variegated thicket through which it stole. He stopped short, the leafy screen shivered and parted, and a tall graceful figure, like a draped and hidden Columbine, burst through its painted foliage. It was Yerba!

She ran quickly towards him, with parted lips, shining eyes, and a few scarlet leaves clinging to the stiff of her worsted dress in a way that recalled the pink petals of Rosario.

"When I saw you were not in the wagon and knew you were walking I slipped out to intercept you, as I had something to tell you before you saw the others. I thought you wouldn't mind." She stopped, and suddenly hesitated.

What was this new strange shyness that seemed to droop her eyelids, her proud head, and even the slim hand that had been so impulsively and frankly outstretched towards him? And he—Paul—what was he doing? Where was this passionate outburst that had filled his heart for nights and days? Where this eager tumultuous questioning that his feverish lips had rehearsed hour by hour? Where this desperate courage that would sweep the whole world away if it stood between them? Where, indeed? He was standing only a few feet from her—cold, silent, and tremulous!

She drew back a step, lifted her head with a quick toss that seemed to condense the moisture in her shining eyes, and sent what might have been a glittering dew-drop flying into the loosed tendrils of her hair. Calm and erect again, she put her little hand to her jacket pocket.

"I only wanted you to read a letter I got yesterday," she said, taking out an envelope.

The spell was broken. Paul caught eagerly at the hand that held the letter, and would have drawn her to him; but she put him aside gravely but sweetly.

"Read that letter!"

"Tell me of yourself first!" he broke out passionately. "Why you fled from me, and why I now find you here, by the merest chance, without a word of summons from yourself, Yerba? Tell me who is with you? Are you free and your own mistress—free to act for yourself and me? Speak, darling—don't be cruel! Since that night I have longed for you, sought for you, and suffered for you every day and hour. Tell me if I find you the same Yerba who wrote!"

"Read that letter!"

"I care for none but the one you left me. I have read and re-read it, Yerba—carried it always with me. See! I have it here!" He was in the act of withdrawing it from his breast-pocket, when she put up her hand piteously.

"Please, Paul, please—read this letter first!"

There was something in her new supplicating grace, still retaining the faintest suggestion of her old girlish archness, that struck him. He took the letter and opened it. It was from Colonel Pendleton.

Plainly, concisely, and formally, without giving the name of his authority or suggesting his interview with Mrs. Argalls, he had informed Yerba that he had documentary testimony that she was the daughter of the late José de Arguello, and legally entitled to bear his name. A copy of the instructions given to his wife, recognising Yerba Buena, the ward of the San Francisco Trust, as his child and hers, and leaving to the mother the choice of making it known to her and others, was enclosed.

Paul turned an unchanged face upon Yerba, who was watching him eagerly, uneasily, almost breathlessly.

"And you think this concerns me!" he said bitterly.

"You think only of this, when I speak of the precious letter that bade me hope, and brought me to you?"

"Paul," said the girl, with wondering eyes and hesitating lips; "do you mean to say that—that this is—nothing to you?"

"Yes—but forgive me, darling!" he broke out again, with a sudden vague remorsefulness, as he once more sought her elusive hand. "I am a brute—an egotist! I forgot that it might be something to you."

"Paul," continued the girl, her voice quivering with a strange joy, "do you say that you—you yourself, care nothing for this?"

"Nothing," he answered, gazing at her transfigured face with admiring wonder.

"And"—more timidly, as a faint aurora kindled in her cheeks—"that you don't care—that—that—I am coming to you with a name, to give you in—exchange?"

He started.

"Yerba, you are not mocking me? You will be my wife?"

She smiled, yet moving softly backwards with the grave stateliness of a vanishing yet beckoning goddess, until she reached the sumach-bush from which she had emerged. He followed. Another backward step, and it yielded to let her through; but even as it did so she caught him in her arms, and for a single moment it closed upon them both, and hid them in its glory. A still lingering song-bird, possibly convinced that he had mistaken the season, and that spring had really come, flew out with a little cry to carry the message South; but even then Paul and Yerba emerged with such innocent, childlike gravity, and, side by side, walked so composedly towards the house, that he thought better of it.

CHAPTER IX

It was only the third time they had ever met—did Paul consider that when he thought her cold? Did he know now why she had not understood him at Rosario? Did he understand now how calculating and selfish he had seemed to her that night? Could he look her in the face now—no, he must be quiet—they were so near the house, and everybody could see them!—and say that he had ever believed her capable of making up that story of the Arguellos? Could he not have guessed that she had some memory of that name in her childish recollections, how or where she knew not? Was it strange that a daughter should have an instinct of her father? Was it kind to her to know all this himself

and yet reveal nothing? Because her mother and father had quarrelled, and her mother had run away with somebody and left her a ward to strangers—was that to be concealed from her, and she left without a name? This, and much more, tenderly reproachful, bewildering and sweetly illogical, yet inexpressibly dear to Paul, as they walked on in the gloaming.

More to the purpose, however, the fact that Briones, as far as she knew, did not know her mother, and never before the night at Straddle Bad had ever spoken of her. Still more to the purpose, that he had disappeared after an interview with the Colonel that night, and that she believed always that the Colonel had bought him off. It was not with her money. She had sometimes thought that the Colonel and he were in confidence, and that was why she had lately distrusted Pendleton. But she had refused to take the name of Arguello again after that scene, and had called herself only by the name he had given her—would he forgive her for ever speaking of it as she had?—Yerba Buena. But on shipboard, at Milly's suggestion, and to keep away from Briones, her name had appeared on the passenger list as Miss Good, and they had come, not to New York, but Boston.

It was possible that the Colonel had extracted the information he sent her from Briones. They had parted from Pendleton in London, as he was grumpy and queer, and, as Milly thought, becoming very miserly and avaricious as he grew older; for he was always quarrelling over the hotel bills. But he had Mrs. Woods's New York address at Under Cliff, and, of course, guessed where she was. There was no address on his letter: he had said he would write again.

Thus much until they reached the steps of the verandah, and Milly, flying down, was ostentatiously overwhelmed with the unexpected appearance of Mr. Paul Hathaway and Yerba, whom she had been watching from the window for the last ten minutes. Then the appearance of Mr. Woods, Californian and reminiscent, and Mrs. Woods, metropolitan, languid, and forgetful, and the sudden and formal retirement of the girls. An arch and indefinable mystery in the air whenever Paul and Yerba appeared together—of which even the servants were discreetly conscious.

At dinner Mr. Woods again became retrospective and Californian, and dwelt upon the changes he had noticed. It appeared the old pioneers had in few cases attained a comfortable fortune for their old age. "I know," he added, "that your friend Colonel Pendleton has dropped a good deal of money over in Europe. Somebody told me that he actually was reduced to take a steerage passage home. It looks as if he might gamble—it's an old Californian complaint." As Paul, who had become suddenly grave again, did not speak, Mrs. Woods reminded them that she had always doubted the Colonel's moral principles. Old as he was, he had never got over that freedom of life and social opinion which he had imbibed in early days. For her part, she was very glad that he had not returned from Europe with the girls, though, of course, the presence of Don Caesar and his sister during their European sojourn was a corrective. As Paul's face grew darker during this languid criticism, Yerba, who had been watching it with a new and absorbing sympathy, seized the first moment when they left the table to interrogate him with heart-breaking eyes.

"You don't think, Paul, that the Colonel is really poor?"

"God only knows," said Paul. "I tremble to think how that scoundrel may have bled him."

"And all for me! Paul, dear, you know you were saying in the woods that you would never, never touch my money. What"—exultingly—"if we gave it to him?"

What answer Paul made did not transpire, for it seemed to have been indicated by an interval of profound silence.

But the next morning, as he and Mr. Woods were closeted in the library, Yerba broke in upon them with a pathetic face and a telegram in her hand. "Oh, Paul—Mr. Hathaway—it's true!"

Paul seized the telegram quickly: it had no signature, only the line: "Colonel Pendleton is dangerously ill at St. John's Hospital."

"I must go at once," said Paul, rising.

"Oh, Paul"—imploringly—"let me go with you! I should never forgive myself if—and it's addressed to me, and what would he think if I didn't come?"

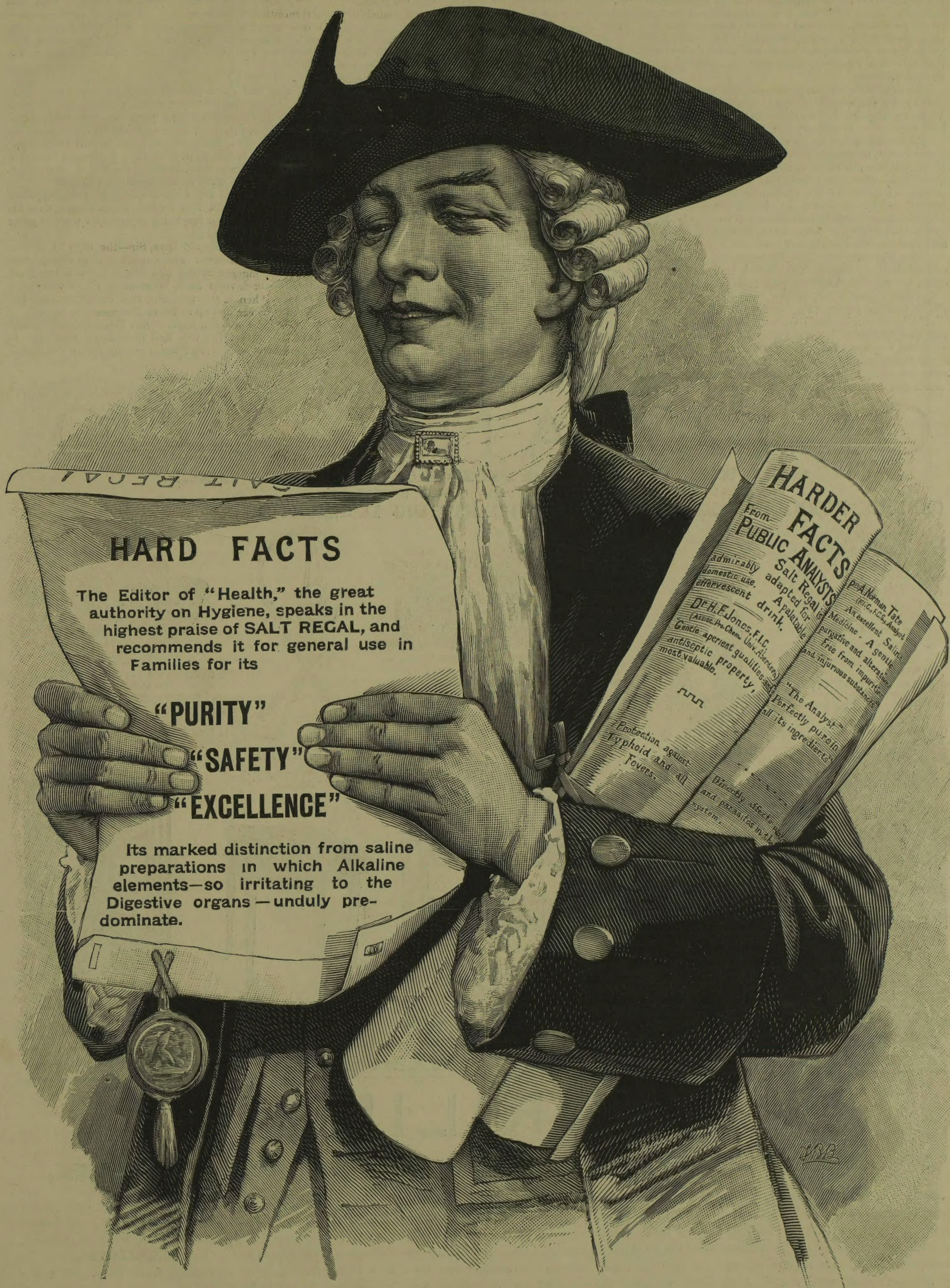
Paul hesitated. "Mrs. Woods will let Milly go with us—and she can stay at the hotel. Say yes," she continued, seeking his eyes eagerly.

He consented, and in half an hour they were in the train for New York. Leaving Milly at the hotel, ostensibly in deference to the Woods's prejudices, but really to save the presence of a third party at this meeting, Paul drove with Yerba rapidly to the hospital. They were admitted to an anteroom. The house surgeon received them respectfully, but doubtfully. The patient was a little better this morning, but very weak. There was a lady now with him—a member of a religious and charitable guild, who had taken the greatest interest in him—indeed, she had wished to take him to her own home—but he had declined at first, and now he was too weak to be removed.

"But I received this telegram: it must have been sent at his request," protested Yerba.

The house surgeon looked at the beautiful face. He was mortal. He would see if the patient was able to stand another interview; possibly the regular visitor might withdraw.

When he had gone, an attendant volunteered the



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information that the old gentleman was perhaps a little excited at times. He was a wonderful man; he had seen a great deal; he talked much of California and the early days; he was very interesting. Ah, it would be all right now if the doctor found him well enough, for the lady was already going—that was she, coming through the hall.

She came slowly towards them—erect, grey, grim—a still handsome apparition. Paul started. To his horror, Yerba ran impulsively forward, and said eagerly: "Is he better? Can he see us now?"

The woman halted an instant, seemed to gather the prayer-book and reticule she was carrying closer to her breast, but was otherwise unchanged. Replying to Paul rather than the young girl, she said rigidly: "The patient is able to see Mr. Hathaway and Miss Yerba Buena," and passed slowly on. But as she reached the door she unloosed her black mourning veil from her bonnet, and seemed to drop it across her face with the gesture that Paul remembered she had used twelve years ago.

"She frightens me!" said Yerba, turning a suddenly startled face on Paul. "Oh, Paul, I hope it isn't an omen, but she looked like someone from the grave!"

"Hush!" said Paul, turning away a face that was whiter than her own. "They are coming now."

The house surgeon had returned a trifle graver. They might see him now, but they must be warned that he wandered at times a little; and, if he might suggest, if it was anything of family importance, they had better make the most of their time and his lucid intervals.

Perhaps, if they were old friends—very old friends—he would recognise them. He was wandering much in the past—always in the past.

They found him in the end of the ward, but so carefully protected and partitioned off by screens that the space around his cot had all the privacy and security of an apartment. He was very much changed; they would scarcely have known him, but for the delicately curved aquiline profile and the long white moustache—now so faint and etherealised as to seem a mere spirit wing that rested on his pillow. To their surprise he opened his eyes with a smile of perfect recognition, and, with thin fingers beyond the coverlid, beckoned to them to approach. Yet there was still a shadow of his old reserve in his reception of Paul, and, although one hand interlocked the fingers of Yerba—who had at first rushed impulsively forward and fallen on her knees beside the bed—and the other softly placed itself upon her head, his eyes were fixed upon the young man's with the ceremoniousness due to a stranger.

"I am glad to see, Sir," he began in a slow, broken, but perfectly audible voice, "that now you are—satisfied with the right—of this young lady—to bear the name of—Arguello—and her relationship—Sir—to one of the oldest"—

"But, my dear old friend," broke out Paul, earnestly, "I never cared for that—I beg you to believe"—

"He never—never—cared for it—dear, dear Colonel," sobbed Yerba, passionately: "it was all my fault—he thought only of me—you wrong him!"

"I think otherwise," said the Colonel, with grim and relentless deliberation. "I have a vivid—impression—Sir—of an—interview I had with you—at the St. Charles—where you said"—He was silent for a moment, and then in a quite different voice called faintly—

"George!"

Paul and Yerba glanced quickly at each other.

"George, set out some refreshment for the Honourable Paul Hathaway. The best, Sir—you understand. . . . A good nigger, Sir—a good boy; and he never leaves me, Sir. Only, by gad! Sir, he will starve himself and his family to be with me. I brought him with me to California away back in the fall of 'forty-nine. Those were the early days, Sir—the early days."

His head had fallen back quite easily on the pillow now; but a slight film seemed to be closing over his dark eyes, like the inner lid of an eagle when it gazes upon the sun.

"They were the old days, Sir—the days of Men—when a man's word was enough for anything, and his trigger-finger settled any doubt. When the Trust that he took from Man, Woman, or Child was never broken. When the tide, Sir, that swept through the Golden Gate came up as far as Montgomery-street."

He did not speak again. But they who stood beside him knew that the tide had once more come up to Montgomery-street, and was carrying Harry Pendleton away with it.

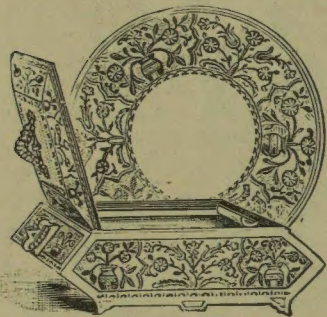
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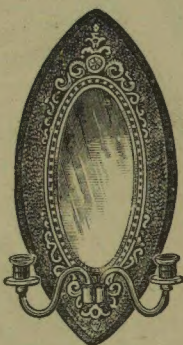
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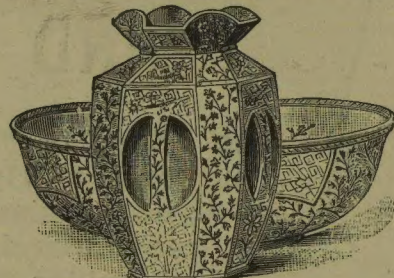


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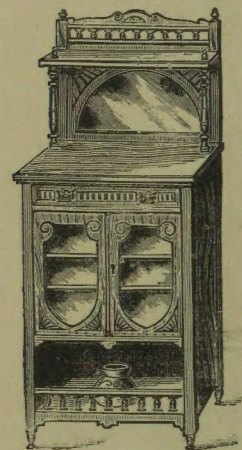


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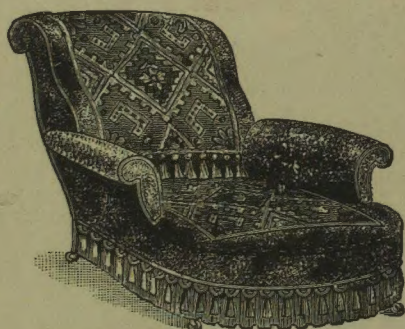
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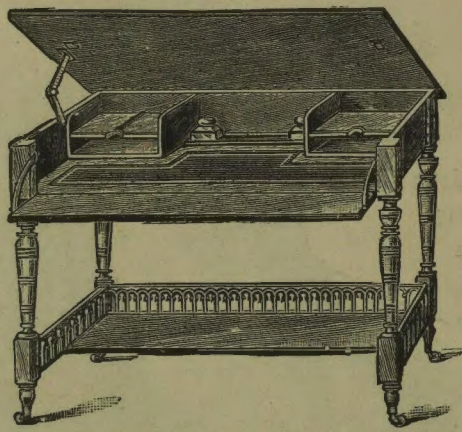
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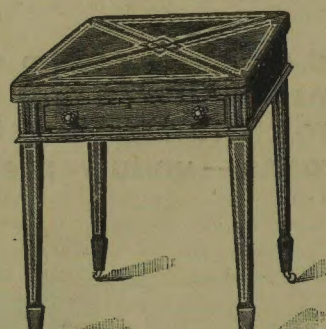
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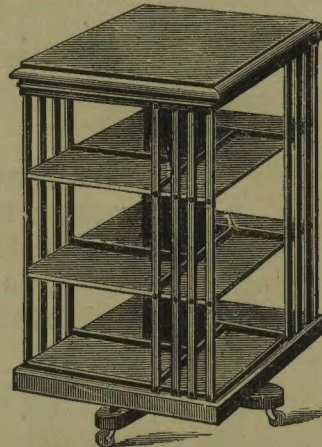
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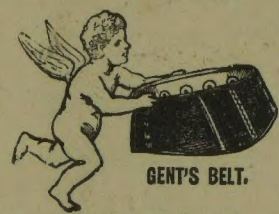
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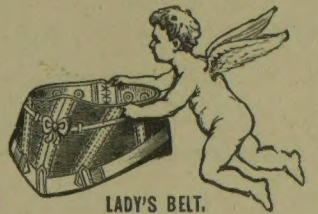
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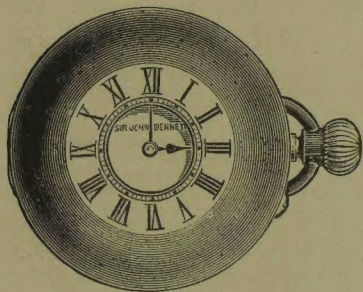
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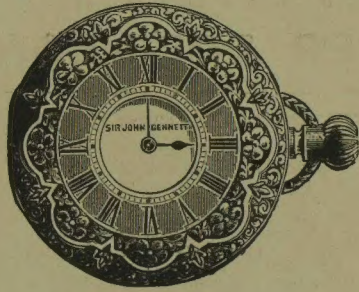
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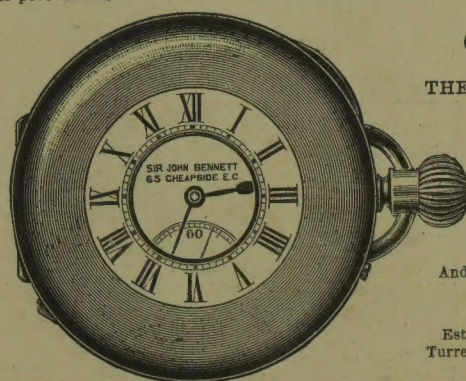
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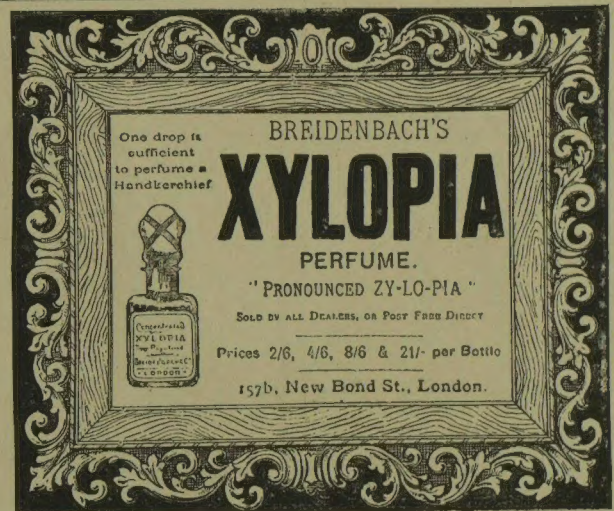
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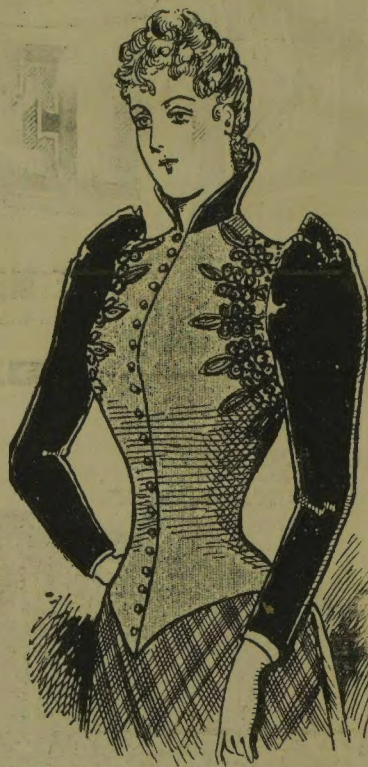
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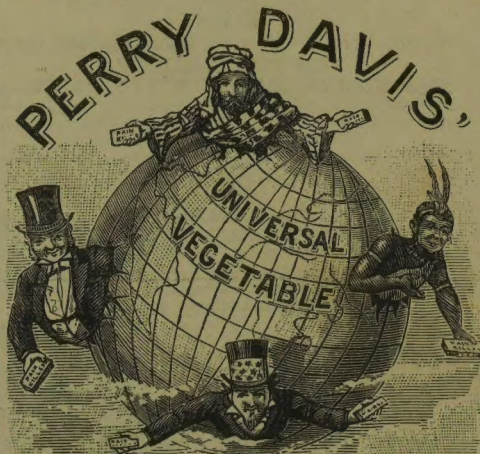
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